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OF

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A PERIODICAL writer said lately of a deceased poet that 'he wanted an out-of-door mind.' The deficiency is not an uncommon one. It occurs both in the old and the young, in large classes of all civilized peoples, and in persons of otherwise the most opposite tendencies and tastes. If it is lamentable to see young persons engrossed by the frivolities of metropolitan life, it is hardly less sad to find others, of the fairest promise and even commanding ability, spending their manhood in studies of a merely speculative or imaginative cast, remote from the interests

of humanity and the glorious realities of the natural world. They have limbs endowed with elastic muscles, fresh and healthy blood circulates in their young veins; their eye is clear, their step is firm, yet the former is cramped in its range to the pages of a book—the latter is doomed to expend its spring against the resisting pavement of the streets. Let such persons cultivate the ‘out-of-door mind;’ and for doing so, we cannot recommend a better school than Switzerland, or a better grammar than Mr. Murray’s handbook—dear to pedestrians.

It is true that there are fair outlets for the lovers of scenery in our own island; and many of our intensest admirers of Nature have passed their apprenticeship in Wales, the English lakes, or the Highlands; but it is equally certain that the Alpenstock and the knapsack are thoroughly naturalized in no country except Switzerland, and that its glorious scenery has awakened in the breasts of many, who never felt such impressions before, a love of Nature and a spirit of independence in thought and action, which the tamer character of our own mountains and the more familiar occurrences of a traveller’s daily life in these islands have often failed to impart. The nomade life becomes, during summer, epidemic in Switzerland. Men—aye, and women too,—of all civilized nations communicate the infection;—Chamouni and Grindelwald allure even the indifferent and the timid;—but though their rocks and ice be annually trodden by thousands of irreclaimable cockneys and Parisians devoted to Tortoni’s and the Champs Elysées, they are yet touchstones by which the qualities of the aspirant may be tried; and he who does not feel his step lighter and his breath freer on the Montanvert and the Wengern Alp, may be classed amongst the incapables,* and permitted to return in peace to paddle in a skiff on the lake of Geneva, or to loiter in the salons of Baden Baden.

Strange, on the other hand, is the metamorphosis which even a very ordinary Alpine walk produces in the youth nurtured perhaps in the self-indulgent habits of a tranquil home, or whose tastes have been conformed to the gentlemanly routine of an Oxford college. His ideas of sustained exertion do not go beyond a cricket or a rowing-match; his school for scenery may not extend beyond a few miles of a trout-stream near his country home, and his stiffest climb is perhaps a hill in the Peak

* We have much sympathy with Mr. Ruskin’s remark, that ‘it is a great weakness, not to say worse than weakness, on the part of travellers, to extol always chiefly what they think fewest people have seen or can see. I have climbed much, and wandered much, in the heart of the High Alps; but I have never yet seen anything which equalled the view from the cabin of the Montanvert.’—*On Mountain Beauty*, p. 181.

or a *tor* on Exmoor. Of personal privations he has experienced absolutely none. He cannot have felt that his chance for a meal or for shelter depends upon his walking for six or eight or ten hours over a rugged mountain where unknown, and what may to him appear insurmountable difficulties may intervene: nay, that at times even his life may, as it were, be placed in his hands. A false step, a passing giddiness, an instant's hesitation in avoiding a detached rock rolling with the momentum of a cannon-ball, may hurry him to destruction. These are thoughts that make the most mercurial grave, that give a decision and force to a naturally capable, but timid and hesitating disposition, of which it is hard to overrate the value. We have all lately heard much of the influence of even remote chances of danger on the minds of our gallant officers and soldiers; we have heard much of the transition from the indolence of barrack life to the privation and risk of the battle-field, and the sobering, humanizing effect which it produced on minds possessing any tinge of nobleness of character. An Alpine journey is perhaps the nearest approach to a campaign with which the ordinary civilian has a chance of meeting. He has some of the excitements, and many of the difficulties and privations of warfare, without any of its disgusting and dreadful features. He combats only the elements, storms only the fortresses of nature, yet he has continually in his mind the consciousness of the power by which he is surrounded, and at times overawed. He cannot be insensible to the possibility of occurrences placed wholly beyond his control—a whirlwind or a fog, a new fissure in the ice or a critical thaw—which, if they do not arouse his fears, may frustrate in an hour, nay, a moment, the best-laid plans. Then in such crises his trust—after God—must be in the humble, hardy fellow, whom in other circumstances he might treat as an inferior, but whom now a community of interests and perils renders a friend indeed; whose counsels are to be regarded, whose experience is to be valued, whose steps are to be followed; nay, with whom he may be willing and thankful to lie down as familiarly as with a brother in the exposed cleft on the hill-side, where necessity may compel him to pass the night, and by the communication of mutual warmth hinder both from freezing.

But apart from such serious risks and unusual exertions the mountaineering life has in it elements of manly regimen which can come amiss to few, and which we have known to change totally, and in one short summer, the character of delicately brought-up and unadventurous youths, so that they became self-reliant, enduring, and full of resource, presence of mind, and enthusiastic love of nature. In point of corporal development

also, having well-knit limbs, powerful lungs, erect gait, and fearless weather-beaten countenance, in exchange for physical timidity, dyspepsy, and a student's dreamy bashfulness and pallor.

Habitually to exercise the muscular powers even to fatigue is part of a masculine education. He to whom physical endurance and the toil of the limbs are unknown, is deficient in a knowledge of what belongs to him as a man. We have never sympathized much with those philanthropists who regard mechanical toil as in any sense degrading. The 'sweat of the brow,' though part of the primeval curse, is not, in its relation to our fallen nature, in itself an evil. The necessity of toil is rather a blessing, though it may be a badge of the level to which our physical estate has descended. A certain amount of daily labour is a condition of well being, bodily and mental, and even a full and compulsory measure of it, is far preferable to the lot of indolence and supineness which many fancy to be delightful. The beneficial influence of ordinary exercise in removing the pressure of care, and the ill effects of anxiety and of intellectual application, are so familiar as to be proverbial. A greater amount of muscular toil, such as day by day may be repeated without excessive fatigue, is a tonic to the system, of which few who have tried it will deny the efficacy. The charms of repose cannot be known without the excitement of exertion. That man, we repeat, has not done justice to the capacities of his nature, both for action and for enjoyment, who has not exercised his limbs as well as his head; who, besides recognising the pleasure of intellectual conquest, has not felt the physical exultation consequent on the triumph over mechanical difficulties.

Take, for example, even the most ordinary style of a pedestrian tour in an Alpine country. The day begins with him at least two or three hours sooner than at home. He rises with the consciousness of having a well-filled day before him, certain that before evening closes he will have laid up memories of what is charming and sublime. Accoutred and on foot whilst the horizontal morning rays touch the mountain tops still far above him with a milder radiance than the glowing tints of sunset, he proceeds, knapsack on his back and the trusty Alpine pole in his hand, through the comparative obscurity of the lower valleys, where the sun will not penetrate for hours, and brushes from the grass the plentiful dew which heralds calm and bright days, especially in autumn. He has indeed many a league before him, but of that he recks not. His sinews are braced by the refreshment of perfect repose and the keen yet not too penetrating mountain air, which, blowing at this time of the morning from
the

the heads of the valleys, meets him in the face, and gives such elasticity to his whole frame, that he with difficulty restrains his march within the sober limit which experience and the consideration of the prospective heats of noon, and the length of his journey impose. If he has a guide, the dogged pace of that unimpassioned monitor will soon bring this to his remembrance; if not, he quotes for himself the Shakspearean adage,

‘To climb steep hills
Requires slow pace at first. Anger is like
A fretful horse, who being allowed his way,
Self-mettle tires him.’

From paths through fields, where in passing he receives from the early peasant the customary greeting, he advances probably into the forest region where the pine and larch, alternating with the more formal spruce, tower towards the sky, disclosing at intervals summits of snow or bare rock on either hand, between which our traveller is passing, bound we may suppose for a pass or *Col* at the head of a valley, and tolerably regardless of lesser mountains thus left behind. Yet, at intervals, the roar of a cataract on the right or left attracts his attention to an opening in the massive wall, and permits him a peep into the depths of that wilderness of hills, where snowy basins feed the ever moving glacier, which in its turn sends forth the discoloured torrent, whose noise first called his attention to the scene, and which thunders on increasingly as the more vertical noontide sun dissolves the icy fountains whence it flows.

But now the trees are rarer. Glades of shorter turf, bedizened with more purely Alpine flowers, offer to the pedestrian the very ideal of pastoral scenery. And now the scanty trees wear a rugged aspect, the upper limit of forests is gained, though a hardier trunk here and there throws its gnarled arms outwards, its roots fast clenching the rocks which alone enable it to resist the tempest, or a whole tree of statelier growth than its neighbours—a relic of a former age—stands leafless and barkless, bleached to a spectral whiteness by the tempests of many a year.

And here the main toil of the day commences; the ascent becomes steep if not precipitous; the shade of the forest is left behind, the hill-breeze of the morning is gone, and the sun’s rays shoot more vertically on the head of the traveller now fully exposed to their force. At length tired but not beaten, and seeing the limit of his present toil but a short way before him, he stops to refresh himself with the fare he has brought with him, and rests by the side of some bubbling spring on the green mountain slope till he has acquired new
vigour

vigour for the remainder of the march. Dear are the recollections of those noonday halts to every wanderer in Switzerland. The perfect solemn stillness of mountain solitudes—broken only by the distant tinkle of the cattle-bells left far below, soothes his spirit and encourages the dreamy feeling of repose which succeeds to active exertion. The exhilarating combination of solar warmth with cool bracing mountain air, so dry as to remove all perception of chill or relaxation, soon repairs his forces. Then, turning in the direction of his morning's walk, he traces, as in bird's eye view, its course; he looks down on the summit of the hill from under whose foot he had started; he traces the opening of each valley and the course of every stream which he has crossed, while in the farther distance rises a panorama of hills which separate him from the sunny plains and the calm waters of one of the greater Swiss lakes, whilst an undistinguishable haze seems to prolong the horizon to infinity.

When fully refreshed, our wayfarer once more faces the acclivity, and in an hour or so steps upon the ridge which has been his goal since morning. Here one of the chief joys of the pedestrian awaits him. He has been for some time intent on the single object of making his way over the bare and gloomy rocks or the mountainous snowy patches which he has to climb with as little effort as he may. He is conscious of fatigue chiefly by the concentration of his thoughts on the objects immediately under his feet, till at length on clambering over a mound of slaty débris, or extricating himself from a jagged and tortuous goat-track in the rock, or more rarely by marching almost on a level through a colossal portal by which nature points the way from one kingdom to another,—a fresh hemisphere of Alpine glory displays itself in a moment, all fresh and resplendent as if apparelled in majesty for his sole delight. Alps rise on Alps through the dark azure of a more than Italian sky. The unflecked snow of these untrodden, perhaps nameless pyramids, glitters with almost insupportable brightness. Where several summits unite to form a theatre, the ice-stream at their base rolls its ponderous wave, whose motion, like the great planetary inequalities, may be traced from age to age and from century to century. There it is, spreading out its marble flood in a magnificent glacier some thousand feet below the spectator. Far lower still the valleys deepen into defiles crowned with impending forests, while the mountain-sides of that middle region are seamed by white lines of foaming cataracts, of whose noise no single vibration reaches the elevated platform where we stand. All there is silent, sparkling, and unchangeable; far, far beneath all, are the first traces of life—of human interests and necessities. Here above dwells

dwells an eternal composure from which we part with a pang, to jostle per force once more with the busy world, to feel its wants, and to share its struggles and its sympathies.

We will not follow our traveller along the steps of his descent. His toil and its chief reward are past. He reaches at length the humble inn or the less inviting chalet where he is to pass the night. He may have more or less of a welcome, a good bed or a truss of hay, company more or less good, or, what he often prefers, none at all; and after striving to note for future memories some of the features of his happy day—with a mind thoroughly at ease and a body stiffened a little with exercise, yet not unstrung, he sleeps the sleep of forgetfulness until another morning's sun calls him to enjoyments alike in kind yet infinitely various and incapable of producing satiety.

Now a country which day after day and week after week is capable of producing, in inexhaustible succession, scenes such as we have just attempted to trace, and that in a variety and profusion which no pen nor pencil can portray, must needs exercise a powerful and lasting impression on the mind of one who surrenders himself for a time to the full enjoyment of its beauties, whose soul can bow itself in enthusiastic admiration in the presence of its sublimer scenes. He leaves them, in a sense, a new man. His current of ideas has been diverted from its ordinary course; new energies have been called into action, and others long and exhaustingly exercised before have been charmed to rest. The young, unspoilt and generous nature feels the metamorphosis most completely: but strong men of middle age have, to our knowledge, found a distraction in such scenes from the severest anxieties of life; and even those whose grey hairs are not few have occasionally borne testimony to their power of restoring, at least for a while, the happiest impressions of their departed prime.

If these descriptions and statements be not unfounded, there must be something pre-eminent in the physical characters of a region which can contribute so greatly to human enjoyment. Though every mountainous country partakes in some degree of these qualities, it would really appear that the Alps of Central Europe possess them in a singular, perhaps unequalled measure. The Pyrenees, with some isolated scenes of almost Alpine grandeur, are wanting in variety, and especially in concentration of interest around a few predominating mountain-centres. Perennial snow has not there the same overpowering sublimity as in Switzerland, and the northern valleys, although exquisitely luxuriant, do not in this respect exceed those of the Italian slope of the Alps, while the unmitigated solar heat of the Spanish

Spanish frontier deprives the southern side of this charm. The Carpathians, so far as we are informed, do not boast of the variety and grandeur which even the Pyrenees possess, and their highest summits reach little above the snow line, while the more elevated of the Apennines do not attain it. In the north of Europe, the great chain of Scandinavia, though possessing a peculiar grandeur of its own, especially in the scarped precipices which face the Atlantic, is destitute of the accessibility, the concentration of interest, and the positive sublimity of any of the greater Alpine centres. The comparatively small scale of the mountains of North and West Britain, and the important modifications which the scenery receives from its maritime character, prevent any strict rivalry with Switzerland.

It is more obviously questionable how far the Alps of South America and of India will bear away the palm of grandeur and interest from those of Europe. The colossal dimensions of the two former would, at first sight, appear to leave no doubt of their superiority. Yet the testimony of qualified travellers makes us hesitate on this point. Chimborazo, in Peru, long supposed to be the highest mountain in the world, rises only 5600 feet above the limits of perpetual snow, while Mont Blanc, in Europe, of which the absolute height is 6000 feet less, is snow-clad throughout the upper 7000 feet. The Himalaya are not only far higher than any of the Andes, but by their forms and arrangements, and by the multitude of magnificent snowy basins and gigantic glaciers with which they are diversified, challenge a closer comparison with Switzerland. It is now known that several of their peaks exceed 28,000 feet—one, recently discovered, attains 29,000—that there are vast table-lands and lakes of an elevation not inferior to that of Mont Blanc, or even exceeding it, and yet the most trustworthy travellers hesitate to pronounce upon the superiority even of single views of these giants of the earth over our own familiar and easily attainable Alpine scenes. Dr. Joseph Hooker, whose opinion is the more impartial because his *first* impression of the effects of grand mountain scenery was derived from the Himalaya, describes the effect of the Swiss Alps as ‘far more beautiful.’ Without entering into particulars, this may be accounted for on the following principles:—(1.) The average slope of the ground from the mountains to the plains is not very different in India and in Switzerland. The apparent angular elevation of the chain to the eye of the spectator is therefore not very different in the two cases, and the notorious incapacity of the eye to judge of the true distance and height of such objects prevents a detection of the difference of the scale. (2.) In the next place, the commencement of perpetual snow,

snow, which is by far the most conspicuous mode of estimating elevation, is 7000, 8000, even 10,000 feet higher in different parts of the Himalaya than in Switzerland. This is so much to be deducted from the really enormous preponderance of the scale of the Asiatic peaks. (3.) As regards these colossal mountains it is impossible to get an effective close view of them without climbing Alps already as high as Mont Blanc or nearly so, in order to command a clear perspective of their awful slopes, such as that which we obtain of Mont Blanc itself from the Breven. This leaves the proportions of the scenery not very different from that of Switzerland, while from the larger scale the effect is more monotonous, since we cannot embrace at a glance the splendid contrast of snow-covered pyramids with luxuriant forests and even cultivated fields and human habitations at their base. (4.) Lastly, stupendous distant panoramas, in which alone the Himalaya bear away the palm, are excessively rarely seen to advantage. Rare they are indeed even in Switzerland. Thousands of its visitors have never witnessed the impressive morning view of the Bernese Alps from Neufchâtel, or of Mont Blanc from the descent of the Jura. All meteorological conditions are still more unfavourable in India. The distances are twice or three times as great, and though the higher summits dwell in an atmosphere usually of cloudless serenity, the sub-alpine regions are commonly overshadowed with a damp and misty veil.

For these and other reasons we are entitled to say that, practically, the Alps afford the enjoyment of picturesque and sublime scenery in greater perfection than any other known region of the globe; for if any region could challenge comparison it is unquestionably the Himalayan chain. If any doubt remained on this point, the balance would be turned in favour of Europe by the facility with which its mountain recesses may be explored. There is no *transverse* valley in the Alps which may not be traversed by the pedestrian throughout its entire length in about two days, and usually less. A larger scale of geographical configuration increases the labour without increasing the effect on the eye. Monotony is almost unknown in Switzerland. The reaches of the valleys are short enough to afford a continual succession of prospects. The successive vegetative regions afford an almost hourly variety; the minor summits are attainable by the expenditure of a few hours of active exertion, whilst in the Himalaya, to use the words of Dr. Hooker, similar prospects 'will always remain inaccessible to any but the most hardy seekers of the picturesque, for they can only be viewed under circumstances of extreme physical discomfort.'

Baron

Baron Humboldt records in his 'Kosmos,' that 'no descriptions of the eternal snows of the Alps when tinged in the morning or evening with a rosy hue, or of the beauty of the blue glacier ice, or of any part of the grandeur of the scenery of Switzerland, have reached us from the ancients, although statesmen and generals, with men of letters in their train, were constantly passing through Helvetia into Gaul. All these travellers,' he adds, 'think only of complaining of the difficulties of the way; the romantic scenery never seems to have engaged their attention.'* Wordsworth, in an expostulatory letter to the 'Morning Post' on the subject of the Windermere railway, shows that the picturesque appreciation of mountains is of entirely modern date, even in England, where it is perhaps more general than in any other country. With the exception of a single passage in the writings of Bishop Burnet, Wordsworth finds British travellers and naturalists alike silent upon the sublimity and beauty of the Alps down to the time of Gray. Even Wyndham's narrative of his first visit to Chamouni is scarcely an exception to this remark, since, while he dwells much on the curiosity and strangeness of what he saw, he hardly alludes to the sublimity of the views either at Chamouni itself or from the Montanvert.

The first approaches to a closer acquaintance with the ice-clad summits of the Alps were made in somewhat of the same spirit. Exaggerated fears of the dangers which beset the adventurer within the limits of perpetual snow preoccupied the earlier Swiss adventurers to such a degree, that they were too happy to find themselves once more upon *terra firma* to have time to recollect minutely their picturesque impressions (if they had any), except perhaps the wonder of an extensive panorama from some commanding summit. We can now smile at many of these needless terrors much as we do at Wyndham and Pococke's precaution of going to Chamouni armed to the teeth; and what is more, after being there, recommending it 'as an easy precaution, and, on certain occasions, very useful.' It is principally to the great Swiss naturalist De Saussure that we owe the rectification of these mistakes, as well as a lively appreciation of the aspects of nature in the Alps. Independently of the great scientific value of his labours—immense at the time, great even now—his writings give expression to the feeling of the sublime and beautiful, which few perhaps have felt more deeply than he. General readers will be glad to find in the little work mentioned at the head of this Article the more popular and descriptive parts of De Saussure's writings, published in the form of a pocket volume.

* A similar remark occurs somewhere in Francis Horner's Memoirs.

Since the time of De Saussure, Switzerland has not wanted explorers even to its remotest recesses.* Expeditions once considered the most hazardous which a man could undertake, such as the ascent of Mont Blanc, are now-a-days performed several times a year, and even by ladies. Guide-books immeasurably superior to that of Ebel, which for a long time monopolised the field, have been published in English, French, and German. Of these Mr. Murray's is decidedly the best as well as the most original. It contains all the information required by any ordinary traveller. It has wonderfully facilitated the methodical examination of the Alps, to which his '*Handbook of France*' and more particularly that of South Germany, have also materially contributed:

Unscientific travellers may be divided into two classes: those who are contented with pursuing the ordinary routes which conduct them amongst the finest scenery of the Alps, their most celebrated passes and some of their more accessible heights; and those who, besides this, aim at gaining the most difficult and commanding summits and at crossing the more dangerous and glacier-clad cols. We assume both one and the other class to be pedestrians. Nineteen-twentieths, perhaps ninety-nine-hundredths, of tourists of all nations belonged not many years ago to the former class; and the same proportion of all nations except English belong to it still. But in the last years a powerful interest has been excited towards the more difficult feats of climbing. At first, as was natural, the desire to explore the scientific wonders of the high Alps, their geology, their climate, and their glaciers, induced men to incur these risks; but mere tourists began to discover that other attractions besides those of physics and natural history powerfully contributed to this pursuit. Accordingly, year by year for rather more than a dozen summers past, the thirst for distinction in overcoming the difficulties and dangers of the high Alps has been on the increase. The successive editions of Mr. Murray's '*Handbook*' bear witness to the fact. If we compare the first two editions with the *seventh*, which is now before us, we find that a multitude of serious undertakings, which formerly were never thought of by any mere tourist, are now methodically described, so that it is possible to anticipate to a great extent the time, the fatigue, the comparative danger, and the expense of almost every ascent which ever has been made, at least in the more frequented parts of Switzerland.

When we attempt to analyse the causes of this immense popularity of what might be called break-neck trips, we find them as usual to be of a very mixed character. Probably one of
the

the commonest but lowest motives is that of notoriety, such as tempted for a series of years to the ascent of Mont Blanc, while other mountains hardly less interesting and even more difficult were left unassailed. The aspirants got their glory, and paid from 25*l.* to 40*l.* for it. They have 'done' Mont Blanc, which, being the highest of the Alps, they possibly imagine that they have 'done' the Alps generally, and so their Swiss tour ends. Not unfrequently, however, we find that our tourist returns from a 'grande course' a wiser and a better man. He went vaingloriously or in the mere gaiety of his animal spirits, and he comes back thoughtful, impressed, conscious of a new feeling, it might be called passion, in his soul. He has been initiated into the awfulest of the temples of Nature, and he longs to return once and again to pay his orisons there. He is touched with a sense of the greatness of the Almighty through the works of his creation, and of the littleness of self. He longs with the longing of the heart for the recurrence of summer and his hard-won holiday, again to taste the air of the mountain, and with the genial Talfourd to exclaim once more—'A *char-à-banc* for Chamouni!'

A majority of the tourists are young Englishmen, of whom a great many are very properly contented with the publication of the results of their experience in difficult passes, in Mr. Murray's 'Handbooks,' which are enriched with a great deal of valuable matter thus unostentatiously offered for the use of future travellers. A few, and only a few, have given us the benefit of their information in a separate form. Of these we may specify the 'Wanderings in the High Alps,' by Alfred Wills, which is the result of several years' experience in the Alps, and by its genial, unaffected style, the modesty displayed by the author throughout, and the real interest of many parts of it, is calculated to please almost every class of readers. It were to be wished that the majority of tourists took a little more pains to ascertain how their recreations may be turned to some account, and would educate themselves to the kind of observations—many of which are by no means difficult—which would stamp a permanent interest upon their holiday rambles. Many, *we know*, have such a desire; but the education which even our universities bestow has little or no tendency to impart the habit of observation, and the commonest mechanical facility in the use of instruments. Add to this, that these tours are usually unpremeditated and casual pastimes. It is only by gathering up the experience of successive years that a man becomes fitted for exercising systematically his powers of observation.

In estimating the effects of the material hindrances to which
travellers

travellers in high mountains are exposed, we ought to remember how much danger is increased by inexperience, and how—really as well as apparently—obstacles are more formidable in proportion as they are unknown. The man who first ascended in a balloon into regions of air previously unbreathed by human lungs,—he who first tempted the depths of the sea in a diving bell,—the navigator who first passed a winter amidst Arctic ice,—all these men required far other heroism than is necessary for such as follow in their adventurous tracks. They braved dangers unknown, and, because unknown, alarming. But the dangers were also the more real and greater, because the experience necessary to avert them was wanting. So the first man who voluntarily slept above the limits of perpetual snow in spite of the unascertained cold at those elevations,—he who first ascended to regions abounding in perils peculiar to the permanent ice of which he had little or no previous acquaintance, and he who sought to attain heights where it was only known that the primary function of life—that of breathing—is performed with difficulty, these men had far other trials than belong to the most adventurous climbers of the nineteenth century, to whom the *general* course of events in all these predicaments is well known, and who only run the same sort of risks which others have surmounted.

A more vivid idea of the reality of these obstacles to the early Alpine adventurers will be derived from a single passage of De Saussure's writings than from elaborate description. That admirable traveller had for many years been urging the more experienced mountaineers of Chamouni to attempt to scale Mont Blanc, and the second serious attempt of the kind was made by three hardy peasants bearing the well-known local surnames of Coutet, Meunier, and Carrier. They appear to have attained a considerable though unknown elevation. They suffered so much from the direct and reflected heat of the sun, and from the loss of appetite and tendency to faintness now known to be common at such heights, that one of them, in reporting his journey to De Saussure, 'seriously informed him that it was unnecessary to carry any provisions on that journey, and that, were he to return thither, he should provide himself merely with a *parasol* and a *scent-bottle*. When,' adds De Saussure, 'I pictured to myself this tall robust mountaineer climbing these snows, holding in one hand a lady's parasol, and in the other a bottle of *Eau sans pareille*, the idea seemed so strange and ridiculous, that nothing could have better proved his opinion of the difficulty of the undertaking, and consequently its impossibility for those who have neither the strong head nor the walking powers of a good guide of Chamouni.'

mouni.' Obstacles then so great as to unman a hardy peasant could not fail to affect doubly persons of slighter physical constitution and more lively imagination. Poor M. Bourrit, the contemporary of De Saussure, and at times his companion, could not even ascend the Buet (a mountain little exceeding 10,000 English feet) without numberless overpowering sensations. Yet he had 'pluck' enough to attempt the ascent of Mont Blanc oftener perhaps than any other man. But the narrative of his sufferings under what would now be considered ordinary circumstances reminds us of the anecdote of the philosopher who first by accident ~~passed~~ the contents of a small Leyden jar through his body, an experiment which he declared he would not repeat for a free gift of the whole kingdom of France.

The different impressibility of different persons by the same dangers renders a strict estimate of the risks of Alpine adventure all but impossible. Unless we have the measure of each man's endurance and coolness we cannot compare accurately, say the ascent of the Finsteraarhorn, with that of Monte Rosa. Add to this that the nerve of the same individual varies in an important degree with the state of his health and training, and, what is still more significant, that where the risks are those of ice and snow, they vary so materially from one year to another, and even from month to month, that a feat which is at one time comparatively easy may be physically impossible at another. This well-known fact should make travellers very careful in charging their predecessors with exaggerating the difficulties of their conquests. Now and then it may be the lot of the critic to find the tables turned upon him.*

We shall now endeavour to give a fair estimate of the chief difficulties attending Alpine climbing:—

Bad Weather.—This we believe to be by far the most serious danger of pedestrian enterprise. The power of violent wind when accompanied by rain, not to say snow and piercing cold, in exhausting the physical powers is little appreciated, and would hardly be believed if certain evidence of it did not exist. The chilling effect of a current of air is familiarly known. Arctic travellers have no difficulty in bearing a cold of 30° or 40° below zero if the atmosphere be perfectly still, but the smallest wind, with a temperature even of zero, is almost insup-

* The passage of rocks is not liable to the same fluctuation, and affords a tolerable measure of the nerve of the pedestrian. Thus, when Mr. Albert Smith enlarges, in terms which provoke a smile (*Story of Mont Blanc*, 2nd edit., p. 197), upon the horrors of the passage of the rocks called 'les Ponts,' near Montanvert, we have a scale by which we may estimate the probable amount of the innocent exaggeration of the difficulties of Mont Blanc.

portable. Even in the temperate climate of Great Britain, and at very moderate elevations, not unfrequent cases of death from exposure have come to our knowledge which took place in the summer months. One remarkable instance occurred in August, 1847. Two Englishmen travelling on foot by a well-marked road from King's House to Fort William in Scotland during a storm of wind and rain—violent, yet not excessively cold, and without a flake of snow—lay down and died on the path. Similar instances have happened of late years in Westmoreland. When there is any snow, hardy natives sometimes perish. Even in Devonshire this occurred not long since. If such be the case on hills under 2000 feet high, and even in summer, what must be the trial to the human frame of the war of elements above, or even near the snow-line? There snow may fall any month of the year—there the winds rage with an uncontrolled power, seeming to blow from all points of the compass at once, and, tearing the fallen snow from the ground, mix up its sharp spiculæ in a turbulent compound, dazzling, blinding, wounding, and finally stiffening the traveller, until, goaded by despair, he loses all idea of direction, and finally relinquishes the unequal contest, and sinks into a painless and perpetual sleep.* These dreadful assaults of the elements, called *Tourmentes* in the French Alps, and *Guxen* in those of German Switzerland, are fortunately rare in summer, and may usually be avoided by common prudence, and attention to the opinion of the guides. From a neglect of this caution, two Englishmen perished on the Col de Bonhomme in 1830; and it is perhaps surprising that such accidents are not more frequent. They are, however, more often probably even than avalanches the cause of the loss of life still common at unfavourable seasons amongst the poorer class of travellers when crossing such passes as the Grinzel, the St. Bernard, and others still less formidable. At such awful moments the instincts of self-preservation are wrought up to the highest pitch. When the *tourmente* prevails, each man is in a little snow world of his own—he can scarcely see his nearest neighbour, and the struggle for dear life too often severs the tie of the nearest kindred. To pause is to die, and he who stops to render assistance, or to give encouragement, to one

* From hill to dale still more and more astray
 Impatient—through the drifted heaps
 Stung with the thoughts of home, the thoughts of home
 Burst on his nerves and call their vigour forth
 In many a vain attempt—till down he sinks
 Beneath the shelter of the shapeless waste,
 Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death.'—*Thomson's Winter.*

sinking under the fatal lethargy of cold, is liable an instant later himself to succumb to the same fate.*

On great ascents the occurrence of such storms at a critical moment would be almost certain death to a whole party. Consequently, when the traveller is to penetrate for many hours beyond the snow line, a reasonable prospect of fine weather must be the primary condition of the journey, and decided symptoms of a change must be the signal of instant return. If a storm of wind and sleet were to occur on such a perilous passage as the Mur de la Côte on Mont Blanc, where it is impossible to move except at a creeping pace, and with the toes dug into the ice-steps, congelation or 'frost-bite' would be the consequence; and even on the levellest snow it would be impossible to trace any path, to recognise any landmarks, or to preserve any constant direction.

A far less alarming, yet not insignificant, danger arises from fogs. Few pedestrians have not met with a fog in some critical position, and felt its bewildering influence on unfrequented ground. None but steady and experienced guides deserve much confidence on such occasions. The difficulty is greatest where wide and flat-topped mountain ranges have to be crossed. These occur but rarely in the Alps, occasionally in the Eastern Pyrenees, but perpetually in Norway. The chance of being lost is there most imminent if the guide be not perfectly at home on the track. Again, in difficult and untracked passes in the Alps, a deviation of a few yards to the right or left in a fog may lead the traveller into inextricable difficulties.

Difficulty of Breathing—Hill Sickness.—A more direct obstacle, however, to very lofty ascents is difficulty of breathing, when it occurs, and the giddiness, exhaustion, and sickness, which are yet more common. Because it not unfrequently happens that parties arrive at the highest Alpine summits without experiencing all, or any of these sensations, it has sometimes been absurdly supposed by travellers that they have been the result of the imaginative fears of their more timid predecessors. The fact is, that this singular, yet very real affection, varies as much in different persons as sea-sickness does—a malady with which it appears to have a strong analogy. It happens, indeed, that the extreme elevation of the Alps reaches a point where these physiological effects only begin to be developed in many individuals, yet observations in tropical countries, and at still greater heights, show that they are amongst the most certain penalties of venturing into imper-

* See an instance in *Forbes's Travels in the Alps of Savoy*, pp. 281-3.

fectly aerated regions, and that there is, no doubt, a limit even on the earth's surface unattainable by man, unless he be passively moved as in a balloon. As early as the sixteenth century the learned Jesuit Acosta described correctly the effects of rarefied air which he witnessed in Peru; and he accounted for them on the true grounds. Bouguer a century and a half later experienced them in his own person, but erroneously attributed them rather to excessive fatigue than to the rarity of the air, an opinion which De Saussure justly controverts, by remarking, (1.) That as the ascent of the Andes is mainly accomplished on horseback, the mere fatigue of mounting a few thousand feet could not be so extreme as to occasion such effects. (2.) That he, himself, has, like most pedestrians, been often fatigued to the limits of his muscular power without feeling the smallest nausea or shortness of breath. This accurate traveller has recorded nearly all the facts yet known regarding this singular malady. On the occasion of his ascent of Mont Blanc some of the most robust peasants of Chamouni were the first to leave the summit in order to recover themselves in a denser air. Besides insupportable lassitude, which renders the smallest effort a severe toil, palpitation of the heart, vomiting, faintness, and febrile pulse, are four commonest results of excessive elevation. De Saussure marks 1900 toises (about 12,000 English feet) as his own healthy limit, and that of most of the natives of the Alps; some persons however begin to suffer much lower. Whilst he remained perfectly still, he suffered nothing at the top of Mont Blanc, but the effort even of reading off thermometers and other instruments, and of recording his observations, was such that he barely accomplished in four and a-half hours, what three hours sufficed for at the level of the sea. He very justly adds that the fatigue of such sedentary occupations arises in part from the involuntary holding of the breath when the attention is deeply engaged.

It is not unlikely that the reason why we hear less now-a-days of these inconveniences is because both travellers and guides have usually been for a considerable time 'in training' before an ascent of a lofty mountain. In De Saussure's time few persons had any occasion to ascend to the heights of even the Montanvert or the Col de Balme. The regular guides are now doing so every summer, and many travellers are but little less seasoned. Still it must be owned that there are great anomalies. One of a party, equally robust and equally well-trained, falls suddenly sick and becomes decidedly pale at an elevation of only 10,000 or 11,000 English feet, while all the rest are buoyant and healthy. M. Hugi relates that his guide Währen, 'certainly the most powerful man in the whole Oberland,' was taken unwell

on the formidable summit of the Finsteraarhorn. We have seen a hardy peasant seized with sickness at a height inferior to that of the Col du Géant, where no one else of the party suffered in the smallest degree. It is said that at some periods the effects are earlier fallen in with than at others even on the same mountain. It is also believed that some districts are more liable to produce the effect than others. Mr. Wills considers that the rarefaction of the air is less felt about Monte Rosa than near Mont Blanc. But this seems doubtful, for, though he himself did not suffer on the occasion referred to, he records having 'felt the rarity of the air sensibly,' and being a good deal exhausted the year previously. The experienced professor Ulrich suffered considerably on Monte Rosa at about the same elevation, though not at all at the same spot, the following year. In South America some localities are supposed to be more favourable than others to attacks of 'the Puna,' as this malady is locally called, from one of the districts in which it prevails.*

It has been believed that difficult breathing is sooner felt upon snow than upon rock, and M. Boussingault, in his account of the ascent of Chimborazo, attributes this to the sensible deficiency of oxygen contained in the pores of the snow, which is exhaled when it melts. The fact that the air absorbed by snow is impure was ascertained by De Saussure, and has been confirmed by Boussingault's experiments.

The inconvenience is common to the various races of men and to the lower animals. Baron Humboldt was deserted by all his Indians at an elevation about 1000 feet greater than that of Mont Blanc. Mules begin to suffer at 11,000 feet, and it is said, on the authority of Tchudi, that cats cannot live above 13,000 feet, a height at which villages occur in the Andes and Himalaya. In the latter range Dr. Hooker states that horses may be ridden to a height of 19,000 feet. Habit appears to be the only remedy. The upper part of the town of Potosi is stated by Humboldt to be only 2000 feet below the summit of Mont Blanc, and in India those who live habitually at great elevations experience no inconvenience from the rarity of the air. Dr. Hooker recommends a stay for two or three days at a height of 16,000 feet as preparatory to ascending to 20,000. Yet Tibetans, who live at 15,000 feet, always have headaches on walking over passes of 18,000, which they attribute to a poisonous vapour issuing from the mountains. Dr. Hooker asserts that 'bleeding at the nose and ears has never been experienced by any practised traveller in

* See the curious Essay on Hill-Sickness, by Dr. Meyer-Ahrens, cited at the head of this article.

health, and is unknown among the natives.' We believe alarming hæmorrhage to be really unheard of on such occasions; but unquestionably slight bleedings from the nose, gums, and lips, are not unfrequent. Such are recorded by De Saussure, Humboldt, and Boussingault. The latter hints at more serious results in the case of an Indian who had used his voice too strongly in these elevated regions, and recommends, with good reason, that conversation be carried on in an under tone in order to avoid exhaustion.

The physiology of these various effects is as yet imperfectly understood. The præternatural lassitude which is more commonly experienced near the top of Mont Blanc than any other symptom—a lassitude which, in many cases, takes away every sense of pleasure from success—has been ingeniously attributed by the brothers Weber to the deficiency of atmospheric pressure loosening the compactness of articulation at the knee and hip-joints, thus preventing the limbs from working steadily in their sockets. But this is at least a partial view of the subject.

Slopes of Turf.—Turning now to the more external obstacles to success in the ascent of mountains, we shall first mention one which would scarcely seem alarming at first sight to most pedestrians—this is the slopes of short dry turf which so frequently occur on the calcareous mountains of the secondary chains of the Alps, and which, frequently ending in tremendous precipices, constitute a danger, all the more real, because it is unimposing. A pedestrian once losing footing on such a slope is almost certain to be carried helplessly to the bottom of it, however it may terminate. No break or irregularity gives him a chance of holding on. The spike of his *Alpenstock* is not long enough to take hold on its velvet-like surface. The nails in his shoes are equally inefficacious. In this respect the slope of turf is more dangerous than that of frozen snow, unless it be of the hardest kind. The following example, from Mr. Wills, is applicable to those numerous English, men and women, who frequent the familiar environs of Interlaken, little recking of danger:—

'Soon afterwards one of the party slipped and was unable to stop himself. With great presence of mind he threw himself over by a sudden effort on to his face, and spreading out his arms and legs, and digging his fingers into the ground, succeeded in checking his descent. Nobody could have helped him, and had he not stopped himself, he would in all probability have slipped with increasing velocity for some hundreds of feet, and shot over a precipice which happened to be below, between us and the belt of wood.* His finger-nails were all broken in the effort to save himself.' . . . 'Seen from below, the slope appears so gentle that this description would scarcely be credited—but it is strictly

strictly accurate. A melancholy accident which occurred in 1850, on the other side, where the descent is of the same character, but more rapid still, attests its truth. An English lady staying at Interlaken one day took the path, and wandered on till she came to the summit.' 'She never returned, and next day her mangled remains were found, some thousand feet below, on the other side of the mountain. Her foot had slipped and she had begun to roll; she had seized a young sapling, hoping to arrest her progress, but the impetus was too great; it snapped, and was found in her grasp when the body was discovered.' 'I have twice ascended, and once descended these grassy steeps, and have seldom performed a more dangerous task—easy as it looks. The peasants, who mow the grass on the sides of the mountain, wear crampons, otherwise they could hardly get up and down with safety.'—*Wanderings, &c.*, pp. 242-4.

It was among such treacherous slopes near the Col de Balme that at least one tourist perished in attempting to reach a point called the 'Croix de Fer.' It is also probable that poor Jacques Balmat, the conqueror of Mont Blanc, ignobly fell a victim in the same way amongst the calcareous mountains intermediate between the Col de Balme and the Dent du Midi.

Rocks, Precipices.—Above the limits of vegetation the surface of a mountain is, of course, either rock, or ice and snow. In some districts the former abounds more than the latter, or the reverse, and the skill of the natives in overcoming the difficulties of either depends on their greater experience and opportunities. The peasants of Chamouni are more at home on the glaciers; those of Monte Rosa on rocks. The best guides of the Oberland are perhaps pretty equally confident in either exercise. More skill is requisite for eluding the difficulties of the ice, more nerve in overcoming those of cliffs. Consequently we find that amateurs, after a certain amount of experience, are more at ease among snow than among really dangerous precipices. It is indeed only on the latter that experienced and zealous amateurs have suffered themselves to be left behind by their guides: It requires education of the eye and foot from childhood, unless in special cases, to venture with confidence to scale cliffs nearly perpendicular, and still more to descend them.

Almost every kind of rock is subject to form precipices. None, for instance, are more tremendous than those formed of granite in the Combe de Malaval, among the Alps of Dauphiné. The slaty rocks, however, do not stand second in this respect, though they oftener leave distinct foot-holds. The schistose cliffs of the Jungfrau, as seen from Lauterbrunnen, are familiarly known to all tourists in Switzerland, and the ascent of a portion of them by Hugi, in the Roth-thal, on the western side of the mountain, forms one of his most ticklish adventures. The comparatively
modern

modern slaty rocks of the Mont Cervin exhibit in that astonishing pinnacle the most inaccessible of all European mountains. Towards the north it forms an almost continuous precipice between 7000 and 8000 feet in height.* Calcareous rocks are celebrated for their vertical cliffs. The chasms of the Dent du Midi and Dent de Morcles can be forgotten by no traveller who has passed between Bex and Martigny; and such rocks have this additional danger, that limestone is the most slippery and treacherous of any, since strongly-nailed shoes, which, in other situations, are a defence, become here accomplices to destruction. The rocks of Gosau, in the eastern Alps, celebrated by Professor Sedgwick and Sir R. Murchison, which rise towards heaven in apparently inaccessible spires, are the geological equivalents of the tame scenery of our English greensand.

A 'good head' is as much a natural endowment as any other. It may, however, be greatly improved by practice: and the tonic influence of mountain air, as well as the comparative insensibility which experience induces to the really stupendous scale of Alpine scenery, render feats of climbing easier than would be the case under other circumstances. Many men who would hesitate to cross a well fastened plank of a mason's scaffolding at home, will pass *erect* across the 'ponts' at Montanvert, or traverse the Mer de Glace without a moment's misgiving.

Except in the effort to attain a given summit, the climber is not very commonly driven to straits upon rocks, for nature commonly provides a considerable choice of ways in traversing a country. It is rarely that we are shut up to a single prescribed course. But where a direct ascent is our aim, we are never certain till the last moment of attaining our object. Far more than in the case of

* We preserve this passage as we wrote it, not having then seen Mr. Ruskin's elaborate chapter on 'Precipices,' in his beautifully illustrated and often able volume *On Mountain Beauty*, which contains many true and original things drawn from a long and ardent study of the Alps. There is an apparent discrepancy between the statement in the text and Mr. Ruskin's assertion, that the steepest part of the Matterhorn or Mont Cervin, over which a plumb-line might be hung without striking, is only about from 600 to 800 feet (Ruskin, p. 242), and he appears to consider that as nearly unexampled in Switzerland. Of this we have doubts, but so technical a definition of a Precipice is neither usual nor appropriate. All the majesty of truly precipitous scenery is sufficiently given by rocks cloven at an angle *approaching* the vertical, even if they do not overhang, which is almost a *tour-de-force* of nature, being in standing contradiction to the ordinary effects of gravity. Still less does a series of narrow steps, uniting vertical precipices, interfere essentially with their majesty—nay, such breaks may even add to it as viewed in dizzy perspective from above, and (as in the case of the Breven as described, we have no doubt most accurately, by Mr. Ruskin) yet may effectually prevent the full descent of the plumb-line. Mr. Ruskin himself virtually admits as much a few pages farther on in his work (p. 248), where, speaking of the limestone cliffs of the Rochers des Fys, not far from Chamouni, he says 'the wall is not less than 2500 feet in height—not vertical, but steep enough to seem so to the imagination.'

snow and ice we are subject to be 'brought up' by an impassable obstacle. This occurs even in mountains of second and third rate size. The Riffelhorn near Zermatt, which is now so well known, was deemed inaccessible until within a few years, although nothing was easier than to approach within a few fathoms of the summit. At length, some boys tending goats found a passage by first descending upon a rather sloping ledge of rocks. A similar difficulty attends the access to the highest of the Cuchullin hills in Skye, which was first overcome not many years since by a gentleman of Edinburgh attended by a native guide. These hills, though only about 3000 feet high, may be reckoned as amongst the most difficult of their class, and decidedly the least accessible in Great Britain! Yet the excellent footing of the rugged hypersthene rock of which they are composed prevents any real danger. On the other hand, few rocks, not consisting of sheer precipices, can be pronounced inaccessible until after trial. A mountain face down which we have just descended will often appear, on looking back, absolutely impracticable to human foot. The pass of the Gemmi, which may be traversed on a mule, is a familiar instance of this. The northern face of Mont Cramont, on the Italian side of Mont Blanc, is another.

The combination of rock precipices with snow or ice is probably the most baffling combination of any. The summit of the Finsteraarhorn in the Bernese Oberland, and that of Monte Rosa, are striking examples. In the former instance the intrepid Hugli left it to his robust guides, Leuthold and Währen, to ascend alone the last precipice, the base of which he had more than once attained with extreme toil. A similar result attended the ascent of the experienced Professor Ulrich to the highest of the summits of Monte Rosa, in 1848, from the side of Zermatt. Whilst only ice and snow opposed his advance all went well, but the precipitous rocky cap, about 300 feet high, was attempted by his guides alone—Madutz and Taugwald, who found not only precipices which offered little hold for the feet, but the crevices in the rock were filled and glazed over with slippery ice. The re-descent was so terrific, that one of the guides owed his safety to the nerve of the other, who held him on by a rope. The Messrs. Schlagintweit, who with their guides made the ascent of this precipice in 1851, were also incommoded by the ice, and they had recourse to driving chisels into the rock where they could not by other means obtain a footing.

Many of our readers will recollect the ability with which Sir Walter Scott has given in the second chapter of '*Anne of Geierstein*,' a thrilling account of the younger Philipson's adventure among the precipices of Mont Pilate. This account is the more remarkable

remarkable because the writer had but a slight personal acquaintance with Swiss scenery, and it may reasonably be doubted whether he ever found himself in such a predicament as that which he so graphically describes. A real adventure of a similar kind was depicted in 1829 in glowing colours by a writer in *Blackwood's Magazine*. The article is now in all probability remembered by few, but the style and the initials (E. S.) point it out as the production of the late Bishop Stanley, to whom it was ascribed at the time. It is entitled 'The Mauvais Pas,' and describes the ascent of the valley of Bagnes by the author, soon after the catastrophe of 1818, by which all the ordinary means of communication were swept away. We can only select some isolated passages ; but the whole paper is worth perusing as a vivid and powerful piece of description :—

‘ For a foreground (if that could be called a foreground, separated as it was by a gulf of some fathoms wide) an unsightly facing of unbroken precipitous rock bearded me on the spot from whence I was to take my departure, jutting out sufficiently to conceal whatever might be the state of affairs on the other side, round which it was necessary to pass by a narrow ledge like a mantelpiece, on which the first guide had now placed his foot. The distance, however, was inconsiderable, at most a few yards ; after which I fondly conjectured we might rejoin a pathway similar to that we were now quitting, and that, in fact, this short but fearful *trajet* constituted the substance and sum-total of what so richly deserved the title of the *Mauvais Pas*. “ Be firm ; hold fast, and keep your eyes on the rock,” said the guide, as I, with my heart in my mouth, stepped out. “ Is my foot steadily fixed ? ” — “ It is,” was the answer ; and, with my eyes fixed upon the rock, as if it would have opened under my gaze, and my hands hooked like claws on the slight protuberances within reach, I stole silently and slowly towards the projection, almost without drawing a breath. Having turned this point I still found myself proceeding, but to what degree, and whether for better or worse, I could not exactly ascertain, as I most pertinaciously continued to look upon the rock, mechanically moving foot after foot with a sort of dogged perseverance, leaving to the leading guide the pleasing task, which I most anxiously expected every moment, of assuring me that the deed was done, and congratulating me on having passed the *Mauvais Pas*. But he was silent as the grave—not a word escaped his lips ; and on, and on, and on did we tread, slowly, cautiously, and hesitatingly, for about ten minutes, when I became impatient to learn the extent of our progress, and inquired whether we had nearly reached the other end. “ *Pas encore.* ” — “ Are we half way ? ” — “ *A peu près,* ” were the replies. Gathering up my whole stock of presence of mind, I requested that we might pause awhile ; and then, as I deliberately turned my head, the whole of this extraordinary and frightful scenery revealed itself at a glance. Conceive an amphitheatre of rock forming throughout a bare, barren, perpendicular

pendicular precipice, of I know not how many hundred feet in height, the two extremities diminishing in altitude, as they approached the Drance, which formed the chord of this arc; that on our left constituting the barrier which had impeded our progress, and which we had just ascended. From the point where we had stepped upon the ledge, quitting the forest and underwood, this circular face of precipice commenced, continuing without intermission till it united itself with its corresponding headland on the right—the only communication between the two being along a ledge in the face of the precipice, varying in width from about a foot to a few inches; the surface of the said ledge, moreover, assuming the form of an inclined plane, owing to an accumulation of small particles of rock, which had, from time immemorial, scaled from the heights above and lodged on this slightly-projecting shelf. The distance, from the time taken to pass it, I guessed to be not far short of a quarter of a mile. At my foot, literally speaking (for it required but a semiquaver of the body, or the loosening of my hold, to throw the centre of gravitation over the abyss) were spread the valleys of the Drance, through which I could perceive the river meandering like a silver thread; but from the height at which I looked down, its rapidity was invisible, and its hoarse brawling unheard. The silence was absolute and solemn; for, fortunately, not a zephyr fanned the air to interfere with my precarious equilibrium. . . . Every sense seemed absorbed in getting to the end; and yet, in the midst of this unenviable position, a trifling incident occurred which actually, for the time, gave rise to something of a pleasurable sensation. About midway I espied, in a chink of the ledge, the beautiful and dazzling little blossom of the *Gentiana nivalis*, and stopping the guides whilst I gathered it, I expressed great satisfaction in meeting with this lovely little flower in such a lonely spot. And I could scarcely help smiling at the simplicity of these honest people, who from that moment, whenever the difficulties increased, endeavoured to divert my attention by pointing out or looking for another specimen. We had proceeded good part of the way, when to my dismay the ledge, narrow as it was, became perceptibly narrower, and, at the distance of a yard or two in advance, I observed a point where it seemed to run to nothing, interrupted by a protuberant rock. I said nothing, waiting the result in silence. The guide before me, when he reached the point, threw one foot round the projection till it was firmly placed, and, holding on the rock, then brought up the other. What was I to do? Like Arthur Philipson's guide, Antonio, I could only say, "I was no chamois hunter, and had no wings to transport me from cliff to cliff like a raven." "I cannot perform that feat," said I to the guide, "I shall miss the invisible footing on the other side, and—then!" They were prepared for the case; one of them happened to have a short staff; this was handed forward, and formed a slight rail, while the other, stooping down, seized my foot, and placing it in his hand, answered, "Tread without apprehension; it will support you firmly as the rock itself: be steady—go on." I did so, and regained the ledge once more in safety. . . . By keeping my head obliquely turned
inwards

inwards I had in great measure avoided more visual communication than I wished with the bird's-eye prospect below, but there was no possibility of excluding the smooth bare frontage of rock right a-head. There it reared itself from the elods beneath to the clouds above, without outward or visible sign of fret or fissure, as far as I could judge, on which even a chamois could rest his tiny hoof; for the width of whatever ledge it might have was diminished by the perspective view we had of it to Euclid's true definition of a mathematical line, namely, length without breadth. At this distance of time I have no very clear recollection of the mode of our exit, and cannot speak positively as to whether we skirted any part of this perilous wall of the Titans, or crept up through the corner of the curve by some fissure leading to the summit. I have, however, a very clear and agreeable recollection of the moment when I came in contact with a tough bough, which I welcomed and grasped as I would have welcomed and grasped the hand of the dearest friend I had upon earth, and by the help of which I, in a very few more seconds, scrambled upwards, and set my feet once more, without fear of slips or sliding, on a rough heathery surface, forming the bed of a ravine which soon led us to an upland plateau, on which I stood as in the garden of paradise.'

Descriptions like these afford of course but a *relative* measure of the difficulty and risk of any such task, which ceases to be agreeable when it passes the limits of what Dr. Johnson happily characterizes as 'a kind of turbulent pleasure between fright and admiration.'

Slopes of Snow and Ice.—We now turn to the peculiar difficulties and risks connected with the passage of slopes of snow and ice. Formidable as these often are, they offer more resource to skill and perseverance than precipices of rock, where art can assist little, and where everything depends on nerve. Snow of course never exists in absolute precipices, and even those of ice are more limited in extent than may be generally supposed,—always excepting the walls of crevasses underneath the level of a glacier, and with such the less a traveller has to do, the better. Extensive steep inclines of snow and ice are among the most serious obstacles which the pilgrim of the higher Alps can encounter: and there are few considerable ascents in the course of which they are not met with. A slope of imperfectly frozen snow, the result of spring avalanches, and lying in highly inclined ravines called *coulairs*, are often more difficult to cross, than if they were of the hardest and most slippery ice. Snow has sometimes that treacherous degree of consistence which allows a partial consolidation by the foot-tread, but which suffers the ball or clot thus formed, under the sole of the foot to slide like an unctuous substance over the less perfectly compressed snow beneath. In this way the footstep of a traveller may give way

way after two or three persons have already planted their feet in safety on the same spot. To cross a snow *coulair* of great height and inclination under such circumstances appears to us to be one of the most real dangers of the Alps. But such places can always be safely crossed in the morning when the snow is hard. A surface of ice, covered by some inches of snow, is formidable for the same reason.

A slope of pure ice, at an inclination exceeding 40 or even 30 degrees, has a sufficiently terrific appearance, especially if it terminate below in a precipice of rock or a crevasse of a glacier. Yet the traveller has here in some degree his safety in his own hands. Footsteps may be made so as to give a firm hold to the pedestrian's nailed shoes, if sufficient time be allowed for that purpose. In some rare cases hand-holds as well as foot-holds must be made in the ice face; but only small spaces are ever crossed in this way. Mr. Auldjo has represented an instance of this kind in the tenth illustration of his ascent of Mont Blanc;* and M. Hugi has described a similar case in the last ascent of the Finsteraarhorn by his guides, in which he alleges, with what accuracy we know not, that at each step the men had to pause and let their shoes be *slightly frozen to the surface to which they clung*.

In ascending steep slopes of ice it is often advisable to take them *right in front* instead of going in zig-zag as one is naturally inclined to do: for though more laborious, travellers and guides may thus effectually assist one another, and in case of a rope being used to tie them together, or for all to hold by, the risk of an accident to the whole party is materially diminished. For it is evident that if a file of men ascend a ladder and one of them slips, he is sustained by those immediately beneath him, and his weight is partly thrown by means of the rope on those directly in advance: but if one of a file in an oblique ascent lose his footing, he comes into contact with no man, and the strain falls, by means of the rope, on the two persons alone between whom he is placed. By the obliquity of the strain it is also, by a well known principle in mechanics, rendered more intense, and if

* The pleasing illustrations of Mr. Auldjo's work unquestionably present exaggerated views of several scenes. This is probably one. The breakfast party on the snow-bridge certainly is. If such a mass of snow could hang for a moment in the circumstances there represented, no sane man would stand upon it a moment longer than necessary. We may remark that such scenes are rarely carefully drawn at the moment, but are usually executed afterwards under a vivid recollection of the dangers run. Nor are authors always to blame for pictorial exaggeration. It is one of the vices of the day that artists of all kinds find it their interest to astonish, by 'cooking' the sketches placed in their hands up to the stimulant tone required by the appetite of book-buyers. Mr. Browne's sketches of the ascent of Mont Blanc, though evidently done for the most part from recollection, are probably the best that have been published of this kind of scenery.

either of his immediate supporters lose their footing the whole party must inevitably go down. The *Mur de la Côte* on the final ascent of Mont Blanc is one of the best known and most frequently described ice-slopes of the kind. But even the *Mur de la Côte* is a much less serious obstacle of its kind than many other ice-slopes which occur in the Alps. One certain proof of this is, that hardly any climber of Mont Blanc, not even Mr. Albert Smith, dwells on the difficulty of the *descent*, which is really by far the most formidable affair when the incline is severe. On such occasions it is necessary to descend as on a ladder with the face towards the hill, in order to insert the toes in the steps previously made. It is extremely difficult to hew out ice-steps in descending; hence in crossing elevated *cols* the frozen side should be preferred for the ascent. Messrs. Schlagintweit, in their ascent of Monte Rosa in 1851, returning by a different way, fell in with difficulties so serious, that even with their experience they were almost overtaken by evening on the heights of the mountain before they had a prospect of extrication; and at last were compelled to *descend* a 'couloir' of hard ice, having an inclination of from 60° to 62° (which viewed from above appears almost vertical), perhaps the steepest which ever has been approached in that manner.

Occasionally the ice of mountain-tops presents a *double* incline, like the ridge of a house-roof, only usually far steeper, so that a man may easily sit astride upon it. This is of course a formidable trial to the nerves, especially if it be of hard ice in which steps must be cut. It is to be traversed lengthways by making good footsteps on one side of the incline parallel to the ridge and planting the ice-pole firmly into the opposite slope. The extreme summit of the Jungfrau is of this description. The approach *from the south* to the highest part of Monte Rosa is similar to it.

There is one peculiarity of the higher regions of snow and ice which deserves a passing notice, on account of its singularity and of the caution which it suggests. There is no elevation in the Alps at which fusion of the snow does not occasionally take place by the force of the sun's rays; but as it rapidly freezes, the tendency is to form a hard crust of ice upon the softer snow beneath. In consequence of this and of the drifting of the snow in the eddies which always occur at the top of a precipice on the ice-side of an exposed slope, a hardened crust of projecting ice is apt to be formed in such situations, which may be compared to the eave of a roof. Now a traveller groping his way on the difficult slopes of the higher ice, while he leaves, as he thinks, from two to three feet of solid ground

ground between him and the abyss, may in fact be resting his weight on the treacherous and baseless projection of ice which we have described. In his account of the ascent of the Jungfrau with M. Agassiz, Professor Forbes gives in a few words an idea of this serious danger:—

‘Whilst we were marvelling patiently at what seemed a safe distance from the edge, Jacob [the guide] made us almost tremble by piercing with a few blows of his alpenstock the frail covering, within two or three feet of us, revealing through the gap the vacuity through which we might have dropped a stone upon the glacier beneath.’

Professor Hugi of Soleure was nearly the victim of a similar incident in one of his attempts to reach the summit of the Finsteraarhorn, which he has described in graphic terms. The scene of the adventure was laid 13,000 feet above the sea on the sharp ridge of that savage mountain, which terminated on one side in a precipice of terrific height, on the other in a steep incline of ice hardly less formidable. One of the guides, Dändler by name, was in front of the Professor, holding in his hands a long pole, perhaps intended for a flagstaff to commemorate their exploit. Suddenly the guide slipped on the face of ice, and would have glided instantaneously to the bottom had not M. Hugi leaping forward seized the other end of the spar. The instant he did so the ice gave way beneath his feet: he had unawares thrown his weight on the treacherous crust of frozen snow of which we have spoken, which in this instance projected five or six feet over the edge of the rock on the precipitous side of the ridge. There he hung quite loosely in the hole which he had made, and through which he could deliberately view beneath his feet the surface of the Finster and Glacier 4000 feet vertically beneath him. His sole security was the counterpoise of the guide who had lost his footing on the opposite incline of ice, but who fortunately retained his hold upon the spar. From this unpleasant game of *see-saw* both parties were with some difficulty relieved by the assistance of their companions.

The Glaciers—Crevasses.—Trifling, indeed, compared to the dangers of such ascents as the preceding, yet not unworthy of notice, are those of the lower and more accessible glaciers, which, as every one knows, are traversed by fissures which constitute one of the great objects of interest to the curious traveller. These fissures or *crevasses* (for the English word *crevice* is wholly inapplicable to their usually stupendous dimensions) may be found of all degrees of magnitude, and they present to the traveller obstacles more or less formidable. Many glaciers whose slope is inconsiderable exhibit for
a great

a great space fissures so trifling in extent compared to the solid parts of the icy river as to offer no difficulty whatever in their passage; and to walk over such level ice is less fatiguing than over rock or even turf, the feet being kept pleasantly cool and the nerves reinforced by the perpetually fresh atmosphere which prevails over the glacier even in the warmest weather. The glacier on the Col of Mont Cervin, though 11,000 feet above the sea, is frequently crossed by loaded mules; as is, we believe, the glacier of the Gries between the upper valley of the Rhone and Duomo d'Ossola. The glacier of the lower Aar might probably be traversed without difficulty on horseback for several miles. But the contrary case is the more common, and perhaps no glacier is devoid of difficult chasms in some part of its extent. At their lower extremities in particular they are often altogether impracticable. The steepness of the slope on which they sometimes terminate breaks up the texture of the semi-solid ice by crossing fissures or hatching, while the great summer heat of the valleys into which they thrust their icy snouts acuminate the parallelograms into which they are thus broken up, and occasions those exquisite pyramidal structures of pellucid ice which all travellers admire in the glaciers of Bossons and Rosenlani.

In their higher portions again, near the limits of perpetual snow, where the ice-river becomes undistinguishable from the vast reservoirs whence it takes its origin and its supply, the fissures have a somewhat different character. The ice in motion is imperfectly consolidated, and has less resistance to fracture than elsewhere. It is consequently broken short across, as it is forced by gravity over even slight inequalities; but where the descent is rapid, fissures of the most enormous size occur, seaming the glacier entirely from side to side, and hindering a passage save by some snow bridge which has survived the thaws of spring and summer. The upper part of the Glacier des Bossons presents such obstacles to the ascender of Mont Blanc from Chamouni, as that of the Géant opposes by a perhaps more serious barrier the passage of the Col of the same name. Such difficulties, common to most extensive glaciers, are the more perplexing that they usually occur in defiles or ravines through which the icy masses uneasily struggle, and which very commonly, in proportion that their channels (Germ. *thalweg*) are more inclined, have their walls also more precipitous, so that footing is alike denied on ice or rock to the explorer of the upper Alpine world. To pass among such crevasses requires, as has been already hinted, a *rational* acquaintance with the principles according to which the accidents of the ice are affected by the fixed obstacles opposed

opposed to its motion. In some cases we may take a glacier right in front, in others we must first gain its surface at 1000 feet or more of elevation; in some instances we must eschew the centre, in others the sides. Every promontory has its influence on the state of the ice above and below it, which may be shrewdly guessed at by a skilled person traversing the glacier even for the first time.* Most tourists now-a-days know something of the complex path which leads across the Mer de Glace of Chamouni to the Tacul and Jardin, of which the curiously monotonous irregularities are faithfully reiterated year by year, notwithstanding the perpetual flow of the ice. This traverse is indeed the *pons asinorum* of amateurs, the Scylla and Charybdis of 'aspirant' guides. Take a single wrong turn to the left (we speak of *descending* the glacier) and you are thrown upon knife edges of ice with vertical sides thinning out as you approach the *moraine*; escaping that, and turning to the right, you are gradually but inevitably drawn into the vortex of confusion which exists towards the centre of the glacier, whence escape is physically impossible, except by retracing every step to the point where the error was made. The respectable Bourrit's remark on this singular passage (opposite the point called *l'Angle*) is as true now as ever:—'I never once succeeded,' he says, 'in finding an exit by the same block of ice on which I had entered; but, on the contrary, often wandered about for three quarters of an hour, the guides meanwhile having recourse to witchcraft to explain this effect of the multiplicity of similar objects which long habit does not enable us to distinguish.' Of course the lesson is *at last* learnt. The practised guide threads his way like an Indian on his trail. The less experienced are content to place little piles of stones to guide themselves day by day.

The dangers of the lower and middle glaciers are at least open and undisguised. No one ought on any consideration to traverse them to any extent without a companion, though not necessarily a guide in all cases. The consequences of an irretrievable slip beyond the reach of help are too awful to be lightly risked. But it is only in solitude that there is any real danger. The cases of men lost or nearly lost in glacier crevasses have, in every instance that we can recollect, been of those who were unaccompanied. A clergyman named Mouron is probably the only amateur who has died in consequence. Bohrer, a peasant of Grindelwald, slipped once alone into the upper glacier

* Mr. Wills repeatedly mentions the advantage which his Chamouni guide, Auguste Balmat, had even over natives in finding the best route across glaciers quite unknown to him, in consequence of his accurate acquaintance with the circumstances which regulate the state of the ice.

of that valley, and after three hours of sufferings, such as we may imagine in that horrible dungeon, regained the upper world. Michel Devouassou, of Chamouni, fell into a crevasse on the glacier of Talefre, a feeder of the Mer de Glace, on the 29th of July, 1836, and after a severe struggle extricated himself, leaving his knapsack below. The identical knapsack reappeared in July, 1846, at a spot on the surface of the glacier *four thousand three hundred* feet from the place where it was lost, as ascertained by Professor Forbes, who himself collected the fragments, thus indicating the rate of flow of the icy river in the intervening ten years. •

The more plastic forms of the snowy matter of the highest glaciers, and its greater fragility, produce, as has been observed, more stupendous, if less profound and definitely bounded chasins. These terrific rents sometimes stretch almost from side to side of the glacier, and require much address in evading them. Sometimes the traveller must perform a succession of ascents and descents on nearly vertical walls of ice, and at others must pass under menacing pinnacles which a few instants may detach and cover his difficult pathway with their ruins. Still higher up the rents frequently become grottos covered with snowy roofs, beautiful but treacherous, which yielding beneath the foot of the unwary pedestrian, would in all probability introduce him to a nearer acquaintance than he desires with the palaces of enchantment beneath, were he not brought up by a sudden tug at the good rope well fastened to his waist, and that of his firmly footed companions in the rear, who are ever on the watch for the disappearance of a friend through pitfalls as invisible as those on the frail bridge of Mirza's vision. Yet it is usually a sign of inaccurate pilotage if such an incident occurs. The 'sounding' of superficial snows by the pike or Alpenstock of the foremost guide is as necessary as the heaving of the lead in a fog in Yarmouth Roads; and rarely does that good implement belie the trust reposed in it. His Alpenstock is the first security of the traveller over snow and ice, a rope the second, and a hatchet the third. The loss of any one of these implements may endanger a man or a party. A geological hammer with an axe-like termination, habitually worn by means of a strap round the waist, is a sure help in many unforeseen accidents.

• *Avalanches.*—This is the greatest and most resistless catastrophe which can overtake the Alpine pedestrian. Very few indeed are the casualties which it has occasioned amongst amateur frequenters of the mountains, because they go thither at a season when the 'dread laune' is comparatively rare; but of all the thousand crosses which mark the slopes of those Alpine thoroughfares which the

the humble traveller is driven to pass at untimely seasons, or by which the hardy peasant seeks his home in the upper valleys, the vast majority are memorials of this unforeseen and most appalling messenger. The very commotion in the air occasioned by the impetuous rush of millions of cubic feet of consolidated snow has been sufficient in some instances to uproot trees, and to unroof cottages, or even to remove them bodily to a distance. The avalanches of summer and autumn are, of course, far more local and far less tremendous. But they do occur; and tact in discriminating localities affected by passing avalanches (not only of snow, but of stones from the surface of lofty glaciers niched in the recesses of the higher mountains), and in estimating the general condition with reference to consolidation of the snow which may have recently fallen, are important articles of mountain craft. Almost the only instance of a climbing party being overtaken by an avalanche in summer is the well-known one of Dr. Hamel and his companions in their attempt to ascend Mont Blanc in 1820. An interesting narrative of the accident, by which three guides perished, was printed by one of the party, Mr. Durnford, in the 'New Monthly Magazine,' and has since been transferred to the pages of Mr. Albert Smith's little work. It does not appear that by any amount of foresight the catastrophe could have been certainly foreseen—although the immediately preceding bad weather, which detained the travellers for a whole day at the Grands Mulets, most probably helped to occasion the treacherous state of the snow.

Having thus drawn some outlines of the difficulties of the higher Alps, we may add that, with few exceptions, they are real dangers chiefly to the timid or to the foolhardy. The former want the determination to conquer which is often the talisman of success:—the latter, seeking dangers unprepared, may really fall a sacrifice to them when they least expect it; and looking to the tone of some of our recent young English tourists, we cannot but fear that some grave accident may ere long occur as a warning to the rash and inexperienced. Alpine adventure has a great analogy to that of our Arctic expeditions. In both the average freedom from casualty has been surprising. This is to be attributed to the caution inspired by an adequate conviction of the risks to be encountered. We all know that in daily life accidents usually occur when we least think of them. People seem to take a pleasure in breaking their legs when they are doing nothing heroic. Circumnavigators are drowned in pleasure-boats, and Crimean heroes come home safe and sound to blow off a hand in following grouse or red deer. In the case of Arctic adventure the public feels that one great calamity obliterates the lustre of many

many partial yet fruitless successes, and we rather think that our roaming countrymen in Switzerland will do well not to intermit the precautions which hitherto have been so successful in averting accidents, even though Mont Blanc should be scaled one time the less, or the subjects of the King of Sardinia at its foot should pocket a few more needless English sovereigns.

And now let us be excused for saying a few words on the subject of *guides*, prominently brought before us by the narrative of Messrs. Hudson and Kennedy. It appears that though these gentlemen and their companions claim to have ascended Mont Blanc 'without guides,' they took the chasseurs of St. Gervais over all the ground which was properly speaking new, and availed themselves of their directions in recovering and following the beaten track from Chamouni, with every incident and particular of which they had made themselves familiar by previous inspection of the mountain and of models, and by obtaining, as far as it could be had *gratis*, the local information possessed by the guides of Chamouni. In executing the ascent they had indeed to rely on their own courage and presence of mind, and in this they ably succeeded. But their circumstances were peculiar. The powers of endurance of every one of the party were thoroughly known, and had been tried by previous experience, accompanied by guides, in equally or more dangerous places. Fortunately all went well with them. They did not meet with a single obstacle or inconvenience on which they had not counted. Had any one been taken ill, or had bad weather even to a moderate extent supervened, the conclusion might have been less happy. As it was, on their return they had the greatest difficulty in crossing the glacier of Bossons by daylight; and they admit that it might have happened to them to 'pass the night on the ice without any shelter,' and to 'keep themselves warm by exercise until the sun rose.' When we recollect that the whole provisions and wine had been disposed of the previous forenoon save an 'atom of mutton and equally insignificant piece of bread,' the chances are that that night would have been the last for one or two of the party; and had it begun to blow or to snow, the whole of them must have perished. Fortune indeed favours the brave, as these our young countrymen undoubtedly are: but it is possible that they have not yet known what it is to be put to shifts by bad weather. In such cases a tried mountaineer, one who passes his *winters* as well as his summers among the High Alps, has an unquestionable advantage over less experienced, however zealous and courageous, climbers.

As to the rates charged for the ascent of Mont Blanc, and the
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rules which prevent the selection of guides at Chamouni, we think them provoking enough. But it is fair to recollect that they are the result of that elaborate bureaucratic system which prevails in most continental states, and which the mere actors in it are utterly incompetent to redress. The code of laws of the Society of Guides, far from being the result of local association, is concocted and enforced at Bonneville and Chambery; and the smallest change in them requires as many protocols as to alter the boundaries of the Danubian Principalities. Consequently the harshness of the step announced in the following passage is only equalled by its absurdity:—‘There has been lately,’ say the Mont Blanc tourists, ‘a destructive fire at Chamouni. A member of our party left a cheque for the sufferers on condition that it should remain untouched until an English traveller should be at liberty to choose his own guide and to determine for himself the number he required!’

In truth we fear that neither the conduct of our self-guided friends, nor that of a majority of candidates for the reputation of having ascended Mont Blanc, will tend to raise the character of our countrymen with the keen-witted peasants of Chamouni. These last unite a discrimination of character such as we do not recollect to have met with in any other persons of their rank of life with truly diplomatic power of turning it to account, and of accommodating their behaviour to the temper of the persons with whom they have to deal. Hence they cannot but feel the thoughtless *brusquerie* and affectation of superiority with which it is to be feared they are too often treated. It is easy to scoff at the guides of Chamouni as in great part ‘competent only to escort the dilettante tourist to the giddy heights of the Montanvert or to carry a lady’s shawl to the dangerous pinnacle of the Flegère.’ But in this as in other callings life is not all spent in heroic actions. The less excited observer will rather find reasons for high commendation in observing how the bravest and most intelligent natives of Chamouni fulfil not only with faithfulness but with alacrity the daily routine of their business, and adapt themselves with a skill and good humour which has often excited our admiration to answer the silly questions with which they are pestered, and to keep on good terms with the young hot-bloods who are apt enough to fancy that they can give them a lesson in their own calling.

Indeed to appreciate the advantages (without calling in question the disadvantages, which are not denied) of the Chamouni system, one ought to be acquainted with the intolerable inconveniences to which the traveller is perpetually subjected in nearly every other part of the Alps. The guides of Courmayeur are,
as

as described in the work before us, ignorant and impracticable; those of Martigny in general stupid and sulky. The Oberland guides are many of them excellent; but the German constitution, though enduring in a high degree, is often unimpressible and disagreeably phlegmatic, not rarely obstinate and imperious. Beyond the places which we have named, the traveller is often at his wit's end to find competent guides. He may induce a chamois-hunter now and then to give him a day's service which stands him in good stead; but to engage such guides for prolonged journeys is usually impossible, the safety of their precarious harvest far outweighing such remuneration as a tourist can offer. In the Eastern Alps and in part of Piedmont, drunkenness is the rule and sobriety the exception. The guides of Chamouni are in short nearly the only men who can be counted on at all seasons for engagements of any kind and of any length, whose sobriety, honesty, and courage are even still almost without a blot. Something must be paid for these advantages; and though the dangers of Mont Blanc may not be very great, a series of successive ascents of such a mountain undoubtedly take a great deal out of a man even when he is in the highest prime of life, and on that account require higher compensation. It is all very well to ascend Mont Blanc for once—nay even once a-year;* but if it becomes regular taskwork it deserves to be well paid for. It is indeed strange that a feat to which so little that is heroic can now be attached should still excite such earnest longings on the part of Englishmen. There are other fields of adventure not hemmed in by the rules of the Guides' Society. Why do our aspirants for mountain honours not attempt the almost untrodden snows of Monte Viso and Mont Pelvoux, of the Aletschhorn and Fletschhorn, of the Tödi and the Bernina? Even at Chamouni, if they want a difficult feat not on the tariff of the Guides, did they ever try the highest part of the Aiguilles Rouges? Who has mounted the Aiguille du Midi since Mr. Romilly nearly forty years ago? And is it on record that the summit of the Aiguille Verte—next but one in height to Mont Blanc in that group—has been even attempted?

The ascent of Mont Blanc has been degraded into an affair of waste and absurdity; of excess in eating and drinking; of salvos of artillery and syndic's certificates. The Chamouni guides, seeing that no honour nor much credit is now to be got out of it,

* The only tourist who has been more than once on the summit of Mont Blanc is M. Ordinaire, a medical man, we believe, of Besançon, who ascended twice *within a week* in the summer of 1843; and in the interval, if we recollect rightly, performed several other fatiguing excursions. His object was merely amusement or 'distraction.'

make it an affair partly of lucre and partly of jollity; and it is to the credit of the peasantry that worse scenes than have taken place cannot be quoted, and that the voice of detraction has never been able to record of them a momentary dereliction of responsibility or even a brutal word.

The question cannot fail to be asked and answered, how far these pedestrian feats have fulfilled expectation and are worthy of being encouraged and repeated? It has been customary to consider them as perilous adventures, to be justified only by their contributing important information in physical science to the common stock. This is the tone taken by the author of the part of Murray's Handbook relating to Savoy, in which much is said of the cruelty of risking the lives of the guides for the gratification of mere curiosity. Serjeant Talfourd, in his pleasant 'Rambles,' criticises the statement as not justified by the risk incurred, which he holds to be trifling, and also as placing a mere acquisition of scientific *facts* so immeasurably beyond the influence of such unparalleled scenery in enlarging our ideas and fascinating the human mind. In this we think that Talfourd is perfectly correct. Even were the experiments which can be made upon mountain tops of very material importance, they could not confer alone the privilege of embarking on such expeditions. But this becomes a more irresistible conclusion by far when it is clearly perceived, what we unhesitatingly affirm to be the fact, that in scarcely one instance have the results of such hasty ascents to Alpine pinnacles been of real service to any of the physical sciences. Some of the observations made by De Saussure at the top of Mont Blanc were of interest at the time, when the condition of the atmosphere at such heights could only be inductively guessed at. But one or two repetitions were more than sufficient to register these broad and incontrovertible facts. The *laws* deducible from them, and which alone are important, cannot be obtained from a few hours of difficult and embarrassed observation. De Saussure did more—infinately more—for science, by residing for seventeen days at the more moderate elevation of the Col du Géant, than he did by his ascent of Mont Blanc, or than has been done by all the ascents which have occurred since his time. M. Agassiz in like manner benefited science materially by his prolonged sojourn on the accessible glacier of the Aar, but he added nothing to it by his adventurous ascent of the Jungfrau. Baron Humboldt complained that he was wearied with questions about the ascent of Chimborazo by persons who imagined that he was to reap there in a few hours a harvest of information about physical geography which was in reality due to his long and patient study of more accessible regions.

gions. In truth so inconsiderable was the result, that the account of the expedition is to be sought among the fugitive pieces* of the great naturalist. So it is with every other ascent to a mountain top which could be named. As we get beyond in succession the woods, the pastures, the animal and vegetable life of medium elevations, the scope of observation is restricted; we leave the very glaciers below us, the rocks are fewer and less varied, and all organic and inorganic nature, so far as it can be studied with minute attention, is commonly reduced to a small foothold of unblemished snow. Thus, then, the scientific argument is reduced to a very narrow compass. The lessons are to be gathered on the road, and not at the goal.

The lover of scenery and the more general student may be allowed a wider range of motives; and to such the attainment of an exalted elevation is a pleasure, peculiar, exquisite, and impossible accurately to define. The completeness of the conquest over obstacles, the perfect comprehension of all the parts of a mighty whole, the immeasurable grandeur of a wide horizon suddenly presented to the eye, are sources of pleasure which must have been experienced to be understood. Of these we believe that the entire apprehension of the topographical and other details of an extensive hilly country, previously estimated only by a partial insight into its component elements, is to an intelligent mind the most pleasing and permanent. The thorough comprehension of every detail of a majestic Alpine group, ramified into mutually dependent chains and pinnacles, diversified by valleys and ravines, broken up by glaciers, snow-beds, and precipices, the whole rising out of undulating lines of wood and cultivation, and of which the mutual relations are comprised in a single glance; such a revelation may be compared to that which the mathematician enjoys when he arrives at a knowledge of a widely general theorem which embraces in one compact expression a volume of previously scattered knowledge, or to that which a naturalist may feel when he masters some comprehensive principle in the structure of the animal or vegetable world, and sees how it accounts for and co-ordinates a thousand minute particulars before scarcely understood.

Another, and perhaps a still more universal source of pleasure in a mountain view arises from the novelty as well as completeness of the point of view. A bird's-eye view, if not, properly speaking, picturesque, and the impossibility of rendering it pictorially pleasing is a proof that it is not so, presents familiar objects in new and surprising combinations and aspects. To see

* *Kleinere Schriften.* Erster Band.

under our feet pinnacles on which we have always hitherto gazed upwards with admiration and awe; to trace the ice-stream from its very birthplace in the mountain-cleft to its point of dissolution amongst the warm verdure of the valleys; to have eternally sterile rocks and unchanging snows for our foreground, while shelter and cultivation and all the works of man are removed to a distance which *feels* unapproachable though clearly discerned; to see at a glance, *all round* the most stupendous barriers of Nature, and be present, as it were, at the same moment in two different valleys, leagues apart, which belong to different kingdoms, where different languages are spoken, and whose waters flow into different seas,—such novelty of combination among familiar elements excites the imagination, and gives rise to that feeling of admiring surprise which persons possessing the smallest share of the poetic temperament have usually felt in such situations.

To these pleasurable and ennobling sensations we must add the physical exhilaration which commonly attends all ascents not pushed to the extremest limit which occurs in the mountains of Europe. At all elevations of from 6000 to 11,000 feet, and not unfrequently for even 2000 feet more, the pedestrian enjoys a pleasurable feeling imparted by the consciousness of existence, similar to that which is described as so fascinating by those who have become familiar with the desert life of the East. The body seems lighter, the nervous power greater, the appetite is increased, and fatigue, though felt for a time, is removed by the shortest repose. Some travellers have described the sensation by the impression that they do not actually press the ground, but that the blade of a knife could be inserted between the sole of the foot and the mountain top.

Such, then, appear to us to be the elements of the enjoyment attending the ascent of mountains made under propitious circumstances. There is, first, the thorough comprehension of a complex idea previously partially received; then there is the charm of novelty in the unwonted combination of objects more or less familiar; and lastly, there is consciousness of physical exhilaration. As one or other of these elements predominates, the resulting emotion will affect the Analytical, the Poetical, or the Sensuous faculties; and we cease to feel surprise that persons of the most varied temperament discover alike in such scenes a peculiar charm, described by some one as ‘beyond and without a name,’ and which is more or less intensely felt as one or more of these sensibilities are called forth.

Fortunately these rewards of toil and perseverance are not peculiar to the accomplishment of the highest and most admired
feats

feats of pedestrian achievement. We imagine that even the most successful Alpine travellers will, if disposed to be candid, admit that the happiest, if not the proudest, moments of their experience have been spent on some of the more majestic *passes* of the Alps, or on some summit not of the very highest class. In such situations a favourable concurrence of circumstances is less improbable; there has been no exhaustion from previous preparation and anxiety, the atmosphere is often serene and delightful, the earlier hour at which the station may be attained increases the chances of a noble prospect, and even the prospect is itself more noble if every snowy peak has not been already sunk beneath the feet of the spectator; if the view, in short, combine the range and precision of the eagle's out-look with the contemplation of still higher summits, which preserve the grandeur of an ascending perspective with the detail of rough-hewn masses of granite and sparkling diadems of snow brought into illusory proximity by the transparency of the upper air.

On the whole, without dissuading our energetic travellers from attempting even the most difficult feats of pedestrian attainment if occasion invites, and a natural taste deliberately prompts to them, we advise that they be made rare, not essential parts of Alpine journeys; especially they ought not to be the employment of a first or second tour. Habits of observation should be formed in the more accessible parts of Switzerland, for it is only after a time that the majesty of the upper world can be fully understood. The most trodden passes of the Alps, and their most frequented stations, are, in their way, as admirable as any other. He who is insensible to the greatness of the scenery of the Montanvert, the Wengern Alp, and the Cramont, need scarcely go in quest of the sublime to the Jardin, the Col du Géant, or the Stelvio; still less need he brave the difficulties of Mont Blanc or Monte Rosa. A tour composed of great ascents would be like a dinner consisting entirely of stimulants. The well known but never obsolete tours, of which Mr. Murray's work contains a judicious selection, must be the solid fare upon which the aspirant to a just appreciation of the Alps should be content to satisfy the ordinary demands of a healthful appetite for scenery. A common fault with our young tourists is to attempt too much in one season. A limited district well explored yields pleasanter recollections afterwards than a surfeit of marvels crammed into the compass of a summer excursion. And it would add much to the enjoyment and utility of such tours if a somewhat greater acquaintance were attained in the rudiments of Physical Geography than is commonly to be found even among our more highly educated classes.

- ART. II.—1. *Dred. A Tale of the Great Dismal Swamp.* By Harriet Beecher Stowe. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1856.
2. *American Slavery. A reprint of an Article on Uncle Tom's Cabin, and of Mr. Sumner's Speech of the 19th and 20th of May, 1856; with a notice of the events which followed that speech.* 8vo. London, 1856.

IF Mrs. Stowe wrote for fame only, she would have been satisfied with the success of 'Uncle Tom,' and would not have risked her popularity by another negro-slave story. We believe that we owe 'Dred' to a better motive, and that the highest literary reputation, or even the ovation which greeted Mrs. Stowe on her first visit to England, would all have been frankly risked for the great cause to which she devotes herself. 'Dred,' if it cannot add to the author's fame, is yet another and a striking picture of the evils of negro slavery, with this difference, that, while 'Uncle Tom' represents those horrors suffered by the slave, 'Dred' delineates the moral degradation, the bad feeling, the state of alarm and of civil conflict, the poverty and the misery of the master. We are reluctantly forced to believe that the most revolting characters in 'Dred,' such as Tom Gordon, hateful and repulsive as he is, cannot be rare in the Slave States, because the education and the influences which surround a Carolina planter from his childhood to his manhood all tend to produce just such an unmitigated ruffian. From infancy his mind is never controlled, and his bad passions are pampered and forced forward by interested flattery and by abject subservience. Young massa, as soon as he can totter about, is taught to wield a plaything whip, and to domineer over his 'nigger' playfellows and attendants. His first lessons make him believe that he is the irresponsible master of everybody and everything, that his will is law, and that the world was made for his pleasure. As he grows older he is sent to a private school, and learns to read and write, and calculate in dollars and cents; and having acquired this knowledge, all further education is considered unnecessary. He receives none of the wholesome discipline of a public school, or the corrective association of a university, and returns to the paternal plantation just as his worst passions are developed, to assist or to succeed his father in the exercise of absolute power. Is it likely that he can escape becoming such a creature as Mrs. Stowe has painted him?—ready to draw his bowie-knife and fire his revolver on his equals, or to abuse to the utmost the power which he has over his slaves?

Every newspaper which reaches us from America shows that
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this is the state of society in the Southern States—the outrage on Mr. Sumner, the civil war and murders in Kansas, are now historical facts. Law, order, and good government are put aside, and ruffianism and Lynch-law predominate in their stead. It is true that the evil of slavery has existed more or less since the earliest traditions of the world, but religion and civilisation have ever mitigated its worst evils: the serf has always been gradually educated and civilised, till his transition to a state of freedom was almost imperceptible; the process was slow but progressive, and hope was never extinguished. In the United States the distinctions of race and colour have raised an insurmountable barrier to this only safe road to emancipation. It is the peculiarity of Anglo-American slavery that it is hopeless, and, as far as human laws can make it so, perpetual. Voluntary emancipation is so fettered by restrictions as to be almost impossible. Slave education is forbidden by penal enactments, and even Christianity is discouraged.

Such a social condition is far worse than that which existed in our West Indian colonies before the great act of emancipation. *There* human stock was never bred and trained for the market, no internal slave-trade severed families, and negroes were very rarely sold without the land. *There* there were no legal restrictions on emancipation, and a master could educate and civilise and Christianise his slaves if he chose to do so. The proprietor again of a sugar estate in Jamaica or Barbadoes was a very different person from the Carolina cotton-planter. In the West Indies the colonists used almost always to send their children to England, or '*home*,' as they loved to say, for education; and years at a public school, very often succeeded by Oxford or Cambridge, restored the young planter to the colony an educated gentleman, his mind chastened and enlarged by English experiences, with English habits and principles, and therefore prepared to do all in his power to civilise and Christianise the serfs on his estate. When he married, his wife was also probably educated in England, and her influence, as far as it went, had the same good tendencies. No doubt cases of injustice and cruelty did occur, for human nature can never be safely intrusted with absolute power; but still slavery was not so hateful or so brutifying as in America. And the consequence was, that the bold act of emancipation in 1834 was achieved without any serious difficulty, and that the slave of yesterday became first the apprentice, and then the hired labourer that he has since remained. So great a transition could not have been accomplished without conflicts, and insurrection, and bloodshed, if the West Indian slaves had not lost much of their original African ignorance

ignorance and ferocity, and had not been educated and prepared for the enormous change. The American slaveowners have resolved that any like peaceable revolution shall be with them impossible, and hence the jealous precautions which remorselessly extinguish all teaching or civilisation on their plantations, and guard the approach to the tree of knowledge by vigilance societies and Lynch law. As Judge Clayton is made to say in the novel before us—

‘No reform is possible unless we are prepared to give up the institution of slavery, and this is so realised by the instinct of self-preservation, which is unfailing in its accuracy, that every such proposition will be ignored till there is a settled conviction in the community that the institution itself is a moral evil, and a sincere determination felt to be free from it.’

There is not so much story in ‘Dred’ as in ‘Uncle Tom’s Cabin,’ but it is more uniformly and intensely painful: here and there the gloom is broken by the irresistible humour of one of the author’s pet negro characters, but the momentary gleam only contrasts with the black moral thunder-cloud from which it issues. Interesting characters are only introduced to suffer wrong and persecution; our sympathy is overtaxed throughout; and if there is no one description so painful as Tom’s death, yet our feelings are allowed none of the relief of a brighter conclusion.

The most carefully elaborated picture is Nina, the heroine. Mrs. Stowe has been kind enough to assist our criticisms by telling us herself what was the character which she intended to paint. This is the description of Nina by Mr. Clayton, her lover:—

‘“I’ll tell you just what it is: Nina Gordon is a flirt and a coquette—a spoiled child if you will. She is not at all the person I ever expected would obtain any power over me. She has no culture, no reading, no habits of reflection; but she has, after all, a certain tone and quality to her, a certain ‘*timbre*,’ as the French say of voices, which suits me. There is about her a mixture of energy, individuality, and shrewdness, which makes her, all uninformed as she is, more piquante and attractive than any woman I ever fell in with. She never reads; it is almost impossible to get her to read; but, if you can catch her ear for five minutes, her literary judgments have a peculiar freshness and truth. And so with her judgment on all other subjects, if you can stop her long enough to give you an opinion. As to heart, I think she has yet a wholly unawakened nature. She has lived only in the world of sensation, and that is so abundant and so buoyant in her that the deeper part still sleeps. It is only two or three times that I have seen a flash of this under nature look from her eyes and colour her voice and intonation. And I believe—I’m quite sure—that I am the only person in

in the world that ever touched it at all. I'm not at all sure that she loves me *now*, but I'm almost equally sure that she will."

" 'They say,' said Russel, carelessly, "that she is generally engaged to two or three at a time."

" 'That may be also,' said Clayton, indolently. "I rather suspect it to be the case now, but it gives me no concern. I've seen all the men by whom she is surrounded, and I know perfectly well there's not one of them that she cares a rush for."

" 'Well, but, my dear fellow, how can your extreme fastidious moral notions stand the idea of her practising this system of deception?'"

" 'Why, of course, it isn't a thing to my taste; but then, like the old parson, if I love 'the little sinner,' what am I to do? I suppose you think it a lover's paradox; yet I assure you, though she deceives, she is not deceitful; though she acts selfishly, she is not selfish. The fact is, the child has grown up *motherless*, and an heiress, among servants. She has, I believe, a sort of an aunt, or some such relative, who nominally represents the head of the family to the eye of the world. But I fancy little madam has had full sway. Then she has been to a fashionable New York boarding-school, and that has developed the talent of shirking lessons, and evading rules, with a taste for side-walk flirtation. These are all the attainments that I ever heard of being got at a fashionable boarding-school, unless it be a hatred of books, and a general dread of literary culture.'" —*Dred*, i. 18.

Mrs. Stowe is fond of contrast, and in Nina she has used, until she has almost abused, this powerful instrument. Nina is contrasted with her formal, precise, selfish aunt, with her calm sober lover, with her brothers, one thoughtful and prudent, and therefore opposed to her intellectually, the other fierce and sensual, and therefore opposed to her morally. Above all, she is contrasted with herself. The union of frivolous and heroic qualities, of careless vanity and unflinching self-devotion, of the fear of trouble and the contempt of death, of fragility of form and strength of will, is so attractive that we cannot wonder if the artist has sometimes been tempted to make her lights too bright and her shadows too dark for reality. The sudden possession of power, the first awakening of love, the feeling of responsibility, and the consciousness of danger, which elevate and strengthen those whom they do not unnerve or depress, may work great and almost sudden changes. They may do so even in our apathetic climate, still more so in the rapid life of the Tropics. But we doubt whether in three months' time they could raise the childish, uneducated, illiterate coquette of the first chapter into the saintly heroine of the 13th. We have given the hero's portrait of the heroine, we will now give hers of him, not so much for the purpose of illustrating *his* character as of exhibiting *hers* :—

" 'He's

“He’s one of your high-and-mighty people, with such deep-set eyes—eyes that look as if they were in a cave—and such black hair! and his eyes have a desperate sort of sad look, sometimes quite Byronic. He’s tall and rather loose-jointed; has beautiful teeth; his mouth, too, is—well, when he smiles, sometimes it really is quite fascinating; and then he’s so different from other gentlemen. He’s kind, but he don’t care how he dresses, and wears the most horrid shoes. And then, he isn’t polite; he won’t jump, you know, to pick up your thread or scissors; and sometimes he’ll get into a brown study, and let you stand ten minutes before he thinks to give you a chair, and all such provoking things. He isn’t a bit of a lady’s man. Well, the consequence is, as my lord won’t court the girls, the girls all court my lord—that’s the way, you know. And they seem to think it’s such a feather in their cap to get attention from him, because, you know, he’s horrid sensible. So, you see, that just set me out to see what I could do with him. Well, you see, I wouldn’t court him, and I plagued him, and laughed at him, and spited him, and got him gloriously wroth; and he said some spiteful things about me, and then I said some more about him, and we had a real up-and-down quarrel; and then I took a penitent turn, you know, and just went gracefully down into the valley of humiliation—as we witches can—and it took wonderfully, brought my lord on his knees before he knew what he was doing. Well, really, I don’t know what was the matter just then, but he spoke so earnest and strong that actually he got me to crying—hateful creature!—and I promised all sorts of things, you know, said altogether more than will bear thinking of.”

“And are you corresponding with all these lovers, Miss Nina?”

“Yes; isn’t it fun? Their letters, you know, can’t speak; if they could, when they come rustling together in the bag, wouldn’t there be a muss?”

“Miss Nina, I think you have given your heart to the last one.”

“O, nonsense, Harry! Haven’t got any heart! Don’t care two pious for any of them! All I want is to have a good time. As to love and all that, I don’t believe I could love any of them. I should be tired to death of any of them in six weeks; I never liked anything that long.”
—i. 4.

We must of course grant to Mrs. Stowe every hypothesis which she can claim. We must allow her to assume that nature endowed Nina with her choicest gifts, an intrepid heart, an acute intellect, a strong will, and an affectionate and generous disposition, and that the unfavourable circumstances of her early life did their best or their worst to counteract nature. Still we cannot easily believe that the worst education, that of a Carolina plantation and of a New York boarding-school, would have depraved such admirable materials into a vulgar flirt, or, on the other hand, that a few weeks spent with Clayton and his sister, and a few chapters of the New Testament read with old Tiff, could have raised the vulgar flirt into the glorious being who interposes
between

between the pestilence and its prey, and falls a willing victim in the cause of her people.

It is possible, however, that our criticism may be too severe. It is possible that what to European readers appears the most offensive vulgarity of sentiment and of expression may be a fair representation of an average American young lady. But if Mrs. Stowe is writing for posterity, if she wishes her works, after they have served their immediate purpose of anti-slavery pamphlets, to take a permanent place in English literature, she must devote to the task of adapting these to the taste of the best educated part of the English public far more labour than she has as yet bestowed on them. To make the latter scenes of Nina's life as probable to us as they are charming, she must greatly modify or even expunge the former ones. We venture also to advise her to cut out the greater part of Nina's comments on herself. There are, without doubt, many persons with high qualities, moral as well as intellectual, whose mental eye is always turned inward—whose favourite subjects of observation are themselves. But such persons want the gay joyousness, the delight in the present, the blindness to the future, the carelessness for improvement, the insensibility of past errors, and the indifference to future ones, which Nina is always proclaiming in her earlier self-exhibitions. In general, indeed, such demonstrations operate inversely. They lead us to suspect that the paraded qualities are really wanting. We instinctively believe the man who is always talking of his courage to be a coward, and him who boasts his liberality to be a miser. Another objection to this mode of displaying a character is its clumsiness—its want of artistic skill. The highest art, of course, is shown by letting the qualities of every agent be inferred solely from his conduct. No one is described in the 'Iliad.' Inferior poets are forced to explain to us the feelings and the objects of their personages, and set them in motion principally in order to illustrate the previous descriptions. This is the great expedient of Fielding. Allworthy, Sophia, Square, and Thwackum are known to us rather by what is said of them than by what they do. Dramatic poets, who cannot speak in their own persons, substitute soliloquy—a less satisfactory and less real instrument, but still, as we see in Hamlet and in Richard III., an effectual one. To make them themselves explain, while talking to others, what manner of people they are, is the last and worst resource. We are offended by it as unnatural, and despise it as easy.

Another improvement would be the retarding the pace of the story. Nina's transformation in three months is absurd. Diffused over three years, it would be perhaps not probable, but possible.

And

And as there is really no plot, as the different scenes are connected only by the identity of the persons who talk, act, and suffer in them, this might be done by merely the change of a few words, by merely substituting years for months.

Among these scenes perhaps the most exquisitely painted is the last. ‘Nothing in Nina’s life becomes her like the leaving it.’ In less skilful hands a death by cholera would have been frightful. Mrs. Stowe, with consummate judgment, has cast a veil over all that is horrible, and exhibits only scenes that are not too painful for sympathy. Nina resembles Niobe—her anguish is not allowed to impair her beauty. At the risk of reproducing to the reader what he knows by heart, we will extract the death-scene. Clayton, having been summoned by the news that cholera is in his mistress’s plantation, is reposing from the fatigue of a night’s travelling:—

‘A low tap at his door at last aroused him. The door was partly open, and a little hand threw in a half-opened spray of monthly rose-buds.

“‘There’s something to remind you that you are yet in the body!’” said a voice in the entry. “‘If you are rested, I’ll let you come down now.’”

‘And Clayton heard the light footsteps tripping down the stairs. He roused himself, and, after some little attention to his toilet, appeared on the veranda.

“‘Tea has been waiting for some time,” said Nina. “I thought I’d give you a hint.”

“‘I was lying very happy, hearing you sing,” said Clayton. “You may sing me that song again.”

“‘Was I singing?’” said Nina; “why, I didn’t know it! I believe that’s my way of thinking sometimes. I’ll sing to you again after tea. I like to sing.”

‘After tea they were sitting again in the veranda, and the whole heavens were one rosy flush of filmy clouds.

“‘How beautiful!’” said Nina. “‘It seems to me I’ve enjoyed these things, this summer, as I never have before. It seemed as if I felt an influence from them going through me, and filling me as the light does those clouds!’”

‘And as she stood looking up into the sky, she began singing again the words that Clayton had heard before:—

“I am come from the happy land,
Where sorrow is unknown;
I have parted a joyous band
To make thee mine own.

“Haste, haste, fly with me,
Where love’s banquet waits for thee;
Thine all sweet shall be,
Thine, thine, alone.

“The

“The summer has its heavy cloud,
The rose-leaf must fall——”

She stopped her singing suddenly, left the veranda, and went into the house.

“Do you want anything?” said Clayton.

“Nothing,” said she, hurriedly; “I’ll be back in a moment.”

Clayton watched, and saw her go to a closet in which the medicines and cordials were kept, and take something from a glass.

He gave a start of alarm.

“You are not ill, are you?” he said, fearfully, as she returned.

“Oh, no! only a little faint. We have become so prudent, you know, that, if we feel the least beginning of any disagreeable sensation, we take something at once. I have felt this faintness quite often—it is n’t much.”

Clayton put his arm around her, and looked at her with a vague yearning of fear and admiration.

“You look so like a spirit,” he said, “that I must hold you.”

“Do you think I have a pair of hidden wings?” she said, smiling, and looking gaily in his face.

“I am afraid so,” he said. “Do you feel quite well now?”

“Yes—I believe so—only—perhaps, we had better sit down. I think, perhaps, it is the reaction of so much excitement makes me feel rather tired.”

Clayton seated her on the settee by the door, still keeping his arm anxiously around her. In a few moments she drooped her head wearily on his shoulder.

“*You are ill!*” he said, in tones of alarm.

“No!” she said, “no! I feel very well, only a little faint and tired. It seems to me it is getting a little cold here, isn’t it?” she said, with a slight shiver.

Clayton took her up in his arms without speaking, carried her in, and laid her on the sofa—then rang for Harry and Milly.

“Get a horse instantly,” he said to Harry, as soon as he appeared, “and go for a doctor.”

“There’s no use in sending,” said Nina; “he is driven to death, and can’t come. Besides, there’s nothing the matter with me, only I am a little tired and cold. Shut the doors and windows, and cover me up. No, no! don’t take me up stairs; I like to lie here. Just put a shawl over me, that’s all—I am thirsty—give me some water.”

The fearful and mysterious disease, which was then in the ascendant, has many forms of approach and development. One, and the most deadly, is that which takes place when a person has so long and gradually imbibed the fatal poisons of an infected atmosphere, that the resisting powers of nature have been insidiously and quietly subdued, so that the subject sinks under it, without any violent outward symptom, by a quiet and certain yielding of the vital powers; such as has been likened to the bleeding to death by an internal wound. In this case, before an hour had passed, though none of the violent and distressing symptoms

symptoms of the disease appeared, it became evident that the seal of death was set on that fair young brow. A messenger had been despatched, riding with the desperate speed which love and fear can give, but Harry remained in attendance.

“ Nothing is the matter with me—nothing is the matter,” she said, “ except fatigue and this change in the weather; if I only had more over me—and perhaps you had better give me a little brandy, or some such thing. ‘ This is water, isn’t it, that you have been giving me?’ ”

‘ Alas! it was the strongest brandy, but there was no taste, and the hartshorn that they were holding had no smell. And there was no change in the weather; it was only the creeping deadness affecting the whole outer and inner membranes of the system. Yet still her voice remained clear, though her mind occasionally wandered. There is a strange impulse, which sometimes comes in the restlessness and distress of dissolving nature, to sing, and, as she lay with her eyes closed, apparently in a sort of trance, she would sing over and over again the verse of the song which she was singing when the blow of the unseen destroyer first struck her:—

“ The summer has its heavy cloud,
The rose-leaf must fall;
But in our land joy wears no shroud—
Never doth it pall.”

‘ At last she opened her eyes, and, seeing the agony of all around, the truth seemed to come to her.

“ I think I’m called,” she said. “ Oh! I’m so sorry for you all. Don’t grieve so. My Father loves me so well, He cannot spare me any longer. He wants me to come to Him—that’s all. Don’t grieve so. It’s *home* I’m going to—*home*. ‘ I will be only a little while, and you’ll come too, all of you. You are satisfied, are you not, Edward?’ ”

‘ And again she relapsed into the dreamy trance, and sung, in that strange, sweet voice, so low, so weak:—

“ In our land joy wears no shroud—
Never doth it pall.”

“ She doesn’t suffer; thank God, at any rate, for that!” said Clayton, as he knelt over her in anguish.

‘ A beautiful smile passed over her face as she opened her eyes and looked on them all, and said, “ No, my poor friends, I don’t suffer, I’m come to the land where they never suffer. I’m only so sorry for you, Edward,” she said to him. “ Do you remember what you said to me once? it has come now—you must bear it like a man. God calls you to some work—don’t shrink from it. You are baptised with fire; it all lasts only a little while—it will be over soon, very soon. Edward, take care of my poor people! tell Tom to be kind to them. My poor, faithful, good Harry! Oh! I’m going so fast!”

‘ The voice sunk into a whispering sigh. Life now seemed to have retreated to the citadel of the brain. She lay apparently in her last sleep, when the footsteps of the doctor were heard on the veranda. There was a general spring to the door; and Doctor Butler entered, pale,

pale, haggard, and worn, from constant exertion and loss of rest. He did not say in words that there was no hope, but his first dejected look said it but too plainly. She moved her head a little—like one who is asleep—uneasily upon her pillow, opened her eyes once more, and said, “Good-bye! ‘I will arise and go to my Father.’”

‘The gentle breath gradually became fainter and fainter. All hope was over! The night walked on with silent and solemn footsteps, and soft showers fell without, murmuring upon the leaves. Within, all was still as death.’—ii. 135.

Next to Nina the author’s favourite character appears to be Tiff. Like Topsy, Tiff could have grown up nowhere but in a Slave State. Indeed, he is still more peculiar than Topsy; for he could have been produced only in the peculiar circumstances of Virginia. His intense aristocratical passions; his contempt for poor whites, and even for rich whites whose riches are recent; his pride as ‘a Peyton nigger,’ and absence of fellow-feeling with any other negroes, except those bred ‘in the grand old families;’ his devotion to his mistress and to her children, and utter indifference to his own comfort, and even to his own life, except as something to be expended for their service; his unreflecting buoyancy of spirits, and his unreasoning faith that all the wants of the Peyton children will be miraculously supplied,—form together a picture strange and grotesque, but yet probable. Nothing of the kind was ever seen in Europe, or ever described there. Yet the reader admits at once that, under the given circumstances, such a being might exist.

Mrs. H. Stowe’s theories as to a special Providence seem to be vacillating. Sometimes she appears to disbelieve it:—

‘We passed,’ she says in her ‘Sunny Memories,’ ‘Kinsale, where the ‘Albion’ was lost. I well remember, when a child, the newspapers being filled with the dreadful story of the wreck. How for hours, rudderless and helpless, they saw themselves driving, with inevitable certainty, against these pitiless rocks; and how, in the last struggle, one human being after another was dashed against them in helpless agony. What an infinite deal of misery results from man’s helplessness and Nature’s inflexibility in this one matter of crossing the ocean! What agonies of prayer there were during all the long hours that this ship was driving straight on these fatal rocks, all to no purpose! It struck and crushed just the same.’—*Sunny Memories*, chap. 2.

But when Mrs. Stowe escapes from reality to fiction, and rules a world of her own, we hear no more of the inflexibility of Nature. Tiff has fled, with his protégés the Peyton children, from the brutality of their father and stepmother, and lies down with them, without money, food, or shelter, in the outskirts of the Dismal Swamp:—

‘When Fanny and Teddy were both asleep, old Tiff knelt and addressed himself to his prayers; and though he had neither prayer-book, nor cushion, nor formula, his words went right to the mark in the best English he could command for any occasion; and so near as we could collect from the sound of his words, Tiff’s prayer ran as follows:—

‘“O, good Lord, now please do look down on dese yere chil’en. I started them out as you tells me, and now where we is to go, and where we is to get any breakfast, I’m sure I don’t know. But oh, good Lord, you has got everything in de world in your hands, and it’s mighty easy for you to be helping on us, and I has faith to believe that you will. Oh, blessed Lord Jesus, that was carried off into Egypt for fear of the king Herod, do pray look down on dese yere poor chil’en, for I’m sure dat ar woman is as bad as Herod any day. Good Lord, you have seen how she has been treating on them, and now do pray open a way for us through de wilderness to de promised land. Everlasting—Amen.”

‘The last two words Tiff always added to all his prayers from a sort of sense of propriety, feeling as if they rounded off the prayer, and made it, as he would have phrased it, something more like a white prayer. We have only to say to those who question concerning this manner of prayer, that, if they will examine the supplications of patriarchs of ancient times, they will find that, with the exception of the broken English and bad grammar, they were in substance very much like this of Tiff.

‘The Bible divides men into two classes, those who trust in themselves, and those who trust in God. The one class walk by their own light, trust in their own strength, fight their own battles, and have no confidence otherwise. The other, not neglecting to use the wisdom and strength which God has given them, still trust in His wisdom and His strength to carry out the weakness of theirs. The one class go through life as orphans, the other have a Father. Tiff’s prayer had at least this recommendation, that he felt perfectly sure that something was to come of it. Had he not told the Lord all about it? Certainly he had, and of course he would be helped. And this confidence Tiff took, as Jacob did a stone, for his pillow, as he lay down between his children and slept soundly.’—ii. 173.

Of course, as every experienced novel-reader foresees, Tiff’s prayer is answered. Dred, the phantom-like being from whom the work takes its name, suddenly appears—as he usually does throughout the story when and where he is wanted—carries them to his village of refuge in the recesses of the Swamp, where they are safe till a vessel conveys them to New York, and an old aunt dies to enrich them.

Dred himself has been generally thought a failure, and we are not inclined to disturb the verdict. In some of his rhapsodies he crosses the narrow line which separates the sublime from the ridiculous. In others, he passes the broad one which distinguishes sense from nonsense. What is the meaning of ‘the line of confusion

fusion and the stones of emptiness' ? (i. 223) or of 'the bow is made quite naked according to the oaths of the tribes' ? (ii. 129) ; or of this denunciation, which, we are told, 'impressed Clayton strangely' ?—

'Every day is full of labour, but the labour goeth back again into the seas ; so that travail of all generations hath gone back ; till the Desire of all nations shall come—and he shall come with burning and with judgment and with great shakings ; but the end thereof shall be peace. Wherefore it is written that in the new heavens and the new earth there shall be no more sea.'—ii. 307.

What he does is as disappointing as what he says. He receives in his lurking-place in the Dismal Swamp the fugitives whom Mrs. Stowe, having no other means of providing for them, sends to Canada ; he starts up opportunely whenever a wanderer is to be guided or a murder to be interrupted. He traverses the forest on foot, or, springing from bough to bough, announces, in the strange language of which we have given specimens, wrath and woe and destruction ; and, when he last appears, is seen dying of a wound received in some undescribed combat.

Mrs. Stowe belongs to a clerical family. Her husband is a clergyman, and so, we believe, is her brother. Of the evils which slaveholding inflicts on slaveholders, none seems to affect her more deeply, to excite more her indignation and her contempt, than the perversion of the religious feelings of the community, of the clergy as well as of the laity, and the wretched sophistry by which the Bible is wrested to support the worst use of the worst institution which the Pagan world has bequeathed to the Christian one. The 18th and 19th chapters of the second volume, entitled 'A Clerical Conference' and 'The Result,' are masterly and far from exaggerated representations of the manner in which interest, timidity, ambition, and party spirit can blunt the perceptions and distort the reason. The scene is laid at the breakfast-table of Dr. Cushing. The *dramatis personæ*, besides Clayton, are Dr. Cushing, Dr. Packthread, Dr. Calker, Father Dickson, and Father Bonnie—all Presbyterian ministers, some belonging to the northern and some to the southern of the two General Assemblies into which that Church is divided. Dr. Cushing is an amiable, intelligent man, whom the desire of sympathy and the fear of giving pain render the accomplice, or at least the tolerator, of crimes which would excite the indignation of the most careless European layman.

'Dr. Shubael Packthread,' says Mrs. Stowe, 'was constitutionally a kindly man, with fair abilities, fairly improved. Long habits, however, of theological and ecclesiastical controversy had cultivated his

acuteness into such disproportioned activity, that other parts of his intellectual and moral nature had been dwindled and dwarfed beside it. He was a cunning master of all forms of indirection of speech, by which people *appear* to say what they do not say, and *not* to say what they *do* say. He was an adept in all the mechanism of ecclesiastical debate, of the intricate labyrinths of heresy-hunting, of every scheme by which more simple and less-advised brethren, speaking in ignorant sincerity, may be entrapped and deceived. He was *au fait* in all compromise measures in which two parties unite in one form of words, meaning by them exactly opposite ideas, and call the agreement a union. It is not to be supposed that the Rev. Dr. Packthread, so skilful and adroit as we have represented him, failed in the necessary climax of such skill—that of deceiving himself. Far from it. Truly and honestly Dr. Packthread thought himself one of the hundred forty and four thousand who follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth, in whose mouth is found no guile. Prudence he considered the chief of Christian graces. He worshipped Christian prudence, and the whole category of accomplishments which we have described he considered as the fruits of it. His prudence, in fact, served him all the purposes that the stock of the tree did to the ancient idolater:—"With part thereof he eateth flesh; he roasteth roast, and is satisfied: yea, he warmeth himself, and saith, Aha, I am warm, I have seen the fire. And the residue thereof he maketh a god, even his graven image: he falleth down unto it, and worshippeth it, and prayeth unto it, and saith, Deliver me; for thou art my god." No doubt Dr. Packthread expected to enter heaven by the same judicious management by which he had lived on earth; and thus he went on from year to year, doing deeds which even a political candidate would blush at, violating the most ordinary principles of morality and honour, while he sung hymns, made prayers, administered sacraments: expecting, no doubt, at last to enter heaven by some neat arrangement of words used in two senses.

Dr. Calker,' says Mrs. Stowe, 'was a man of powerful though narrow mind, of great energy and efficiency, and of that capability of abstract devotion which makes the soldier or the statesman. He was earnestly and sincerely devout, as he understood devotion. He began with loving the Church for God's sake, and ended with loving her better than God; and by the Church he meant the organisation of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America. Her cause in his eyes was God's cause. Her glory, God's glory. Her success, the indispensable condition of the millennium. Her defeat, the defeat of all that was good for the human race. His devotion to her was honest and unselfish. Of course Dr. Calker estimated all interests by their influence on the Presbyterian Church. He weighed every cause in the balance of her sanctuary. What promised extension and power to her, *that* he supported. What threatened defeat or impediment, *that* he was ready to sacrifice. He would at any day sacrifice himself and all his interests to that cause, and he felt equally willing to sacrifice others and their interests. The anti-slavery cause he regarded with a simple eye to this question. It was a disturbing force, weakening the harmony among

among brethren—threatening disruption and disunion. He regarded it, therefore, with distrust and aversion. He would read no facts on that side of the question; and when the discussions of zealous brethren would bring frightful and appalling statements into the General Assembly, he was too busy in seeking what could be said to ward off their force, to allow them to have much influence on his own mind.

Father Bonnie and Father Dickson are simpler characters. Father Dickson is a self-devoted Christian minister, deeply impressed by the evils of slavery, and ready at any sacrifice to escape from them. Father Bonnie is a Protestant Friar Tuck—large, athletic, sanguine, high-spirited, ignorant, prejudiced, unreflecting, who passes joyously through this life, threatening eternal punishment to all gamblers, drinkers, swearers, and cheaters, or, to use his own words, ‘coming down on them with the thunders of Sinai,’ but confident that slavery and slave-trading are divine institutions; and that, ‘if St. Paul had lived in our times, he would have led about with him a drove of niggers’ (i. 310).

The conference begins by a lamentation by Dr. Calker over the separation of the Presbyterian Church into two General Assemblies, and an earnest wish for reunion:—

“Well,” said Dr. Cushing, “it’s nothing but the radical tone of some of your abolition fanatics that stands in the way. These slavery discussions in General Assembly have been very disagreeable and painful to our people, particularly those of western brethren. They don’t understand us—nor the delicacy of our position. They don’t know that we need to be let alone in order to effect anything. Now I am for trusting to the softening, meliorating influences of the Gospel. The kingdom of God cometh not with observation. I trust that in His mysterious providence the Lord will see fit, in His own good time, to remove this evil of slavery. Meanwhile brethren ought to possess their souls in patience.”

“Brother Cushing,” said Father Dickson, “it does seem to me that this silent plan does not answer. We are not half as near to emancipation apparently as we were in eighteen hundred and eighteen.”

“Has there ever been any attempt,” said Clayton, “among the Christians of your denominations to put a stop to this internal slave-trade?”

“Well,” said Dr. Cushing, “I don’t know that there has, any farther than general preaching against injustice.”

“Have you ever made any movement in the church to prevent the separation of families?” said Clayton.

“No, not exactly; we leave that thing to the conscience of individuals. The synods have always enjoined it on professors of religion to treat their servants according to the spirit of the Gospel.”

“Has the church ever endeavoured to influence the legislature to allow general education?” said Clayton.

“No

“No; that subject is fraught with difficulties,” said Dr. Cushing. “The fact is, if these rabid northern abolitionists would let us alone, we might perhaps make a movement on some of these subjects; but they excite the minds of our people, and get them into such a state of inflammation that we cannot do anything.”

“Ever since 1835,” said Dr. Packthread, “these fellows have been pushing and crowding in every Assembly, and we have stood faithfully in our lot, to keep the Assembly from doing anything which could give offence to our southern brethren. We have always been particular to put them forward in our public services, and to show them every imaginable deference. I think our brethren ought to consider how hard we have worked. We had to be instant in season and out of season, I can tell you. I think I may claim some little merit,” continued the doctor, with a cautious smile spreading over his face. “If I have any talent, it is a capacity for the judicious use of language. Now, sometimes, brethren will wrangle a whole day, till they all get tired and sick of the subject, and then, just let a man who understands the use of terms step in, and sometimes, by omitting a single word, he will alter the whole face of an affair.

“I told the brethren we had better get it on to the ground of the reserved rights of Presbyteries and Synods, and decline interfering. Well, then, that was going very well, but some of the brethren very injudiciously got up a resolution in the Assembly, recommending disciplinary measures for dancing. That was passed without much thought, because, you know, there’s no great interest involved in dancing, and of course there’s nobody to oppose such a resolution; but then it was very injudicious under the circumstances, for the abolitionists made a handle of it immediately, and wanted to know why we couldn’t as well recommend a discipline for slavery, because, you see, dancing isn’t a sin *per se*, any more than slavery is, and they haven’t done blowing their trumpets over us to this day.”

Here the company rose from breakfast, and united in singing the following hymn:—

“Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb;
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?
“Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
Whilst others fight to win the prize,
Or sail thro’ bloody seas?
“Sure I must fight, if I would reign:
Increase my courage, Lord;
I’ll bear the cross, endure the shame,
Supported by thy word.”

Anybody who had seen the fervour with which these brethren now united in singing these stanzas, might have supposed them a company of the primitive martyrs and confessors, who, having drawn the sword and thrown

thrown away the scabbard, were now ready for a millennial charge on the devil and all his works.

“For my part,” said Father Bonnie, “I want union, I’m sure. I’d tar and feather these northern abolitionists if I could get them.”

“Figuratively, I suppose?” said Dr. Packthread, with a gentle smile.

“Yes, figuratively and literally too,” said Father Bonnie, laughing. “Let them come down here and see what they would get. If they will set the country in a blaze, let them be warmed in the fire. I thank the Lord that I am delivered from the bondage of thinking slavery a sin or an evil in any sense. Our abolitionist brethren have done one good thing—they have driven us up to examine the Scriptures, and there we find that slavery is not only permitted, but appointed, enjoined. It is a Divine institution. If a northern abolitionist comes at me now, I shake the Bible at him, and say, ‘Nay, but, oh man! who art thou that repliest against God? Hath not the potter power over the clay to make one lump to honour and another to dishonour?’ I tell you, brethren, it blazes from every page of the Scriptures. You’ll never do anything till you get on to that ground. A man’s conscience is always hanging on to his skirts; he goes on just like a bear with a trap on his leg—can’t make any progress that way. You have got to get your feet on the Rock of Ages, I can tell you, and get the trap off your leg. There’s nothing like the study of the Scriptures to clear a fellow’s mind.”

The work on American slavery contains many important passages omitted when the review of ‘Uncle Tom’ first appeared in a contemporary journal, and some instructive extracts from American newspapers, which confirm or illustrate some of the author’s statements. He had stated, for instance, that the penalties denounced by the Fugitive Slave Law on aiding or concealing a fugitive, or directly or indirectly obstructing a slave-dealer, must render anxious the life of every man of common humanity living near the line of a fugitive’s escape—since he could never tell how soon he might incur them. This is illustrated by the following extract from an American paper of July, 1855:—

‘A Mr. Pardon Davis, of Marquette County, in the State of Wisconsin, was temporarily resident at Tensas, in Louisiana, near which was a plantation, the scene of horrible cruelties. Some negroes escaped from it, took refuge in his wood-yard, were concealed by him, and sent in a canoe across the river. A negro-hunter discovered their trail, hunted them for forty miles, overtook them, and gave them to his dogs to be worried, until at last they confessed whence they came and who had assisted them. For this crime Mr. Davis was sentenced to twenty years’ imprisonment in the State prison of Louisiana, and is now at Baton Rouge undergoing his punishment.

‘The following passages are extracted from a letter which he wrote before his trial to the Baptist community of which he is a member:—

“I ask my brethren and sisters, in the fear of God, if a man should
come

come to you, presenting a lacerated back, exposed to the rays of a southern summer's sun for want of a shirt, feet bleeding from having been torn by snags and briers, hungry and faint, whose crime was that he failed, after straining every nerve, to perform the labour appointed him—I ask, would you—could you—turn him away without assisting him? No, brethren, I think I know you too well—I think you would hand up a loaf of bread, part with some of your surplus clothing, or, if you had no surplus, buy some, as I did—help them across the river, point them to the star of Liberty, and bid them God speed.

“And now what more can I say? Have I done wrong? Have I done more than any *man* ought to do? Dear brethren, I leave you to judge; I am willing to be governed by your decision. I wait with the greatest anxiety to hear from you, to know whether I shall receive your sympathies and prayers, or whether I have done wrong and am considered a heathen. If the former, I can bear my affliction with fortitude; but if the latter, I feel that my life hangs by a slender thread—that my days are numbered. In the mean time, brethren, pray for me; sisters, remember me in your prayers.

“I must cease, for the last paper in my possession is nearly covered over. And now, my brethren, when you meet to pray for heathen lands, remember, O! remember our own country. Watch over the declining steps of my parents; 'tis the greatest boon I can ask, for I fear that this intelligence will bring the grey hairs of my loving father and affectionate mother to the grave. Comfort them with the thought that we may meet in heaven.”

The author states that any man ‘tainted,’ to use the language of a Southern Presbyterian clergyman, ‘with the bloodhound principles of abolition,’ is ruined, outraged, and exiled. It appears that even in Virginia, once the most civilised of the Union, to speak against slavery, though in another state, is punishable by exile.

‘At a large and respectable meeting held at Piedmont Station, on the 26th instant, for the purpose of expressing their sentiments in relation to the course pursued by John C. Underwood, of Clarke County, and Geo. Rye, of Shenandoah, at the Convention recently held at Philadelphia—

‘Resolved, That a committee be appointed to wait upon Mr. Underwood, to inform him of the just feelings of indignation created by his course in the Convention, together with his former (reputed) course in regard to the institution of slavery, and that they deem it just and advisable that he should leave the State as speedily as he can find it in his power so to do.’—*The Virginia Sentinel*, June 27, 1856.

The largest portion, however, of the work is filled by Mr. Sumner's celebrated speech. That speech is an example and a proof of the deterioration of American taste. Mr. Sumner is well known in England, indeed in Europe, as a man of good sense, and of good taste almost to the edge of fastidiousness. But
when

when he has to address an audience of his fellow-countrymen, he indulges in such strains as these :—

‘Portents hang on all the arches of the horizon, threatening to darken the broad land, which already yawns with the mutterings of civil war.’—i. 73.

‘Hirelings picked from the drunken spew and vomit of an uneasy civilization, leashed together by secret signs and lodges, have renewed the atrocities of the Thugs.’—ii. 101.

‘The senator from South Carolina, with incoherent phrases, discharged the loose expectoration of his speech now upon the representative of Kansas, now upon her people.’—iii. 136.

Mr. Sumner is too able and too practised a speaker not to adapt himself to his audience. This must be the imagery that delights the gravest and the most intelligent body that America possesses; and as such Mr. Sumner, much as he may have been ashamed of it, was perhaps justified in using it. The substance of the speech is as generally good as the style is frequently detestable. It shows how the Missouri compact between the South and the North, which prohibited slavery north of latitude $36^{\circ} 30'$, was broken by an act introduced at the end of the Session, and forced through by the slave-holding President and his slave-holding Cabinet, in defiance of the standing orders, which are the safeguards of the little independence that now remains in Congress, by the unsparing, unblushing exertion of the vast powers of bribery and intimidation which arm an American President. It shows how by this act the newly-created territory of Kansas was allowed no liberty except the liberty to adopt slavery—how its Governor, Secretary, Chief Justice, Associate Justices, Attorney, and Marshal were withdrawn from popular election, and sent down from Washington, packed Commissioners for the introduction of slavery—and lastly, how, when it appeared that the great majority of the settlers were the friends of freedom, armies after armies of armed ruffians from Missouri invaded the territory, drove away and murdered the inhabitants, laid waste the country, attacked the town, and, having conquered the province, established in it a legislature of foreigners, with no object but plunder for themselves, the creation of a vast market for the slave breeders of the South, and the introduction of two slave-holding members into the Senate. Their leaders were Stringfellow and Atchison. Mr. Sumner has made them tell their own story in their own language :—

‘Here is what Stringfellow said *before* the invasion :—

“To those who have qualms of conscience as to violating laws, state or national, the time has come when such impositions must be disregarded, as your rights and property are in danger; and I advise you,

you, one and all, to enter every election district in Kansas, in defiance of Reeder and his vile myrmidons, and vote at the point of the bowie-knife and revolver. Neither give nor take quarter, as our case demands it. It is enough that the slave-holding interest wills it, from which there is no appeal. What right has Governor Reeder to rule Missourians in Kansas? His proclamation and prescribed oath must be repudiated. It is your interest to do so. Mind that slavery is established where it is not prohibited."

' Here is what Atchison said *after* the invasion:—

' " Well, what next? Why, an election for members of the legislature to organise the territory must be held. What did I advise you to do then? Why, meet them on their own ground, and beat them at their own game again; and cold and inclement as the weather was, I went over with a company of men. My object in going was not to vote. I had no right to vote, unless I had disfranchised myself in Missouri. I was not within two miles of a voting-place. My object in going was not to vote, but to settle a difficulty between two of our candidates; and the abolitionists of the north said, *and published it abroad, that Atchison was there with bowie-knife and revolver, and by God 't was true! I never did go into that territory—I never intend to go into that territory—without being prepared for all such kind of cattle.* Well, we beat them, and Governor Reeder gave certificates to a majority of all the members of both Houses, and then, after they were organised, as everybody will admit, they were the only competent persons to say who were, and who were not, members of the same.' "

We will conclude our extracts from Mr. Sumner with his description of the mode in which this ruffian Parliament exercised its power:—

' The statutes of Missouri, in all their text, with their divisions and subdivisions, were adopted bodily, and with such little local adaptation that the word "state" in the original is not even changed to "territory," but is left to be corrected by an explanatory act. But, all this general legislation was entirely subordinate to the special act, entitled "An Act to punish Offences against Slave Property," in which the one idea that provoked this whole conspiracy is at last embodied in legislative form, and human slavery openly recognised on free soil, under the sanction of pretended law. This act of thirteen sections is in itself a *Dance of Death*. But its complex completeness of wickedness without a parallel may be partially conceived, when it is understood that in three sections only of it is the penalty of death denounced no less than forty-eight different times, by as many changes of language, against the heinous offence, described in forty-eight different ways, of interfering with what does not exist in that territory—and under the constitution cannot exist there—I mean property in human flesh.

' Mark, sir, three different legislative enactments, which constitute part of this work. *First*, according to one act, all who deny, by spoken or written word, "the right of persons to hold slaves in this territory," are denounced as felons, to be punished by imprisonment at
hard

hard labour for a term not less than two years; it may be for life. And to show the extravagance of this injustice, it has been well put by the senator from Vermont [Mr. Collamer], that, should the senator from Michigan [Mr. Cass], who believes that slavery cannot exist in a territory unless introduced by express legislative acts, venture there with his moderate opinions, his doom must be that of a felon! To this extent are the great liberties of speech and of the press subverted. *Secondly*, by another act, entitled, "An Act concerning Attorneys-at-Law," no person can practise as an attorney, unless he *shall obtain a licence* from the territorial courts, which, of course, a tyrannical discretion will be free to deny; and, after obtaining such licence, he is constrained to take an oath, not only "to support" the Constitution of the United States, but also to support the Territorial Act, and the Fugitive Slave Bill, thus erecting a test for the function of the bar, calculated to exclude citizens who honestly regard that latter legislative enormity as unfit to be obeyed. And, *thirdly*, by another act, entitled, "An Act concerning Jurors," all persons "conscientiously opposed to holding slaves," or "not admitting the right to hold slaves in the territory," are excluded from the jury on every question, civil or criminal, arising out of asserted slave property.

'It was necessary to guard against the possibility of change, even tardily, at a future election; and this was done by two different acts; under the *first* of which, all who will not take the oath to support the Fugitive Slave Bill are excluded from the elective franchise; and under the *second* of which, all others are entitled to vote who shall tender a tax of one dollar to the sheriff on the day of election; thus disfranchising all opposed to slavery, and at the same time opening the door to the votes of the invaders; by an unconstitutional shibboleth, excluding from the polls the mass of actual settlers, and by making the franchise depend upon a petty tax only, admitting to the polls the mass of borderers from Missouri. Thus, by tyrannical forethought, the usurpation not only fortified all that it did, but assumed a *self-perpetuating* energy. Thus was the crime consummated. Slavery now stands erect, clanking its chains on the territory of Kansas, surrounded by a code of death, and trampling upon all cherished liberties, whether of speech, the press, the bar, the trial by jury, or the electoral franchise. And, sir, all this has been done, not merely to introduce a wrong which in itself is a denial of all rights, and in dread of which a mother has lately taken the life of her offspring; not merely, as has been sometimes said, to protect slavery in Missouri, since it is futile for this state to complain of freedom on the side of Kansas, when freedom exists without complaint on the side of Iowa, and also on the side of Illinois; but it has been done for the sake of political power, *in order to bring two new slave-holding senators upon this floor, and thus to fortify in the national government the desperate chances of a waning oligarchy.*'

The effectiveness of the speech may be estimated by the barbarous violence of the answers which it provoked. We insert two specimens:—

' "Is

“Is it,” said Mr. Douglas (*a candidate for the Presidency*), “the object of the senator to provoke some of us to kick him as we would a dog in the street, that he may get sympathy upon the just chastisement? The senator, by his charge of crime, stultifies three-fourths of the whole body, a majority of the North, nearly the whole South, a majority of whigs, and a majority of democrats here. He says they are infamous. If he so believed, who could suppose that he would ever show his face among such a body of men? How dare he approach one of those gentlemen to give him his hand after that act? If he felt the courtesies between men, he would not do it. He would deserve to have himself spit in the face for doing so.”

‘Mr. Mason, of Virginia, said,—

“Mr. President, the necessities of our political position bring us into relations and associations upon this floor, which, in obedience to a common government, we are forced to admit. They bring us into relations and associations which, beyond the walls of this chamber, we are enabled to avoid—associations here, whose presence elsewhere is dishonour, and the touch of whose hand would be a disgrace. The necessity of political position alone brings me into relations with men upon this floor whom elsewhere I cannot acknowledge as possessing manhood in any form. I am constrained to hear here depravity, vice in its most odious form uncoiled in this presence, exhibiting its loathsome deformities in accusation and vilification against the quarter of the country from which I come; and I must listen to it because it is a necessity of my position, under a common government, to recognise as an equal, politically, one whom to see elsewhere is to shun and despise. I did not intend to be betrayed into this debate; but I submit to the necessity of my position. I am here now, united with an honoured band of patriots, from the North equally with the South, to try if we can preserve and perpetuate those institutions which others are prepared to betray, and are seeking to destroy; and I will submit to the necessity of that position at least until the work is accomplished.’”

The outrage which followed is too well known. We will not waste the reader's time by relating it, but we will extract from the work before us one or two of the comments of the American press. From the ‘*Richmond Inquirer*,’ June 12, 1856:—

‘In the main, the press of the South applaud the conduct of Mr. Brooks, without condition or limitation. Our approbation, at least, is entire and unreserved. We consider the act good in conception, better in execution, and best of all in consequence. The vulgar abolitionists in the senate are getting above themselves. They have been humoured until they forget their position. They have grown saucy and dare to be impudent to gentlemen! They must be lashed into submission. Sumner, in particular, ought to have nine-and-thirty early every morning. He is a great strapping fellow, and could stand the cowhide beautifully. Mr. Brooks has initiated this salutary discipline, and he deserves applause for the bold, judicious manner in which he chastised
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the scamp Sumner. It was a proper act, done at the proper time, and in the proper place. Of all places on earth, the senate chamber was the very spot where Sumner should have been made to suffer. It was literally and entirely proper that he should be stricken down and beaten just beside the desk against which he leaned as he fulminated his filthy utterances through the Capitol. We trust other gentlemen will follow the example of Mr. Brooks, that so a curb may be imposed upon the truculence and audacity of abolition speakers. If need be, let us have a caning or cowhiding every day. If the worst come to the worst, so much the sooner, so much the better.'

A meeting in South Carolina:—

'A public meeting of the citizens of Fairfield was held on Tuesday night, 27th ult., to approve the conduct of the Hon. Preston S. Brooks, in administering to Charles Sumner, of Massachusetts, a wholesome and richly merited castigation.

' "Resolved, That we most heartily approve the practical enforcement of respect for the motives of Southern men and Southern States, in the chastisement inflicted upon the champion of black republicanism by the Hon. P. S. Brooks; and that we hereby tender to Mr. Brooks our cordial approbation."'

From the 'South Side Democrat,' May 24:—

'The telegraph has recently announced no information more grateful to our feelings than the *classical* caning which this outrageous abolitionist received, on Thursday, at the hands of the chivalrous Brooks, of South Carolina. No punishment is adequate to a proper restraint of his insolence but a deliberate, cool, dignified, and *classical* caning.'

From the 'South Carolina Times,' of the 27th May, 1856 (State paper):—

'Up to the 22nd of May, A.D. 1856, none have been found willing to step forward, as Carolinians, in defence of the character of Southern men or the institutions of the South, but the Hon. Preston S. Brooks. Colonel Brooks has the honour of being the first man who dared to carry out his declaration that he was ready to commence the war in Washington, in the Halls of Congress. Colonel Brooks has done nothing that South Carolinians ought to be ashamed of. He has boldly stepped forward, at the risk of his life, ease, and social relation, and we know that there will be found but one sentiment among the people of South Carolina, which is "Well done, thou good and faithful servant!"'

The following resolution was passed at a late meeting of the citizens of Newberry (Brooks's district):—

'Be it unanimously resolved, That this meeting approves the conduct of the Hon. P. S. Brooks in the premises, and that it recommends that meetings be held, on the first Monday in June next, in the various districts


tricts constituting this congressional district, to express the approbation which we are sure his constituents generally will accord to him.'


The Senate refused to expel Mr. Brooks. To test the opinion of his constituents he resigned his seat. He was re-elected unanimously. He was prosecuted. To acquit him was, even in America, impossible. He was found guilty. His punishment was a fine of 300 dollars. This is the value set, in Washington, on freedom of debate. Any ruffian willing to pay 60¢. may waylay, disable, and, as we fear will be the event in this instance, injure for life any political opponent. We have a letter before us dated the 23rd of December last, seven months after the outrage. It describes Mr. Sumner as still suffering severely,—as recommended by his medical advisers to retire from public life, at least for a year,—but as resolved, with the courage and self-devotion which all who knew him expected from him, to take his seat at the opening of Congress, and to protest, at least, if in such an assembly as the Senate of the United States he can do no more, against the despotism, half democratic and half oligarchic, by which his country is now enslaved.

During the whole of this century—in fact, ever since the independence of the United States was acknowledged—the two or three hundred thousand slaveholders of the South have governed the millions of the North. They have named the Presidents, they have had a majority in the Senate and a majority in the Supreme Court, and have wielded the vast patronage of the Executive. In defiance of the Constitution they bought Louisiana; they annexed Texas; they seized a territory larger than Europe, between the Appalachian and the Rocky Mountains; they established slavery on half of that vast continent, on condition that the other half should remain free; they broke that compact, and opened Kansas to slavery; when the people of Kansas refused the pollution, they forced it on them by armed invasion, incendiarism, rapine, and civil war; they riveted on them the chain by the most monstrous code that ever was devised; and as their last triumph they have placed in the chair at Washington a man pledged not only to the maintenance but to the extension of slavery at home, and to war, aggression, and spoliation abroad.

The questions which disturb every mind in America, and to which *we* cannot be indifferent, are, whether this tyranny can last? and, if it is to fall, what is to overthrow it? We have before us a file of American newspapers for the last three months. The fierceness with which the South tramples on its northern subjects, the indignation and shame with which the North struggles against the oppressor, may be estimated by the violence of the measures proposed on each side. The expedient of the North is separation.

separation. Disunion societies and meetings are multiplying in New York and in New England. We extract a couple of their advertisements :—

‘  NEW YORK STATE DISUNION ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.—A Disunion Anti-Slavery Convention for the State of New York will be held at ALBANY, the second week in February, 1857.’

‘  STATE DISUNION CONVENTION.—We, the undersigned, citizens of Worcester, believing the result of the recent Presidential Election to involve four years more of pro-slavery government, and a rapid increase in the hostility between the two sections of the Union ;

‘ Believing this hostility to be the offspring, not of party excitement, but of a fundamental difference in education, habits, and laws ;

‘ Believing the existing Union to be a failure, as being a hopeless attempt to unite under one government two antagonistic systems of society, which diverge more widely with every year ;

‘ And believing it to be the duty of intelligent and conscientious men to meet these facts with wisdom and firmness ;

‘ Respectfully invite our fellow-citizens of Massachusetts to meet in Convention at Worcester, on Thursday, January 15, to consider the practicability, probability, and expediency of a separation between the free and slave States, and to take such other measures as the condition of the times may require.’

Here is an extract from a speech made at a Boston meeting in July last :—

‘ Mr. President, “ in the dark and troubled night that is upon us, I see but one star of hope ;” and I thank the Abolitionists of Massachusetts, not alone that they first told the secret of slavery, twenty-five years ago, to the astonished nation, but that they have told another secret, more recently, more daringly, to a nation yet more astonished—told the secret of anti-slavery, and told it in one word—DISUNION ! (Enthusiastic applause, long continued.) Mr. President, as God is in heaven, our destiny and our duty are to be found there. It is our only hope.’

And here is the comment on it by another speaker :—

‘ I respond to that sentiment—“ Peaceably if we can, forcibly if we must !” (Loud cheers.) I think we are unworthy to stand in the old Cradle of Liberty, if we shrink even from the baptism of blood, if such be the will of God ; and I am not sure but it is ; for if there was ever a time when we might say, “ There is no remission of sins without the shedding of blood,” we have reached that time ; and if even by seas of blood we can wash out our sins and stains, we may thank God for that baptism, and accept salvation even on terms so fearful. I think we had better familiarize our minds to the possibility, at least, that the streets of Boston may yet run with blood. I do not believe that ever yet a nation wandered so far from the true spirit of freedom, justice, and humanity, as we have gone, and then returned, without passing through that metaphorical Red Sea ; and though I know that war is a curse

always, and, probably, always a crime, too, yet I think we have gone beyond the time to question the right of war, for I expect scenes of violence, just as I expect Etna will vomit the blazing bile from her sickening stomach, in obedience to the same law of God which operates upon the human mind as well. And I think, if we escape even with blood and battle—the battle where the “garments shall be rolled in blood, and accompanied with confusion and noise”—that even then, considering how great a loss we have sustained, salvation will be cheap even at such a price as that (applause).’

‘It is useless,’ says a less excited arguer, ‘to disguise this state of things, or to pretend that there is any present probability of restoring the harmony that existed in the workings of the Government when there was a common agreement, North and South, that slavery was a nuisance, and an evil to be got rid of at the earliest practicable moment. Such was our condition when the Union was formed and the constitution adopted. At a later period a comparative harmony was preserved by compromises on the question. Now, the old idea is repudiated by the slavery-men, and the compromise system seemingly abjured by all. We are thus arrived at the point of collision between the opposing forces in the Government. While this state of things continues to exist there can be no peace. There can be a triumph of one party over the other, but that is all. How long is political union possible under such circumstances? There may be a period or periods of peace between the combatants, but they will ever be temporary, and partake of the character of a truce, or of submission of the vanquished to the victor. Inevitably, however, they must come to an end, and that end is separation of the free and slave States; and it is the part of wise statesmanship, both North and South, among all dispassionate men, to prepare the way for this result in a manner which shall not disgrace the civilization of the age in which we live.’

The counsels of the South are at least as desperate. We extract the following passages from a letter addressed by Mr. Phett, an eminent citizen of South Carolina, to the governor of that State, printed in the Charleston ‘Mercury’:—

‘In my judgment,’ says Mr. Phett, ‘all true statesmanship in the South consists in forming combinations and shaping events so as to bring about, as steadily as possible, a dissolution of the present Union and a Southern confederacy. Why should we not dissolve our political connection with the people of the North? Have we not in vain done our duty to them, in all patience and humility? Are there any remembrances of the past which they have not embittered, or feelings of affection which they have not outraged? Have they not, for a long course of years, put upon us indignities and wrongs which they never would have borne from us or from any other people? Their conduct towards us, if we were independent nations, would long since have justified us in declaring war against them. Instead of that friendship which a common Confederacy implies, they have for twenty years pursued towards us a course of the most ruthless hostility. Men are now upheld

upheld as their exponents and leaders, governors of States and members of Congress, who openly declare their purpose to destroy us, and exult in the prospect of the slaughter and desolation they meditate carrying over the South. Do we need their association with us for internal protection? We are fully competent to protect ourselves; and if we were not, and turn to them for assistance, we know that they would rather fire the torch of insurrection than extinguish it. Are we not sufficiently powerful to protect ourselves from foreign nations? We are the most important people in the world to its welfare and happiness. If, by a sudden stroke of the Almighty, the Southern States were annihilated, it would occasion a greater shock to the civilization and comfort of other nations than the extinction of any other people inhabiting its surface. What, then, have we to fear from foreign States? By our productions we can command their friendship and peace, whilst by our physical power we can defy their hostility. Eight millions of the white race, raised to the use of arms, and constituting one of the most military people in the world, inhabiting a country intersected all over by railroads, are unconquerable by any power upon earth. Why, then, should we not be independent in government as we are in all our resources for national power, wealth, and prosperity? Why should we still continue vexed tributaries to the North—harassed dependencies—despised underlings—to be eternally scourged from tariff to slavery, and from slavery to tariff—only, at last, to be trampled out of existence in blood? Break from the North, and give us a Southern Confederacy, as you value honour, prosperity, life itself. Those who have been watching, and waiting, and striving, for Southern independence and a Southern Union—although at times their hearts may have died away within them in despair—have heard the late tumult at the North, mustering the power against the South, with rekindled hope and loftier resolutions. On! let the contest come. If true to ourselves, a glorious destiny awaits us, and the South will yet be a great, free, and independent people.'

'We declare,' says the editor of the paper in which Mr. Phett's letter appears—

'that we not only desire to make territories, now free, slave territories, and to acquire new territory into which to extend slavery—such as Cuba, north-eastern Mexico, &c.—but we would re-open the African slave-trade, that every white man might have a chance to make himself owner of one or more negroes, and go with them and his household gods wherever opportunity beckoned to enterprise.

'But the North would never consent to this; they would dissolve the Union rather than grant it, say the croaking impracticables. Try it. There is nothing to lose by the experiment. At all events, if the attempt to re-open this trade should fail, it would give one more proof of how injurious our connection with the North has become to us, and would indicate one more signal advantage which a Southern Confederacy would have over the present heterogeneous association called the Union.'

These, however, may be the rash ebullitions of the party spirit of irresponsible individuals. We now make some extracts from a grave State paper, the message of Mr. Adams, the governor of South Carolina, to his legislature:—

‘The object,’ says Governor Adams, ‘for which you were convened in extra session has been determined. The popular voice has declared in favour of our party. But considered in reference to the vital issue between the North and the South, I fear that it will be a barren triumph—that it will prove to be, at best, but a brief respite of feverish, exhausting excitement, destined to end in embittered feeling and distracted counsel among ourselves. Slavery and Free-Soilism can never be reconciled. Our enemies have been defeated—not vanquished. A majority of the free States have declared against the South, upon a purely sectional issue, and in the remainder of them formidable minorities fiercely contended for victory under the same banner. The triumph of this geographical party must dissolve the Confederacy, unless we are prepared to sink down into a state of acknowledged inferiority. We will act wisely to employ the interval of repose afforded by the late election in earnest preparation for the inevitable conflict. The Southern States have never demanded more than equality and security. They cannot submit to less, and remain in the Union without dishonour and ultimate ruin.

‘The consumption of cotton has steadily increased, and will in a few years exceed the supply—not from want, on our part, of land on which to grow it, but from want of operators to cultivate it. The demand for the article being greater than the supply, the price must go up, in the absence of all disturbing causes. As long as this continues to be the case we must prosper; but the certain effect of high prices will be to stimulate the growth of it in foreign countries, and in time to destroy the monopoly which we have so long enjoyed. To maintain our present position we must have cheap labour. This can be obtained in but one way—BY RE-OPENING THE AFRICAN SLAVE-TRADE. It is a diseased sentimentality which starts back at the idea of legalizing the slave-trade, and at the same time contemplates without emotion the cruel servitude which capital exacts of labour all the world over. There was a time when canting philanthropists had instilled into us a belief that slavery was wrong. Investigation has entirely changed the once common sentiment on this point. The South now believes that a mysterious Providence has brought the two races together on this continent for wise purposes, and that the existing relation has been mutually beneficial. Southern slavery has elevated the African to a degree of civilization which the black race has never attained in any other age or country. We see it now in its true light, and regard it as the most safe and stable basis for free institutions in the world. Had the slave-trade never been closed, the equilibrium between the North and the South would not have been destroyed. The North has had the Old World from which to draw her supply of labour, and hence the rapid settlement of the North-West. Since 1808 the South has supplied her own labour, and has necessarily made slower progress in settling up the South-West.

South-West. If the trade were open now, I am persuaded that the South would not consent to close it; and this is, perhaps, the best answer to the argument derived from the mere sentiment that is arrayed against the proposition. It is apprehended that the opening of this trade will lessen the value of slaves, and ultimately destroy the institution. It is a sufficient answer to point to the fact that unrestricted immigration has not diminished the value of labour in the north-western section of the Confederacy. The cry there is, want of labour, notwithstanding capital has the pauperism of the Old World to press into its grinding service. I believe that more slaves are necessary to a continuance of our monopoly in plantation products. I believe that they are necessary to the full development of our whole round of agricultural and mechanical resources; that they are necessary to the restoration of the South to an equality of power in the General Government, perhaps to the very integrity of slave society, disturbed as it has been by causes which have induced an undue proportion of the ruling race. To us have been committed the fortunes of this peculiar form of society resulting from the union of unequal races. It has vindicated its claim to the approbation of an enlightened humanity. It has civilised and Christianized the African. It has exalted the white race itself to higher hopes and purposes, and it is perhaps of the most sacred obligation that we should give it the means of expansion, and that we should press it forward to a perpetuity of progress.'

We own our inability to prophesy, or even to conjecture, what ten years hence, or even five years hence, will be the condition of the States and territories now constituting the Union. The forces that keep them together are enormous. There is national vanity, the pride of forming an empire already a match for any existing Power, soon to become superior to any single rival, and likely within the lives of our younger readers to dictate to the whole world, civilised and uncivilised. In fifty years the Union, if it shall subsist, will contain one hundred millions of the richest and the most energetic population that has ever formed one body politic. It seems at first sight impossible that any arguments or any combination of arguments should induce men to reject such a destiny. But nations are governed less by reason than by passion, and on the side of disunion are arrayed the strongest passions of human nature—resentment, hatred, fear, the recollection of past injuries, treacheries, and insults, and the anticipation of future ones; a belief on the part of the South that the North is resolved to destroy an institution on the permanence of which the fortune and even the life of every planter depends; a belief on the part of the North that that institution is a national sin, endangering in another world the prospects of all its abettors, and in this world distorting the policy, injuring the prosperity, and disgracing the character of the nation.

Between such feelings and such opinions what room is there for compromise? The North is resolved to repress, to circumscribe, and eventually to abolish slavery. The South is resolved not only to perpetuate but to extend it. The fraud and violence of the South have as yet been successful. Can she continue to be so? To a bystander this seems to be impossible. That the weaker, the poorer, the less intelligent minority should in a bad cause prevail against the sympathy and the reason of the whole civilized world, is opposed to all our experience. The South must, we think, be in time defeated. Will she acquiesce in that defeat? Even supposing her to acquiesce—that is to say, supposing her not to immediately break off from the Union—can she join with the North in working it? Can a people, thus inflamed and divided, unite once in every four years in the election of a ruler with more power and patronage than any czar or emperor?—of a ruler who immediately on his accession has ninety thousand paid places to scatter over a country in which money is almost the only social distinction?—of a ruler who for four years is to be the irremovable master of the home and the foreign policy of the whole empire; who can wield the disciplined force of the national army and navy, and let slip the ruffians and pirates of private war, against every independent country which his party may covet, and against every home province which it may wish to plunder or to oppress?

Every election approaches nearer and nearer to a civil war. Before every election the threats of the party that fears disappointment are louder and louder. Will they ever be executed? If Colonel Fremont had succeeded last December, as but for the intervention of a third candidate he must have done, would the South have submitted in impotent rage? If, as probably will be the case, he should succeed four years hence, will she then submit? We will not venture to answer any of these questions. But it does appear to us that a bond which every four years is on the point of separating must eventually snap.

- ART. III.—1. *Reports of the Commissioners in Lunacy to the Lord Chancellor.*
2. *The Journal of Psychological Medicine and Mental Pathology.* 9 vols. 1828 to 1857. Edited by Forbes Winslow, M.D., D.C.L., Oxon.
3. *The Treatment of the Insane without Mechanical Restraint.* By John Conolly, M.D. London, 1856.
4. *The Fifth Annual Report of the Committee of Visitors of the County Lunatic Asylum at Colney Hatch.*
5. *The Eleventh Report of the Committee of Visitors of the County Lunatic Asylum at Hanwell.*

HORACE WALPOLE, whose pen has graven so deeply the social characteristics of his age, in describing to his friend Mann the terrors excited by the Lord George Gordon mob, says ‘they threaten to let the lions out of the Tower, and the madmen out of Bedlam.’ In this short sentence we have a clear view of the opinion which our forefathers entertained of lunatics—an opinion which the pictures of Hogarth’s Madhouse Cells have impressed on the popular mind even to this day. And in truth it is not fifty years since the state of things which now exists only in the imagination of the ignorant, was both general and approved. The interior of Bethlehem at that date could furnish pictures more terrible than Hogarth ever conceived. It is not our purpose, however, to dwell upon these horrors of former days. Through the instrumentality of the Tukes, Gardner Hill, Charlesworth, Winslow, and Conolly, the old method of treatment, with its whips, chains, and manacles, has passed away for ever, and as a true emblem of the revolution which has taken place, we may mention that some years since a governor, in passing through the laundry of Bethlehem, perceived a wrist-manacle, which had been converted by one of the women into a stand for a flat iron.

In spite of the ameliorations in the condition of the insane, many among the higher, and nearly all among the lower classes, still look upon the County Asylum as the Bluebeard’s cupboard of the neighbourhood. These unfounded ideas act as a powerful drawback to the successful treatment of insanity, for as the vast majority of cures are effected within three months of the original attack, whatever deters the friends of the patient from bringing him under regimen at the earliest possible moment, probably ensures the perpetuation of the disease. We can well imagine the undefined awe and tribulation of spirit with which the unhappy creatures who are stricken in mind enter the gates of an abode in which they are supposed to be given over to a durance

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worse than death; but so mistaken is the impression, that the feelings of desperation are almost immediately succeeded by the inspiriting dawnings of hope. The furious maniac who arrives at Colney Hatch or Hanwell in a cart, or a handbarrow, bound with ropes like a frantic animal, the terror of his friends and himself, is no sooner within the building which imagination invests with such terrors, than half his miseries cease. The ropes cut, he stands up once more free from restraint, kind words are spoken to him, he is soothed by a bath, and, if still violent, the padded room, which offers no aggravating mechanical or personal resistance, calms his fury, and sleep, which has so long been a stranger to him, visits him the first night which he spends in the dreaded asylum. An old lady—a relapsed patient—whose silver locks hung dishevelled on her shoulders, was, when we visited Hanwell, waiting in a cab in a state of the wildest excitement. Immediately she was admitted, and recognised the faces of the nurses who had formerly been kind to her, her whole countenance changed. ‘What, you Burke and you Thomson again!’ she exclaimed, delighted at renewing former friendships; and settling herself down peaceably in the ward, she appeared as comfortable as at her own fireside.

Not only have the old methods of treatment been abandoned, but many changes have been made to render the houses for the insane less repulsive to the eye. Thousands of pounds have been spent in replacing the dungeon-like apertures (often without glass) with light-framed windows, undarkened by dismal bars; the gratings have been removed from the fireplaces; and that all the other associations may be in harmony with the improved appearance of the building, the harsh title of keeper has given place to that of attendant, and the madhouse has become the asylum. In the old plan, the entire treatment seemed to consist in secluding the patient from every sight which renders life sweet, and in wrenching him violently from all the conditions which formerly surrounded him; the new idea is to bring within the walls as much of the outside world as possible. Here the artisan finds employment in various handicrafts, the agricultural labourer renews his commerce with the soil, and the female plies her needle or pursues her accustomed occupations in the laundry or the kitchen. Amusement takes its turn, and those who travel by the Great Western train on winter evenings are surprised to see the lights streaming from the great hall of Hanwell and to hear perchance the sounds of music. These issue from the ball-room of the establishment! In place of the dark dungeon, the bonds and the blows which once added outward to inward woe, the inmates are realising the poetic picture of Gray,—

‘ With

‘With antic Sport and blue-eyed Pleasures,
Frisking light in frolic measures ;
Now pursuing, now retreating,
Now in circling troops they meet :
To brisk notes in cadence beating
Glance their many-twinkling feet.’

Mental aberration is not of necessity the bane of mental enjoyment. There are many sweets by which its bitterness may be diluted and diminished, though our ancestors were so ignorant of the fact, as to believe that the best thing to be done for a mind o’erthrown was to pour vinegar to gall.

Dr. Conolly, in his lately published volume on ‘*The Treatment of the Insane without Mechanical Restraint*,’ looks upon the banishment of the strait-waistcoat with a just pride, for to him we owe the abolition of the last mechanical means of coercing temporary violence ; but we cannot participate in his fear that the selfishness and ignorance of human nature will ever be able to restore the gloomy reign which has at last been brought to a close. We can no more go back to the days of hobbles and handcuffs, chains and stripes, than we can go back to the days of the rack and thumbscrew. We may have, it is true, lamentable exposures, such as took place at Bethlehem in 1851, but the depth of the public outcry, and the promptness with which the irregularities were remedied, is of itself an evidence that general opinion will prove the corrective of occasional abuses. Nor can we, from a fancied apprehension of the return to obsolete practices, join in the fanaticism which forbids the use of the strait-jacket as a means of coercion under all circumstances. There can be no doubt that the treatment which requires its frequent use is a bad one ; but to deny that there are cases which call for its restraints would be to deny the evidence of our senses. Dr. Wilkes, the late medical officer to the Stafford County Lunatic Asylum, and now Commissioner in Lunacy, in answer to a series of questions issued by the Commissioners on Lunacy upon the subject, makes the following remarks :—

‘With every disposition to advocate the disuse of restraint to the utmost extent, I am compelled to admit that the result of my experience in this asylum, up to the present time, leads me to the conclusion that cases may occur in which its temporary employment may be both necessary and justifiable. Besides the occasional use of some means of confining the hands when feeding patients by means of the stomach-pump, a more prolonged use of restraint was necessary in two cases which occurred some years since. One of these was a man of so determined a suicidal disposition, that on more than one occasion he nearly effected his purpose by trying to beat his head and face against the walls, to throw himself from tables and chairs, and thrust spoons

spoons and other articles down his throat. When first admitted, he was not suspected of having any suicidal tendency, and for some weeks did not show any; as a matter of precaution he slept in a padded room, and one night he so battered his head with a tin vessel that he was found nearly dead from loss of blood, and his life was subsequently in much danger from extensive sloughing of the scalp. In this case it was absolutely necessary to confine the hands to keep any dressings on the head, and after the wounds had healed, and the confinement of the hands had been discontinued, he wore a thickly-padded cap for many months. Several years after this, he bit both his little fingers off, and though the suicidal disposition has in a great measure subsided, he is still at times much excited, but does not require any restraint. The second case was one of acute mania. A powerful young man refused all food under the impression that it was poisoned, and imagined that every one who went near him intended to murder him. Every inducement to get him to take food was in vain, and though a sufficient body of attendants, under my own inspection, attempted to do what was necessary for him, he became so much bruised in holding him in his struggles to assail the attendants, when it was urgently requisite that food should be administered into the stomach, that I decided upon confining his hands, and both food and medicine were then readily administered. The result certainly justified the means employed, as the excitement subsided, and he soon recovered.'

So much for the experience of the medical attendant of a public asylum; now let us hear the testimony of Dr. Forbes Winslow, whose experience in his private asylum at Hammer-smith has been as great perhaps as that of any man, since he has lived with his family for ten years in the very midst of his patients, and who is surpassed by no one in his enlightened and gentle treatment of the insane.

'Patients,' he says in his Report to the Commissioners, 'have often expressed a wish to be placed under mechanical restraint, should I, in my judgment, believe that they would, when much excited, commit overt acts of violence, and be dangerous to themselves and others. In cases like these, mechanical restraint may for a short period be applied, not only without detriment, but with positive advantage as a curative process. Several instances relative of this fact have come under my observation. I have seen cases where no food or medicine could be administered without subjecting the patient to restraint. In these cases, if all idea of cure had been abandoned, and I could have reconciled it to my conscience to allow the disease to take its uninterrupted course, and have permitted the patient to exist upon the minimum amount of nutriment, and take no medicine, all restraint might easily be dispensed with; but considering the cure of my patient paramount to every other consideration, I had no hesitation as to the humane and right mode of procedure.'

In a case which came under our knowledge, a patient
imagined

imagined that the text, 'If thine eye offend thee pluck it out,' was literally intended, and, after various attempts to comply with the command, he succeeded in destroying the sight of one orbit. Such instances are rare,* but the medical man should at all times be prepared to meet them, instead of folding his arms and looking helplessly on whilst the mischief is being done, through a craven fear of the non-restraint cry. The strait-waistcoat is certainly liable to great abuse, but less than the padded room, which may be converted into a cruel means of coercion in the hands of unwatched attendants.

There yet remains a vast amount of restraint, which is almost as irritating, if not so strongly reprobated, as the implements which bind the limbs of the suicidal or violent. Restraint is only comparative. The strait-waistcoat is the narrowest zone of confinement, and the padded room but a little wider. Next to these comes the locked gallery for a class, then the encircling high wall for the entire lunatic community; and lastly, that aerial barrier the parole, for those who can be trusted to go beyond the asylum. The efforts of philanthropists will not, we are convinced, cease, until all the methods of confinement, down to the parole, are removed; or at least so disguised as to hinder their present irritating action upon the inmates. As long as the chief idea in connection with these establishments is that they are receptacles for the *detention* of the insane, so long perhaps the means taken to prevent flight will obtain; but when they are simply regarded as hospitals for the cure of mental disease, we shall witness the abandonment of many arrangements which are as barbarous and ineffectual as the cruelties practised in the last century. The asylums where the restraint is greatest are precisely those from which the largest number of patients contrive to escape; whereas, when restrictions of all kinds are abolished, as at the insane pauper colony of Gheel, in Belgium, but few persons ever attempt to get away.

In former days the public were admitted to perambulate Bedlam on the payment of two-pence. A writer in 'The World' gives a narrative of a visit to it in Easter-week, 1753, when he found there a hundred holiday-makers, who 'were suffered unattended to run rioting up and down the wards, making sport of the miserable inhabitants.' Richardson, the novelist, had, a few years earlier, depicted the scene in the assumed character of a young lady from the country, describing to her friends the sights of London.

'I have this afternoon been with my cousins to gratify the odd curiosity most people have to see Bethlehem, or Bedlam Hospital. A more affecting scene my eyes never beheld. I had the shock of seeing
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the late polite and ingenious Mr. — in one of these woful chambers. No sooner did I put my face to the grate, but he leaped from his bed, and called me with frightful fervency to come into his room. The surprise affected me pretty much, and my confusion being observed by a crowd of strangers, I heard it presently whispered that I was his sweetheart and the cause of his misfortune. My cousin assured me such fancies were frequent upon these occasions; but this accident drew so many eyes upon me as obliged me soon to quit the place. I was much at a loss to account for the behaviour of the generality of people who were looking at these melancholy objects. Instead of the concern I think unavoidable at such a sight, a sort of mirth appeared on their countenances, and the distempered fancies of the miserable patients provoked mirth and loud laughter in the unthinking auditors; and the many hideous roarings and wild motions of others seemed equally entertaining to them. Nay, so shamefully inhuman were some, among whom, I am sorry to say it, were several of my own sex, as to endeavour to provoke the patients into rage to make them sport.'

Supposed to be degraded to the level of beasts, as wild beasts they were treated. Like them they were shut up in dens littered with straw, exhibited for money, and made to growl and roar for the diversion of the spectators who had paid their fee. No wonder that Bedlam should have become a word of fear—no wonder that in popular estimation the bad odour of centuries should still cling to its walls—and that the stranger, tempted by curiosity to pass beneath the shadow of its dome, should enter with sickening trepidation. But now, instead of the howling madhouse his imagination may have painted it, he sees prim galleries filled with orderly persons. Scenes of cheerfulness and content meet the eye of the visitor as he is conducted along well-lit corridors, from which the bars and gratings of old have vanished. He stops, surprised and delighted, to look at the engravings of Landseer's pictures on the walls, or to admire the busts upon the brackets; he beholds tranquil persons walking around him, or watches them feeding the birds which abound in the aviaries fitted up in the depths of the ample windows. Indeed the pet animals, such as rabbits, squirrels, &c., with the verdant ferneries, render the convalescent wards of this hospital more cheerful than any we have seen in similar institutions. At intervals the monotony of the long-drawn corridors is broken by ample-sized rooms carpeted and furnished like the better class of dwellings. If we pass along the female side of the hospital, we find the apartments occupied by a score of busy workers, the majority of whom appear to be gentlewomen. Every conceivable kind of needlework is dividing their attention with the young lady who reads aloud 'David Copperfield,' or 'Dred;' while beside the fire, perhaps, an old lady with silver locks gives a touch of domesticity

mesticity to the scene, which we should little have expected to meet within these walls. In traversing the male side, instead of the workroom we find a library, in which the patients, reclining upon the sofas or lolling in arm-chairs round the fire, beguile the hours with books or the 'Illustrated News.' Many a scholar, the silver chord of whose brain gingles for the moment out of tune, here finds a congenial atmosphere, and such materials for study as he often could not obtain out-of-doors; and here many an artist, clergyman, officer, and broken-down gentleman, meets with social converse, which the world does not dream could exist in Bedlam.*

No cases of more than twelve months' standing are admitted within the walls of Bedlam, and only ninety persons termed incurables are allowed to remain beyond that period. These regulations exclude the idiotic and epileptic patients, who form such distressing groups in other establishments, and the interest required to obtain admission into this amply endowed charity ensures at the same time a much higher class of inmates. Clergymen, barristers, governesses, literary men, artists, and military and naval officers make up the staple of the assembly. The representatives of the lower orders are also present, but the educated element prevails, and the tone of dress and manners is vastly above that to be found in the pauper-swarming county asylums. There is a ball on the first Monday in every month, and the company that gathers in the crystal chamber at the extreme end of the south wing would not disgrace in behaviour and appearance any sane and well-bred community. The polka, the waltz, and the mazurka, performed with grace and ease, declare the social standing of the assembly; and many a pedestrian who sees the dark silhouettes of the dancers as they whirl across the light, is astonished at the festivities of the inmates. In the summer evenings the spacious courts are crowded with the patients, not gloomily walking between four dismal walls in which the very air seemed placed under restraint, but enjoying themselves in the bowling-green or in the skittle-alley. The garden is at hand for those who love the culture of flowers. When we contrast the condition of the Bethlehem of fifty years ago with the Bethlehem of to-day, we see at a glance what a gulf has been leaped in half a century—a gulf on one side of which we see man like a demon torturing his

* In a comfortable little apartment, which looked quite domestic in comparison with the workhouse wards of ordinary lunatic asylums, we saw, on our last visit, a young musician playing on a violoncello to an admiring audience. Touches of similar enjoyment continually meet the visitor, lighting up the moral atmosphere of the building with a cheerfulness totally at variance with his preconceived notions of this notorious madhouse.

unfortunate fellows, on the other like a ministering angel carrying out the all-powerful law of love. Can this be the same Bethlehem where, in 1808, Mr. Westerton, Mr. Calvert, and Mr. Wakefield saw ten patients in the woman's gallery, each fastened by one arm or leg to the wall, with a length of chain that only allowed them to stand up by their bench, and dressed in a filthy blanket thrown poncho-like over their otherwise naked bodies? Can this be the same institution in which poor Norris, like a fierce hound in a kennel, was favoured with a long chain that passed through the wall into the next room, and which, while permitting him a little extra tether, enabled the keeper to haul him up to the side of the cell when it was necessary to approach him? But this indulgence did not last, and from the pages of Esquirol we learn the infernal torture which was finally put upon him.

‘A stout iron ring was riveted round his neck, from which a short chain passed to a ring made to slide upwards or downwards on an upright massive iron bar, more than six feet high, inserted into the wall. Round his body a strong iron bar, about two inches wide, was riveted; on each side of the bar was a circular projection, which, being fastened to and enclosing each of his arms, pinioned them close to his side.’

In this position, in which he could only stand upright or lie upon his back, he lived for twelve years! But in nothing, perhaps, is the contrast between the past and the present more apparent than in the two pictures presented by Dr. Hood, the resident physician, from the case book of the Bethlehem Hospital, which at once show the difference of treatment and the different results which attended it.

‘A. F., admitted into the Hospital, February 6, 1808, aged 34. This woman was born at Derby. At the age of 20 she came to London to seek for service, but she soon lost her character. The natural violence of her disposition was increased by her intemperance. She was the most turbulent of all the females that disturb the night about Fleet Market, and has been repeatedly flogged at Bridewell for her extreme violence and disorder. She became at length the horror of the watchmen, for punishing and imprisonment had no effect in checking her career. She was known to her companions by the name of “Ginger.” In one of her paroxysms of rage she attacked the windows of the Mansion House, and on her examination

‘M. C., admitted into this Hospital, Sept. 30, 1853, in a state of violent raging excitement, depending upon acute mania. She had been in this state three days previous to her admission, and had wandered about the streets in a comparatively naked state, under the excitement of religious enthusiasm. She was a powerful, muscular woman; and to bring her to the Hospital it was necessary to impose upon her the restraint of a strait jacket. She screamed violently all the way to the Hospital, and used the most threatening language, refusing to listen to anything that was said to her; but when tired of vociferating, contented herself with kicking and spitting at those within her reach. On admission the mechanical restraint was

mination before the Lord Mayor, it appeared that her violent disposition had gradually passed into a state of complete madness. Under these circumstances she was sent, February 6th, 1808, to the Hospital, and placed on the curable establishment. At the expiration of twelve months, her lunacy continuing, she was admitted on the incurable list. There is no record of the manner in which she conducted herself during the first year, but it appears *that she was chained to her bed of straw for eight years without any covering or apparel.* So long as she continued thus coerced the violence continued. The last entry is "*coercion still makes her ferocious, but when left at liberty she is not in the least degree dangerous.*"

was removed; she was ordered a warm bath, and two grains of the acetate of morphia, and afterwards placed in a bed in a padded room. She continued noisy for an hour or two, and then became quieter, but the attendant who looked at her every half-hour always found her sleepless. The following day she continued tranquil, but when addressed, responded with an oath. She was ordered one grain and a half of acetate of morphia. The third day she continued quiet and sullen, but permitted the nurse to dress her and place her in a chair in the day-room with the other patients. The following day (the 4th), she continued tranquil and rational, rather shrinking from conversation; and being a little feverish was ordered "henbane," with a saline. From that day she speedily became convalescent, and was discharged cured, November 11, 1853, having been a patient in the Hospital 42 days.

Thus diversely does disordered nature answer to an appeal according to the spirit in which it is made. There is a reverse, however, to every medal, and the skeleton cupboards of Bethlehem are the male criminal lunatic wards. These dens, for we can call them by no softer name, are the only remaining representatives of old Bedlam. They consist of dismal, arched corridors, feebly lit at either end by a single window in double irons, and divided in the middle by gratings more like those which enclose the fiercer carnivora at the Zoological Gardens than anything we have elsewhere seen employed for the detention of afflicted humanity. Here fifty male lunatics are herded together without regard to their previous social or moral condition. Thus the unfortunate clergyman, the Rev. Hugh Willoughby, who fired a pistol two years since at the judge at the Central Criminal Court, is herded with the plebeian perpetrator of some horrible murder. Side by side with the unfortunate Captain Johnson, of the ship 'Tory,' who, in a fit of extraordinary excitement during a mutiny on board his vessel, cut down some of his crew, but is now perfectly sane, sits perhaps the ruffian who murdered the warder in cold blood at Coldbath Fields—a villain brought in mad by a tender-hearted jury who shrunk from the responsibility of hanging him. Here also poor Dad, the artist who killed his father whilst labouring under a sudden paroxysm of insanity, is obliged to weave his fine fancies on the canvas amidst the
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most revolting conversation and the most brutal behaviour. Those who contend that all criminal lunatics should be treated alike, do not consider the vast difference between the tone of mind in an abandoned wretch who has lived a life of villany, and the gentleman who has committed a casual offence. As the former advances towards sanity the brutal disposition which early training in vice and dissipation has engraved upon his nature, comes into strong relief, whilst the good breeding which is natural to the latter, and which was but temporarily eclipsed in him, resumes its sway. Nay, nothing is more certain than that the previous habits and manners of the lunatic are to a great extent unaffected by his unfortunate malady, even when it is at its height. The disgrace of thus caging up together the coarse and the gentle, the virtuous and the abandoned, rests wholly upon the shoulders of the Home Secretary. The governors of the hospitals, the medical officers, and the lunacy commissioners, have over and over again remonstrated against the enormity, and to our national shame have remonstrated in vain. It is proposed to build a special asylum for all the state lunatics, who are now distributed among county asylums, hospitals, licensed houses, workhouses, and jails, to the number of 591,* and it is a duty which we trust will not be longer delayed. There can be little doubt that the presence of these crime-tainted individuals is felt deeply by the innocent lunatics, and that their recovery is retarded by the indignation excited at their degrading companionship with the outcasts of society. The erection of a criminal asylum upon a large scale would both compel a better system of classification, and would necessitate some solution of the difficult question—What shall be done with criminal patients who have recovered? One class of cases at least, as Dr. Tyler Smith has pointed out, leaves no room for doubt. The females who have committed offences whilst under the influence of the delirium attendant upon puerperal fever, and who, having recovered, are past the age of child-bearing, should at once be released. They are no longer liable to a recurrence of mental aberration, and to keep them incarcerated for life is to treat past misfortune as an inextinguishable crime. Nothing can be more cruel, unjust, and motiveless.

It is proposed to remove Bethlehem Hospital into the country on the plea that ground cannot be obtained in sufficient quantity for the use of the inmates. If by this is meant that agricultural pursuits cannot be carried on in St. George's Fields, we rejoice

* Steps are being taken, we believe, to effect this necessary change; but unless Parliament puts its pressure upon the Home-Office, we shall expect to see the arrangement completed when the Nelson Column is finished, and not before.

in the fact. A sane man, accustomed to the busy scene of a large town, would be wretched if he was condemned to pass the remainder of his days amid the silence of the fields, and the lunatic remains for the most part under the same domination of former habits. The notion that his faculties are universally disordered, all his perceptions destroyed, all his tastes obliterated, and all his sympathies extinct, is one of the grossest errors which can prevail. Nor do the better class of patients (such as form the inmates of Bethlehem) require the hard exercise which is necessary for the maintenance of health with an agricultural pauper. They find far more recreation in strolling through the streets in the neighbourhood of the asylum, under the care of an attendant, than in wading through ploughed fields or in taking a turn at spade husbandry. To this we must add, that insanity is often a sudden seizure, that individuals go raving mad in the streets, that in short there are frightful casualties of the mind, as of the body, which require the instant attention of the mental physician. For this reason alone every lunatic asylum should no more be removed into the country than every ordinary Hospital. But apart from this circumstance, we repeat that Bethlehem, within call of friends and within the hum of the busy world, glimpses of which can be caught by the patients from the loop-holes of their retreat, and into which they are occasionally allowed to enter, is far better placed for purposes of cure than in any rural district, however well supplied with the means of pursuing agricultural labour. At present all the sights of the metropolis are from time to time enjoyed by the inmates. 'The male patients last year,' says Dr. Hood, the resident physician, 'who were not fit to be discharged were allowed to spend a day at Kew; another day they went by steamboat to the Nore; and, conducting themselves well under the charge of careful attendants, visited many public exhibitions—the National Gallery, the Crystal Palace, Marlborough House, the Zoological Gardens, Smithfield cattle-show, &c.' Who can doubt that people accustomed to such sights and sounds would infinitely prefer them to the delights of walking between hedge-rows, hoeing weeds or digging potatoes? Who can doubt that these little excursions of the wall-bound inmates into the cheerful life of the outside world are a vast advantage to the slowly recovering brain, and constitute just that desirable transitional training necessary to their safe restitution to unlimited freedom? In fact, under the old system, when convalescent patients, who had been confined for months in dungeon-like cells, bristling with bars, were taken to the gates and returned suddenly to unrestrained liberty, the effect of the contrast was often so great, that

that they set off running in a paroxysm of excitement, and were frequently brought back again in a few days, reduced by a too abrupt release to their old condition. It would not perhaps be undesirable to add to Bethlehem some small rural establishment, answering to the *succursales* of foreign lunatic asylums; but this should be strictly an appendage, to which patients should be sent for a short time, for change of air and scene, just as all the world now and then take a trip to the country to refresh the wearied eye with the sight of green trees and fields, and to cure that moral scurvy contracted by perpetually dwelling upon the dismal vistas of blackened bricks which constitute metropolitan prospects.

For the fullest development of the prevalent system of treating the insane we must go to Colney Hatch and Hanwell, the two great lunatic asylums for the county of Middlesex. The former, situated on the Great Northern Railway, only six miles from the metropolis, is the largest and perhaps the most imposing-looking non-metropolitan building of the kind in Europe. In this establishment, built within the last six years, we may study the merits and demerits of modern asylums. Containing within its walls a population, inclusive of officers and attendants, of 1380 persons, which is equal to that of our largest villages, and presenting the appearance of a town, its wards and passages amounting in the aggregate to the length of six miles, it is here that we shall find the completest system of organization, and, if we may use the term, of official routine. The enormous sum of money expended upon Colney Hatch, which has reached already to 270,000*l.*, prepares us for the almost palatial character of its elevation. Its façade, of nearly a third of a mile, is broken at intervals by Italian campaniles and cupolas, and the whole aspect of the exterior leads the visitor to expect an interior of commensurate pretensions. He no sooner crosses the threshold, however, than the scene changes. As he passes along the corridor, which runs from end to end of the building, he is oppressed with the gloom; the little light admitted by the loop-holed windows is absorbed by the inky asphalte paving, and, coupled with the low vaulting of the ceiling, gives a stifling feeling and a sense of detention as in a prison. The staircases scarcely equal those of a workhouse; plaster there is none, and a coat of paint, or white-wash, does not even conceal the rugged surface of the brick-work. In the wards a similar state of things exists: airy and spacious they are without doubt, but of human interest they possess nothing. Upwards of a quarter of a million has been squandered principally upon the exterior of this building; but not a sixpence can be spared to adorn the walls within with picture, bust, or even the commonest cottage decoration. This is the
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vice which pervades the majority of county asylums lately erected. The visiting justices doubtless believe that it would be a superfluous and even mischievous refinement to trouble themselves about pleasing the eye or amusing the brain of the lunatic; but this is a mighty error, as every person knows who understands how keenly sensitive are the minds of the majority of the insane.

‘Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage,’

sings the graceful Lovelace; but it should be remembered that the lunatic has no divine Althea to muse upon in his house of detention, and the majority of the insane have no healthy wings by which their minds can leap beyond the dreariness of the present. To divert them from the demon in possession, all the ingenuity of philanthropy should be employed; but this truth has been overlooked both here and at Hanwell, and we are lost in astonishment when we reflect upon the folly of lavishing hundreds of thousands upon outward ornamentation, whilst the decorations common among the poorest labourers are denied to the inmates for whom all this expense has been incurred. There is no more touching sight at Colney Hatch than to notice the manner in which the female lunatics have endeavoured to diversify the monotonous appearance of their cell-like sleeping-rooms with rag dolls, bits of shell, porcelain, or bright cloth placed symmetrically in the light of the window-sill. The love of ornament seems to dwell with them when all other mental power is lost, and they strew gay colours about them with no more sense, but with as much enjoyment, as the bower bird of the Zoological Gardens adorns his playing bower.* The prison dress of the male patients is in keeping with the desolate walls. It is infinitely depressing even to the visitor to see nothing but dull grey garments; and the lunatics themselves feel degraded by an uniform dedicated to the gaol-bird. The medical officers of both this asylum and Hanwell are deeply impressed with its injurious effects, and they have long denounced it. Happily the system is confined to the men, not, however, from any benevolent feeling towards the females, but

* The walls of one of the wards of Colney Hatch are decorated throughout with well-executed bas-relief pictures from Greek subjects by a patient. We are informed that the lunatics who are transferred here from the undecorated wards enter the apartment with expressions of delight, and are particularly careful to preserve the objects of their pleasure in good condition. In some metropolitan asylums the inmates have adorned their prison-house with pieces of sculpture and pictures; and the Germans are fond of indulging the love of colour by filling some of the windows with stained glass. In France abundance of flowers are placed about the establishment as being eminent sources of delight. In these particulars we have not a little to learn from our Continental brethren.

simply because gown-pieces of the same pattern cannot be procured in sufficient quantities to clothe the entire community. Among the sane, self-respect is increased by the possession of decent clothes, and the lunatic is often still more amenable to their influence. A refractory patient at Colney Hatch was in the habit of tearing his clothes into shreds. Mr. Tyerman, one of the medical officers, ordered him to be dressed in a brand new suit. The poor man, a tailor by trade, either from a professional appreciation of the value of his new habiliments, or from being touched by this mark of attention, respected their integrity, and from that moment rapidly recovered. Before leaving the asylum, he stated that he owed his cure to the good effect produced upon his mind by being entrusted with this new suit of clothes. At Hanwell the patients who destroy their dresses are put into strong canvas garments, bound round with leather and fastened with padlocks. This plan is adopted at some other lunatic asylums; but it always looks repulsive.

It is only, we believe, in the metropolitan county asylums, which should be model establishments, that the grey prison dress is retained. In the majority of county asylums the smock-frock of the district is used, and the patient moves about undistinguished from the rest of the population by any repulsive badge. In France and Belgium they manage better still. Dr. Webster, in his notes on foreign lunatic asylums, published in the 'Psychological Journal of Medicine,' speaks of the bright head-dresses and vivid shawls used in France as giving a cheerful appearance to the assembled inmates. Nothing less could be expected from the known disposition of a people of whom it has been said, that if any man among them was thrown naked into the sea, he would rise up clothed from head to foot with a sword, bagwig, and ruffles to boot. In the present matter they have been wiser in their generation than ourselves; and we can imagine with what surprise they would learn that at Hanwell, the most celebrated English establishment for the treatment of the insane, patients are rewarded for good conduct by allowing them to wear a fancy waistcoat. This fact of itself shows the aversion to the prison garb, and the necessity of discarding it. But the same visiting committee which inspects the county gaol governs the asylum, and we regret to say that they allow the organization of the former to be introduced into the latter.

In spite of these drawbacks the progress made within the last twenty years has been immense. A walk through the wards and workshops of Colney Hatch will prove that the lunatic is at last treated as though he had human sympathy and desires, and was capable of behaving in many respects like a rational being. All
large

large asylums possess an advantage over smaller ones in their greater ability to classify their inmates. The wards and corridors of Colney Hatch and Hanwell are so extensive that they may be likened to different streets inhabited by distinct classes. It is usual to name the compartments according to the mental condition of the patients contained in them. Thus in most asylums we have the refractory ward, the epileptic ward, the paralytic ward, the ward for dirty patients, and the convalescent ward. At Colney Hatch it is considered better to use numbers instead, as the patients soon become acquainted with the denomination of the class to which they belong, and often behave in conformity with it. Thus the lunatic, finding himself in a refractory ward, will sometimes act up to the part assigned to him when he would otherwise be peaceable. The vice of classification is that it separates the population of an asylum into so many mental castes, which in some measure prevents that easy transition from lunacy to sanity, which it is desirable to maintain. In the choice of difficulties, however, there can be little doubt that these divisions in lunatic establishments as at present constructed present the most convenient as well as the best means of treating the insane, and the errors to which it is liable can at all times be obviated by the careful supervision of the medical officers.

Nothing strikes the visitor with greater admiration than the care taken of the paralytic and imbecile patients which form so large a percentage of the inmates of the county asylums. In most cases the sleeping apartments of these poor creatures at Colney Hatch and Hanwell are padded round breast high, in order that they may not damage themselves against the walls whilst seized with convulsions in bed, and a pillow has been invented perfectly permeable to the air, on which they can lie with their faces downward during the paroxysm of a fit, without the risk of suffocation. In extreme cases even the floor is padded, lest the sufferer should unconsciously throw himself upon it. The bed-ridden paralytic reclines upon a water-bed, and is tended night and morning as sedulously as a helpless babe. The test of the care which prevails in an asylum is to be found in the condition of the persons who cannot help themselves. Where trouble begins negligence begins also in an ill-regulated establishment. Nowhere do the alleviations of humanity seem more required than with the idiots and paralytics. Of all the wards at Colney Hatch these are the most depressing. It is impossible to contemplate a room full of creatures moving about on their seats with a monotonous action like a company of apes, or when
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paralyzed

paralyzed in their lower limbs, to see them dragging themselves like seals along the floor by the aid of their arms, without being oppressed by the sense of the dreadful condition to which man can be reduced when the mind is ruined and the nerve-power diseased. It is only in these wards and the refractory that on ordinary occasions the stranger would discover that he was among the mentally afflicted. It is reported that a lady, after she had been shown over a large asylum by the celebrated Esquirol, inquired, 'But where are the mad people?' All the infinitely finely-shaded stages of lunacy which lie between mental health, wild fury, and chronic dementia are, in the popular idea, merged in the raving maniac. Yet it is rare for a casual visitor to witness scenes of violence in a lunatic asylum. Those who are mischievous are trained to concentrate their dislike upon the medical officers and attendants rather than upon their fellow-patients. The matron of Hanwell Asylum, in her Report for 1856, thus speaks of one of the criminal lunatics, who belongs to this refractory class:—

'She seldom interferes with any other patient, the officers and attendants being the special objects of her furious attempts, and her mode of attack is peculiar; there is not usually anything in her manner or appearance to indicate mischief, and she has perhaps previously spoken calmly to the person upon whom—having watched until she has turned her back; for as long as the face is towards her the individual is safe—she springs with the quickness and velocity of a tigress, fastening her hands in the hair, and bringing her victim to the ground in an instant. If not immediately rescued, the head of the unfortunate person is dashed repeatedly upon the floor; and it has been found impossible hitherto to detach the hand of this patient without a quantity of hair being torn by her from the head of the sufferer.'

The visiting magistrates are also highly obnoxious to the patients; and their passage through a ward generally leaves behind it a trail of excitement, which often generates outbreaks that do not subside for some hours. On the whole, however, it is remarkable how small an amount of violence is attempted by the insane. In Colney Hatch, with its 1250 patients, there are far fewer personal assaults in a year than would take place in any village containing half the number of inhabitants. Still precautions are always necessary; and the attendants, from long observation, are generally fore-warned, and consequently fore-armed. Special arrangements are made for those persons who have an unusual tendency to injure themselves or their companions. The suicidally inclined are always placed at night in dormitories with other patients, an arrangement

ment which effectually prevents any attempts at self-destruction ; while those who have a propensity to commit homicide are provided with separate cells. There is at the present moment a person at Colney Hatch who labours under the delusion that he can only recover his liberty by killing one of the keepers, and in accordance with this idea he has already made several attempts on their lives. A lamentable death took place at Hanwell the year before last, through the neglect on the part of an attendant to see a homicidal patient properly secured in his apartment for the night.

‘On the 12th of April, the patients of No. 7 ward (25 in number) having had their supper, were going to bed at a quarter before eight o’clock—all of them, being more or less refractory, have a single bedroom each. The attendant, in seeing them to bed, inadvertently locked up two (B. and W.) in one room ; he stated that, observing the day-clothing of all outside their doors, he supposed that the patients were in their rooms, and, therefore, did not take the precaution to look into them. The room No. 19 was the one usually occupied by W., a man of exceedingly clean habits, of a mild expression of countenance, but very violent, prone to strike suddenly and without provocation any person within reach of him ; so frequently had he done this, that he was not allowed to sit near other patients, even at meals, but took his food apart from them at a side-table. B., whose room was No. 10, directly opposite to No. 19, was occasionally violent, always dirty in his habits, and destructive of clothing. It is supposed that this man entered No. 19 room by mistake, and that his presence there excited the homicidal tendency of the other into action. What is known is, that the night-attendant, when he visited the ward at half-past ten o’clock, and went as usual to the room No. 10, found it unoccupied, and the patient’s clothes outside the door ; then hearing a noise in the room 19, he opened the door, and saw B. extended at full length on his back on the floor, naked and quite dead. W. came out of the room in his shirt immediately the door was opened, and, pointing to B., said, “That fellow will not allow me to sleep.” There was a mark round B.’s neck as if caused by a cord, which had produced strangulation, and a mark of a severe blow at the top of the nose, and of a bruise on the chest : the bed-clothes were in great disorder ; amongst them were found the shirt and flannel of B. ; one sleeve of the former was twisted like a rope, as if W. had strangled B. with it.’

The utmost precaution will not always insure safety ; for patients considered quite harmless will now and then commit the most horrible acts. A black man, a butcher, who had been many years in an American asylum, and had never shown any violence, one night secreted a knife, and induced another patient
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to enter his cell. When his companion had lain down, he cut his throat, divided him into joints, and arranged the pieces round his cell as he had been accustomed to arrange his meat in his shop. He then offered his horrible wares to his fellow-lunatics, carrying such parts as they desired to those who were chained. The keeper, hearing the uproar, examined the cells, and found one man missing; upon inquiring of the black butcher if he had seen him, he calmly replied, 'he had sold the last joint!' Even those who have apparently harmless delusions, will sometimes, if thwarted, commit unlooked-for atrocities. Not many years since an inquisition was held before Mr. Commissioner Winslow upon a young gentleman who would travel considerable distances to see a windmill, and sit watching it for days. His friends, to put an end to his absurd propensity, removed to a place where there were no mills. The youth, to counteract the design, murdered a child in a wood, mangling his limbs in a terrible manner, in the hope that he should be transferred, as a punishment, to a situation whence a mill could be seen.

Idleness is perhaps a greater curse to the majority of lunatics than to sane individuals. Occupation diverts the mind from its malady. Colney Hatch and Hanwell, from their populousness, and from the fact of their being filled principally by metropolitan lunatics, afford admirable examples of the new method of employing patients in the trades they have been accustomed to follow when in health. As the ranges of workshops at Colney Hatch are the most extensive, we will draw our description from that establishment. Of the male patients only 245, out of an average of 514 in the house during the year 1855, were employed in labour at all, the remainder consisting of violent maniacs, and those afflicted with paralysis, epilepsy, and idiotcy, none of whom are capable of undertaking any work. Sixty-five persons were allotted to the gardens, grounds, and farms, leaving 180 to be distributed in the workshops and various offices of the asylum. The tailoring department is the most extensive. Upon the occasion of our visit, there were at least a score of crossed-legged lunatics cutting out, and making up, grey dresses for the inmates, or repairing old clothing, their conduct being in no manner distinguishable from that of sane journeymen. The shoemakers numbered a dozen, every man handling his short knife. Those unaccustomed to lunatics will find it a nervous proceeding to thread their way among so many armed madmen, and will wish themselves well out of this apparently dangerous assembly. Yet in truth they are no more to be
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be feared than any similar number of lucid workmen, as the homicidally inclined are carefully excluded. The carpenters planed away merrily among their chips in an adjoining apartment, using now and then chisel, gouge, and saw, in perfect freedom. Many excitable patients have been placed in these shops without any bad result, and even those who are disposed to be mischievous when suspected, have become quiet when trusted with edge-tools of the most formidable description. The greater the confidence reposed in the majority of the insane, the more does it tend to insure good behaviour. Of the other artificers in different departments, we may mention painters, upholsterers, bakers, butchers, brewers, and coopers, whilst a still larger number are employed in the kitchen and dining-hall, or as helpers in the corridors and wards. The services of all these lunatic artisans and labourers were valued last year at 1059*l.* 3*s.*

As far as possible the men work at the trades they have previously followed, but there are many patients whose skilled labour cannot be utilized in this comparatively confined community; such, for instance, as rule-makers, jewellers, whale-bone-cutters, coach-painters, gold-beaters, buhl-cutters, wax-doll makers, and a score of other heterogeneous craftsmen, who are only to be found in a great metropolis. These persons engage in the employment most suited to them, and thus many of them leave the asylum skilled in two trades. Equally efficacious is the occupation on the farm, which contains seventy-six acres of pasture and arable land, principally dedicated to the rearing and maintenance of stock. On the 1st of January, 1856, there were 28 cows, 1 bull, 2 calves, 152 pigs, 40 sheep, 7 horses, &c. The tending of these animals, the culture of the fields and of the thirty-one acres of ornamental grounds, the milking the cows, the slaughtering of the meat, and the production of the butter, afford varied and healthy employment to the sixty-five agriculturalists. Some persons who never handled a spade before here set to work cheerfully and with a will, and a French polisher, a Wesleyan minister, a school teacher, or a law writer, may be seen digging away at a field of potatoes; or a ship-carpenter, saddler, cabinan, coalheaver, and organ-player, diligently engaged in filling a manure cart. They would, it is true, be better employed in occupations more in accordance with their previous habits, but these cannot be found for them, and labour of any kind is preferable to idleness. On the female side of the house industry is resorted to as a means of cure to a still larger extent. Of the 503 equal to labour, 270 work

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as needlewomen, 7 are employed in the kitchen, 72 wash, iron, and clearstarch in the laundry, 125 help in the wards, and 29 attend school, and are otherwise engaged. The total value of the female labour of the house is computed at 500*l.* per annum.

Colney Hatch is not so extensively embarked in industrial and agricultural pursuits as the North and East Riding Asylum, where the patients are received from a mixed manufacturing and agricultural population, and the produce of their fields and workshops is much greater than could be extracted from worn out metropolitan patients. Not only do the lunatics rear the vegetables, but they take them to the asylum gates and dispose of them to the public. The result affords a proof of what we hold to be a settled principle, that chronic cases of insanity are greatly benefited by as much intercourse as possible with the saner part of the community.

In accordance with the opinion that the pursuits of lunatics should be similar to their pursuits in former days, the south wing of Haslar Hospital is devoted to the officers, seamen, and marines of Her Majesty's fleet who are afflicted with insanity. Every window of the building commands a fine view of Spithead and the Isle of Wight, and here the old Salts can sit and watch the splendid panorama crowded with vessels, and active with that nautical life which recalls so many happy associations to their minds. They form fishing parties, make nets, and go on pleasure excursions in row and sailing craft. The 'madman's boat' of eight oars, manned by patients and steered by an attendant, is well known to the sailors on the Solent, and so harmless are they considered, that young ladies often accompany them on trips to the Isle of Wight, implicitly trusting in their seamanship and politeness.

Mental labour, as a means of cure, has not been adopted in England to any great extent; most asylums have their libraries, in which attentive readers are always to be found, but the inmates rarely attempt to produce amusement or instruction for their fellows. There is one signal exception to this rule in Murray's Royal Asylum at Perth. This establishment, under the superintendence of Dr. Lauder Lindsay, appears to be the very focus of intellectual activity. The programme for the winter session of 1856-7 reads more like the prospectus of the Athenæum of some large city than the bill of fare for a lunatic asylum. Famous professors reflect in its lecture-room the philosophy and science of the outer world, and their choice of subjects would not be disavowed by the committee of a London Scientific Institution.

Lecturer.

<i>Lecturer.</i>	<i>Subject.</i>
1. PROFESSOR BLACKIE, University of Edinburgh.	Beauty.
2. HUGH BARCLAY, Esq., LL.D., Sheriff-Substitute of Perthshire.	Authenticity of Ossian's Poems.
3. THOMAS MILLER, Esq., LL.D. Rector of Perth Academy.	Chemical Affinity.
4. GEORGE LAWSON, Esq., Demonstrator of Botanical Histology, University of Edinburgh.	Vital Phenomena of Vegetation.
5. REV. DR. CROMBIE, of Seone, late Moderator of General Assembly.	Winter : its lessons and associations.
6. REV. JOHN ANDERSON, Kinnoull.	Sketches from the History of Ancient Nations.
7. REV. WM. MURDOCH, Kinnoull.	Education : its aims and uses.
8. DR. BROWNE, Crichton Royal Institution, Dumfries.	The Genesis of Thought.
9. DR. FAIRLESS, Crieff.	Electricity : its phenomena and applications.
10. DR. STIRLING, Perth.	Natural History of Man.
11. ALEX. CROALL, Esq., Montrose.	Natural History of Zoophytes.
12. THOMAS R. MARSHALL, Esq., Edinburgh.	Art—in its applications to common life.

These scientific and philosophic expositions are attended by all the better class patients. The paupers have a separate set of lectures and classes, the major part of which are delivered and conducted by the inmates themselves. Galvanism, The Blood, Time, Economic Botany, are among the subjects which the deranged brains of the Perth asylum were contented last winter to hear elucidated. The activity of the place does not stop here : chamber concerts, in which the patients perform ; grand concerts, in which artists from without supply the leading stars ; and theatrical performances, in which the different characters are all taken by 'resident actors,' are among the resources which were employed to amuse and interest the inmates during the winter months just past. A pit full of lunatics watching 'Box and Cox' played by their fellows, is a curious subject for contemplation. Not content with these efforts, they seem to think that they are nothing unless critical, and accordingly they have set up a journal, in which they review their own performances. The first number of 'Excelsior' is now before us, in which we find poetry, news, and criticisms on music, and contemporary literature ; and he who reads with the idea of finding anything odd in this production, will most certainly be mistaken, for no one could divine that there was a 'bee in the bonnet' of printer, publisher, and every contributor. Balls and conversaziones form the staple of the lighter recreations of this singular community, whilst the more athletic games of running, leaping, hurdle-racing, Highland dancing, putting the stone, footing the bar, and lifting dead weights, are pursued

pursued with such success, that the lunatics boast with pride that they have beaten some of the prize-holders of the outer world.

It might be supposed that intellectual striving was not the medicine to offer to a diseased brain; but we are informed by Dr. Lindsay that in the vast majority of cases the best results flow from this method of treatment, and that a large percentage of cures is obtained. Such patients as would be injured by stimulating their faculties, are debarred by the physician from their undue exercise, and others must be too far gone, or be too uninformed to be capable of the pursuit. The surprise that lunatics should be susceptible of healthy mental exertion arises from the common forgetfulness that many understandings are slightly affected, or are only deranged upon particular points. When Nat Lee was in Bedlam, he said that it was very difficult to write like a madman, and very easy to write like a fool. The works of the fools are more voluminous than the works of the madmen, because there are more fools than lunatics; but those who are completely mad are so far from experiencing a difficulty in writing in their own character that they cannot write in any other. As many, however, who are not altogether right in their minds are no more exclusively insane than people who are not absolutely wise are entirely foolish, it is easy to see that they may still be equal to much profitable mental exertion. In these days poor Christopher Smart would not be deprived of his pen and ink, and compelled to indent his long poem on 'David' with a key on the panels of his cell; nor perhaps would the following epigram, which a woman in Bedlam wrote on Martin Madan's argument in favour of polygamy, be handed about as a phenomenon to be wondered at:—

'If John marry Mary, and Mary alone,
It is a good match between Mary and John :
But if John marry more wives, what blows and what scratches !
'Tis no longer a match, but a bundle of matches.'

In France, and we believe in some other continental countries, it is the habit to employ lunatic labour in the private farms surrounding the asylum. This plan was in the olden time pursued in England; but it appears to have gone out with the ancient system of coercion. When radical revolutions are accomplished, good ideas sometimes perish with the bad; and we cannot help thinking that the abandonment of this method of exercising lunatics was an error, and that a return to the old practice, under proper regulations, would be of advantage both to employer and employed. Never must we lose sight of the wisdom of freeing the patient as much as practicable from the companionship of his fellows,

fellows, and of placing him, to the utmost of our power, in the same free condition which he enjoyed in his days of sanity.

At Colney Hatch, as at Hanwell, and indeed all other public asylums, the sexes occupy separate portions of the building, and are only allowed to be present together on particular occasions. This unnatural arrangement undoubtedly arose from the introduction into asylums of prison and workhouse systems of management; for certainly nothing can tend to render the life of the patient more dreary than to find himself carefully excluded from the company of the other half of creation. It is stated by the advocates of separation that the mingling of the sexes among the insane would be productive of occasional misbehaviour; but nothing could be more unjust than to deprive the majority of the benefits which would arise from frequent social reunion, in consequence of the erotic tendencies of the few. It is with pleasure therefore we see the attempts which are being made to assimilate the intercourse of lunatics to that of the sane at Hanwell, Colney Hatch, and other asylums. The most interesting feature of the former establishment is the ball which takes place every Monday night. Shortly after six o'clock the handsome assembly-room, brilliantly lit with gas, becomes the central point of attraction to all the inmates, male and female, who are considered well enough to indulge their inclinations for festivity. On the occasion of our visit there were about 200 patients present, together with a few visitors and many of the attendants. In a raised orchestra five musicians, three of whom were lunatics, soon struck up a merry polka, and immediately the room was alive with dancers. In the progress of this amusement we could see nothing grotesque or odd. Had the men been differently dressed, it would have been impossible to have guessed that we were in the midst of a company of lunatics, the mere sweepings of the parish workhouses; but the prison uniform of sad-coloured grey presented a disadvantageous contrast to the gayer and more varied costumes at Bethlehem, and appeared like a jarring note amid the general harmony of the scene. In the corners of the room whist-players, consisting generally of the older inmates, were seen intent upon their game; not a word was uttered aloud, not a gesture took place that would have discredited any similar sane assembly; yet not a patient was free from some strange hallucination, or some morbid impulse. Among the merriest dancers in Sir Roger de Coverley, was a man who believed himself to be our Saviour, and who wore in his hair a spike in imitation of the crown of thorns; and one of the keenest whist-players was an old lady, who, whilst her partner was dealing, privately assured us she had been dead these three years, and desired as a favour that we would use our
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influence with the surgeon to persuade him to cut off her head. In the midst of such strange delusions, it was curious to notice how rationally those who were their dupes enjoy themselves; and it is impossible to deny that such reunions are eminently calculated to hinder the mind from morbidly dwelling upon its own unhealthy creations. It is found that the too prolonged and frequent repetition of the balls somewhat diminishes their interest—an evil provided against at Hanwell by restricting the time allotted to them. At nine precisely, although in the midst of a dance, a shrill note is blown, and the entire assembly, like so many Cinderellas, breaks up at once and the company hurry off to their dormitories. These hebdomadal balls have not yet been introduced at Colney Hatch. A movement has, however, been made during the last six months towards a limited association between the sexes by allowing them to dine together. Of the 500 patients who assemble in the ample dining-hall, 200 are females and 300 males. The scene when the women first made their appearance is described as something remarkable; the men rose in a body apparently delighted beyond measure, and the presence of the softer sex has not only tended to break the former monotony, but to keep the assembly in order and good humour. Before this happy meeting there were occasional outbreaks of some of the more excited patients; but now, when any of the men are inclined to be fractious or discontented, the women turn them into joke, and they are silenced immediately. As yet the two sexes are not allowed to sit at the same table, but are located on opposite sides of the room. By far the better plan would be to seat them on different sides of the long tables; but as many persons in authority, wanting confidence in human nature, object to this natural arrangement, the innovators must be satisfied for the moment with the present imperfect concession. When it was first proposed to introduce a billiard-table at Bethlehem, the scheme was rejected by a majority of two-thirds of the governors, on the score that the players would fight each other with the cues and balls, and bagatelle, as a kind of half measure, was permitted instead. As the patients confined the balls to their legitimate purpose, and the mace was not turned into an offensive weapon, the billiard-table was at last with reluctance established. The same thing will, doubtless, happen with respect to the dining arrangements at Colney Hatch; and before long we trust male and female lunatics will exchange courtesies across the table, instead of across the room.

In the chapels of nearly all the larger lunatic asylums the quieter inmates are accustomed to meet at the daily morning and evening service. In the spacious chapel of Hanwell and Colney Hatch, the

the attendance on week-days, as well as on the Sabbath, is far better than can be found among the same number of people out of doors, 250 on the average attending on week-days, and 500 on Sundays. We do not suppose that the lunatic is more religious than the sane, but the *ennui* which, to a certain extent, still attaches to the asylum, renders any form of reunion agreeable, and as the going to chapel is 'something to do,' numbers of the inmates obey the summons who might stay at home if they were at large. The conduct nevertheless of this congregation is most exemplary. 'The heartiness,' says the chaplain, in his report for 1856, 'with which they join in the responses and the psalmody is very encouraging, while their quiet, orderly conduct—the prayer offered up by many on entering chapel—the regularity with which they all kneel or sit, according to the order of the service—would, I think, if generally witnessed, put to the blush many of our parochial congregations.' Now and then an epileptic patient will disturb the chapel by his heavy fall; but as those who are thus afflicted are located near the doors, the interruption is but momentary. The chaplain of Colney Hatch has trained twelve male and female patients to practise church music and psalmody. The choral service is well performed, and, in conjunction with the organ, has a visible effect in soothing the wilder patients, and in pleasing all. The sacrament is not denied to those who are fit to receive it, and no more touching scene can be witnessed than that which is presented in the chapel, when a score of communicants, disordered though their minds sometimes be, humbly kneel, and

'Drain the chalice of the grapes of God.'

The out-of-door games of the insane are very much regulated by the extent of ground attached to the asylum. Where this is ample, as at Colney Hatch, cricket is the favourite summer recreation; a skittle-alley, a bowling-green, and a fives-court, are found in most county asylums. In America, where women adopt more masculine habits than in England, female lunatics play matches on the bowling-green; and in France gymnastic exercises are employed for the exercise of both sexes, and may, we think, be introduced into the English asylums with advantage. The idiotic patients and those who are incapable of much exertion may be seen in the airing courts enjoying the monotonous swinging motion of the machine known in domestic life under the name of 'the nursery yacht,' being nothing more than a rocking-horse with the horse left out by particular desire. In addition to these means of diverting the minds of the patients, walking parties, under the superintendence of officers of the establishment, are made

made up two or three times a-week. During the haymaking season it is customary to allow the inmates of asylums to which farms are attached to go forth into the fields to assist with the rake and the pitchfork. This permission is always looked upon as a great treat, and its effect upon the patients is of the happiest kind, especially if the scene of their temporary labour admits no sight of the asylum and its wearisome walls. Here for a few hours they seem to realize the liberty and delight of younger days. The physician on such occasions may read in their 'grateful eyes' that we are at present arrived only half-way on the road of non-restraint. Individual patients, again, are suffered to leave the public asylums on a day's visit to their friends, under the care of a nurse; and some who are nearly convalescent are permitted to go and return of their own accord. It is the custom of Colney Hatch and Hanwell, and we believe of most asylums in England, to grant the patients a certain period of probation among their friends, in order to test their fitness to be discharged as cured; to give them, in short, mental tickets-of-leave. This is an admirable plan, inasmuch as it secures to the patient the full enjoyment of liberty, at the same time that it enables him to keep himself well in hand, knowing that, as he is not unconditionally released, an immediate recall to the asylum would follow any sign of returning irrationality.

The dietary in public asylums is ample, and the quality excellent. Hanwell may, perhaps, be considered the model establishment in this respect. It is the joke of the other asylums, that one man has been regaled there daily for years with chicken and wine. Even the fancies of the patients are now and then gratified at some expense. There is an old lady in Hanwell, who believes that the whole establishment is her private property; and, on one occasion, she complained to the medical superintendent that, notwithstanding all the expense she was at to keep up the grounds and forcing-houses, she never could get any grapes. The next day she was presented with a bunch, which had been purchased to appease her repinings. This humouring method of treatment, as it is called in other asylums, is much patronised by the matron, a person who seems to enjoy as much power as the medical officers. In her report for 1856 she thus speaks of a patient who died in the course of last year:—

'She had been employed many years in the laundry, and always imagined she was to be removed elsewhere—that on Monday morning a waggon would call at the gate for herself and her property. Accordingly every Monday morning throughout the year, at 10 o'clock, she was accompanied to the gate, dressed with a coloured handkerchief pinned fancifully over her cap instead of a bonnet, and carrying a small

small parcel (*her property*) of most heterogeneous contents—thimbles, ends of tape, polished bones, pebbles, pieces of smooth coal, &c. The waggon was never found to be waiting, and Mary, without evincing any disappointment, walked cheerfully back to the laundry, telling the superintendent that “The waggon would be sure to come next Monday, but that she need not lose time, so she would work all this week.”

In many asylums this method of treatment is thought calculated to feed the original delusion; but here, again, the judgment of the physician ought alone to determine the course to be taken in each individual case. In patients labouring under violent excitement, to oppose an hallucination, however absurd, would add fuel to the fire. Again, in a chronic case like that of the laundry-maid, the harmless fancy of the poor creature might not only be indulged with impunity, but served to renew week by week her stock of cheerfulness.

The lunatic colony of Gheel, situated twelve miles south of Turnhout in Belgium, amid a vast uncultivated plateau consisting of heath and sand, called the Campine, affords an extraordinary example of the pre-eminent advantages of the present mode of managing lunatics. Until the era of railroads this spot was so out of the ordinary track of the world, that but few persons even of those who were interested in the treatment of the insane were aware of its existence. Here we discover, like a fly in amber, a state of things which has lasted with little change for twelve hundred years. Here we see the last remnants of the priestly treatment of insanity, coupled with a system of non-restraint which certainly existed long before the term was ever heard of in England and France. Gheel owes its origin to a miracle. Saint Dymphna, the daughter of an Irish king, suffered martyrdom in this place from the hand of her father in the sixth century. So great was her fame as the patron-saint of lunatics, that her shrine, erected in the church dedicated to her, speedily became the resort of pilgrims, who journeyed hither in the hope of being cured of their madness or of preventing its advent. Her elegantly sculptured tomb contains among other bassi-relievi one in which the devil is observed issuing from the head of a female lunatic, while prayers are being offered up by some priests and nuns, and close at hand another chained maniac seems anxiously awaiting his turn to be delivered from the demon. The idea, carefully inculcated by the priests, that lunacy meant nothing more than a possession by the devil, has long been banished from other lands. Here, however, it has flourished for many centuries, and the ceremony of crawling beneath the tomb has existed so long, that the hands and knees of devotees have worn away the pavement. The act is still occasionally performed
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amid a scene in which superstition and terror are combined in a manner calculated to cure any lunatic if deep mental impressions were alone required to purge away his malady. But what is far more interesting and astonishing to those accustomed to the bolts and bars, the locks, wards, and high walls of crowded European asylums, is the almost entire liberty accorded to the lunatics resident in the town of Gheel and its neighbouring hamlets, to the number of 800, or one-tenth of the whole district. No palatial building, such as we encounter in nearly every county in England, is to be seen. The little army of pauper and other patients gathered from the whole superficies of Belgium, instead of being stowed away in one gigantic establishment, in which all ideas of life are merged in the iron routine of an enormous work-house, are distributed over five hundred different dwellings, three hundred of which are cottages, or small farm-houses, in which the more violent and poorer classes are dispersed, and the remaining two hundred are situated in the town of Gheel, and are appropriated to quieter lunatics and those who are able to pay more liberally for their treatment. In these habitations the sufferers are placed under the care of the host and hostess, more than three patients never being domiciled under one roof, and generally not more than one. The lunatic shares in the usual life of the family; his occupations and employment are theirs, his little cares and enjoyments are the same as theirs. He goes forth to the fields to labour as in ordinary life; no stern walls perpetually imprison him and make him desire to overleap them, as Rasselas desired to escape even from the Happy Valley. If it is not thought fit for him to labour with plough or spade, he remains at home, and takes care of the children, prunes the trees in the garden, and attends to the potage on the fire; or if a female, busies herself in the ordinary domestic duties of the house. The lunatics, as may be supposed, are not left to the discretionary mercies of the host and hostess. A strict system of supervision prevails, somewhat analogous to that of the Lunacy Commissioners and the Visiting Justices of England. The entire country is divided into four districts, each having a head guardian and a physician, to whom is entrusted the medical care of every inmate belonging to that section. There are in addition one consulting surgeon and one inspecting physician for the whole community. The general government of the colony is vested in the hands of eight persons, who dispense a code of laws especially devised for it. The Burgomaster of Gheel presides over this managing committee, whose duties are to distribute the patients among the different dwellings, to watch over their treatment, and to admit or discharge them. A Visiting Commissioner

Commissioner is annually appointed, who inspects the dwellings of the different hosts, and sees that the patients are properly cared for. The oversight of the lunatics falls almost wholly upon the hostess, the man rarely interfering, unless called upon to control a disorderly patient. The people of Gheel, from having been engaged for ages in the treatment of the insane, are said to have acquired extraordinary tact in their management, which, Dr. Webster remarks, may be considered to exhibit a most judicious mixture of 'mildness and force.' Although instruments of restraint, such as the strait-waistcoat and the long leather thong below the leg, to prevent patients from running away, are occasionally resorted to, the sectional physician must be instantly informed of their imposition, and their use cannot be continued without his sanction. So little are they required, that Dr. Webster found less restraint in this colony, unconfined by walls, than in the asylum at Mareville in France, containing a similar number of lunatics. Yet there were fewer escapes than from the strictly-guarded restraint-abounding prison, only eleven persons having fled from Gheel in the course of last year, and nineteen from Mareville. Here also, it will be observed, there is no separation of the sexes. The lunatics live the life of the other inhabitants, and males and females associate in the same household. If we compare the effects of this simple treatment with that of the most expensive of our own asylums, we are compelled to admit that the balance is in favour of Gheel, where, notwithstanding the free admission of chronic cases, upwards of twenty-two per cent. of cures take place annually, while at Hanwell and Colney Hatch the cures never exceed fifteen per cent. No fair comparison can be instituted between the expense per head at Gheel and in our English establishments; inasmuch as living is much cheaper in Belgium; but we may state, that the average cost of board and lodging for each pauper in the colony is ten pounds per annum, or exactly the sum charged for lodging alone in our county asylums.*

* These particulars respecting the pauper lunatic colony of Gheel are taken from an article by Dr. Webster in the 'Psychological Journal of Medicine.' This Review, which originated with and from the first has been under the able editorship of Dr. Forbes Winslow, has given an immense impulse to the study of psychology. It has enlarged the views of the physician of the insane, and by extending his horizon has given him a far better knowledge of the special department to which he formerly confined his studies. It is as impossible to understand the workings of a morbid mind without possessing a knowledge of its ordinary action as it is to interpret the sounds of a diseased lung without being first acquainted with those of a healthy one. The great service which Dr. Forbes Winslow has rendered by unravelling the phenomena of mind in its normal as well as in its disturbed state, entitles him to a very high meed of praise, and has deservedly ranked him among the first psychologists of the present day.

A plan, towards which we have been slowly advancing during the last half-century, will speedily we hope be more closely followed. A trial is already to some extent being made of it in the neighbourhood of existing asylums, and might supplant, with immense advantage, the prevailing custom of building new wings and over-populating old wards. The present system of enormous buildings which destroys the individuality of the inmates, and suppresses all their old habits and modes of life, is evidently disapproved by the Commissioners, as appears from the language they hold in their Tenth Annual Report:—

‘We have the best reason for believing that the patients derive a direct benefit, in many ways, from residing in cheerful, airy apartments detached from the main building, and associated with officials engaged in conducting industrial pursuits. A consciousness that he is useful, and thought worthy of confidence, is necessarily induced in the mind of every patient, by removal from the ordinary wards where certain restrictions are enforced, into a department where he enjoys a comparative degree of freedom; and this necessarily promotes self-respect and self-control, and proves highly salutary in forwarding the patient’s restoration. As a means of treatment, we consider this species of separate residence of the utmost importance, constituting in fact a probationary system for patients who are convalescing; giving them greater liberty of action, extended exercise, with facilities for occupation; and thus generating self-confidence, and becoming not only excellent tests of the sanity of the patient, but operating powerfully to promote a satisfactory cure. The want of such an intermediate place of residence is always much felt; and it often happens, that a patient just recovered from an attack of insanity, and sent into the world direct from a large asylum, is found so unprepared to meet the trials he has to undergo, by any previous use of his mental faculties, that he soon relapses, and is under the necessity of being again returned within its walls. Commodious rooms contiguous to the farm-buildings are now in the course of construction at the Somerset County Asylum; and there is every reason to believe that the patients will derive benefit by residing in these apartments, which at once possess a domestic character, and afford every facility to carry on agricultural pursuits.’

It strikes us forcibly that the Commissioners have tended to create the evil they deprecate in not protesting against the erection of gigantic asylums; but it is cheering to find that the idea of supplemental buildings possessing a ‘domestic character’ has taken possession of their minds, and that they are now enforcing it on the minds of others with their well-known zeal and ability. The Devon Asylum, among others, has adopted the plan; and its accomplished physician, Dr. Bucknill, the editor of the ‘Asylum Journal,’ bears important testimony to the great advantages to be derived from it.

‘I have

'I have recommended the erection of an inexpensive building, detached from, but within the grounds of the present asylum, in preference to an extension of the asylum itself. My reasons for this recommendation are, that such a building will afford an useful and important change for patients for whom a change from the wards is desirable. The system of placing patients in detached buildings, resembling in their construction and arrangements an ordinary English house, has been found to afford beneficial results in the so-called cottages which this institution at present possesses. *These cottages are much preferred to the wards by the patients themselves, and permission to reside in them is much coveted.* I am also convinced that such auxiliary buildings can be erected at much less expense than would be incurred by the enlargement and alteration of the asylum itself. I propose that in the new building the patients shall cook and wash for themselves.'

'These cottages are much preferred to the wards by the patients themselves, and permission to reside in them is much coveted.' In these few lines we read the condemnation of huge structures like Colney Hatch, built externally on the model of a palace, and internally on that of a workhouse, in which the poor lunatic but rarely finds any object of human interest, where his free will is reduced to the level of that of the convict, and the very air of heaven necessary to his health is doled out at intervals, when, with infinite lockings and unlockings, the attendants order a batch of persons into the stagnant and tiresome airing courts. Infinitely better for the lunatics would be the freedom and homeliness of the smallest cottage to the formal monotony of cheerless wards; better far that they should, as Dr. Bucknill suggests, cook and wash for themselves, than that these offices should be performed wholesale in the steam laundry and the steam kitchen. A patient would undoubtedly feel a far greater interest in peeling his own potatoes for the pot, and in cooking his own bit of bacon, than in receiving them ready cooked. It is the duty of the physician to interest the patient in his daily work, and no more effectual method of accomplishing this could be suggested than in putting him to work for himself.

Wherever large asylums are already erected, no better plan could perhaps be suggested than the building of satellite cottages, which would form a kind of supplementary Gheel to the central establishment; but we should like to see the experiment tried, in some new district, of reproducing in its integrity the Belgian system. The colony of Gheel was once a desert like the country which surrounds it; it is now, through the happy application of pauper lunatic labour, one of the most productive districts of the Low Countries. Have we no unoccupied Dartmoors on which we could erect cottages, and train the cottagers to receive the

the insane as members of the family? The performance of domestic offices, the society of the goodwife and goodman, and the influence of the children, would do far more to restore the disordered brain of the lunatic,—pauper or otherwise—than all the organization of the asylum, with its daily routine, proceeding with the inexorable monotonous motion of a machine, and treating its inmates rather as senseless atoms than as sentient beings, capable, though mad, of taking an interest in things around them, and especially awake to the pleasure of being dealt with as individuals rather than as undistinguishable parts of a crowd. The children are of particular moment. Lunatics are singularly gentle to them, and are interested in all their actions. At Gheel it is customary to send the bairns into the fields to conduct the patients home from their labour in the evening; and we learn from Dr. Webster that a violent madman, who will not stir upon the command of his host, will suffer himself to be led, without a murmur, by an urchin scarcely higher than his knee. The presence of the young in the ward of an asylum seems to light it up like a sunbeam. The love of children does indeed lie at the very foundation of the human heart, and we cannot estimate too highly their beneficial influence upon the brain which is recovering from the horrors of insanity.

One of the most important points in reference to insane paupers, as we have already intimated, is the bringing them as speedily as possible under treatment. The reluctance of the lunatic himself to be removed is usually extreme, and it is marvellous what ingenuity he will often employ to thwart the design. Southey relates that a madman who was being conveyed from Rye to Bedlam slept in the Borough. He suspected whither he was going, and, having contrived by rising early to elude his attendant, he went to Bedlam, and told the keepers that he was about to bring them a patient. ‘But,’ said he, ‘in order to lead him willingly, he has been persuaded that I am mad, and accordingly I shall come as the madman. He will be very outrageous when you seize him, but you must clap on a strait-waistcoat.’ The device completely succeeded. The lunatic returned home, the sane man was shut up, and until he was exchanged at the end of four days, remained in his strait-waistcoat, having doubtless exhibited a violence which amply justified its use. The aversion of the sufferer himself to be taken away coincides with an equal aversion on the part of his relatives and friends to send him from home, nor do they take the step till the madness grows intolerable. Precious time is thus lost at the outset, and when the removal occurs it is mostly to the workhouse. Here the patient is usually kept during the remainder of the curable stage

stage of his malady. The parochial authorities are generally guided by an immediate consideration for the pockets of the rate-payers, rather than by any care for the welfare of the lunatic; and, as they can maintain him in the 'house' at three shillings a-week—when they would have to pay nine if they transferred him to the county asylum—in the workhouse he remains until he becomes so dirty or troublesome in his habits that the guardians are willing to pay the difference to get rid of him. The first few months of the disease, within the narrow limits of which full 60 per cent. of the recoveries take place, are thus allowed to run to waste. Months fly by, and the victim subsides into the class of incurables. This produces a second evil. As the drafts of incurables are perpetually flowing into the asylums, they become 'blocked up' in the course of a few years, and are converted into houses for the detention of hopeless cases. To this condition three-fourths of the asylums are already reduced, and the efforts of philanthropic medicine are brought to a dead lock by the short-sightedness of the parish authorities, who do not consider that for the sake of saving a few shillings in the board of Betty Smith in the first weeks of her craziness, they are converting her into a chronic burthen, seeing that she will probably live on to a good old age in the asylum, and cause them an ultimate expenditure of hundreds of pounds. To the swifter removal after the outbreak of the disorder we must look for a permanent remedy; but in the mean time something must be done to disembarass the public asylums of the dead-weight of hopeless cases, if we seriously intend to take advantage of the curative appliances we already possess. The Commissioners seem inclined to favour the erection of separate Asylums for those who are beyond the reach of medical art. To us it seems that the more economical plan would be to apportion certain wards in the various workhouses for the reception of chronic cases, and to draft off the idiots alone to special establishments. By this means our water-logged asylums would speedily right themselves, and again become what they should never have ceased to be—hospitals for the *cure* of the insane. At present we encourage an elaborate system for the manufacture of life-long lunatics. It is well known that the cures of early cases of insanity throughout England amount to 45 per cent., and at Bethlehem and St. Luke's, where no others are received, the cures have amounted to 62 per cent. and 72 per cent. respectively; whereas at Colney Hatch, Hanwell, and the Surrey County Asylum, the three great receptacles for the sweepings of the metropolitan workhouses, the average cures do not exceed 15 per cent. If we take the lowest averages of

of cures, there is still a difference of 30 per cent. of human creatures who sink down into the cheerless night of chronic dementia and idiotcy, or who dream away the remainder of their lives in hopeless childishness. Another ground of complaint is that a degree of clerk's work is imposed upon the medical superintendents of large asylums which is quite inconsistent with a proper discharge of their chief duty—the recovery of their patients. Irrespective of the routine-labour of making daily and quarterly and yearly reports, which is very considerable, they have far more to do in their strictly professional capacity than they can possibly accomplish. The three great asylums near the metropolis contain upwards of 3000 patients, or the population of a good-sized country town; and their moral and physical training is confided to exactly six medical men, or as many as will be found in an hospital of a hundred beds! It is needless to observe how little attention can be paid to each individual, and that the more promising patients must be inevitably swamped in the sea of hopeless lunatics. As long as our asylums remain mere houses of detention, the want of medical superintendence is not so apparent; but immediately these establishments are restored to their proper functions, we predict that the evil will become too glaring to last.

In many boroughs the authorities have entirely evaded the requirements of the Act of Parliament relative to their insane pauper poor, and have not only neglected to erect proper asylums, but have resisted for years the attempts of the Commissioners to compel them to do their duty. In all such cases the lunatics not only suffer the ill consequence upon insufficient care, but when too numerous for home accommodation are subjected to a system of *transportation*, which is not only disgraceful to the municipal authorities themselves, but to the age for permitting it. True to their economical instincts, the guardians of the poor often 'farm out' their insane paupers to the proprietor of some private asylum, quite regardless of distance. The Commissioners, justly indignant at this sordid practice, state in their last Report that—

'At present, large numbers of these patients are sent to licensed houses far from their homes, to distances (sometimes exceeding, and often scarcely less than, 100 miles) which their relations and friends are unable to travel. The savings of the labouring poor are quite insufficient, in most cases, to defray the expense of such journeys, and their time (constituting their means of existence) cannot be spared for that purpose. The consequence has been, that the poor borough lunatic has been left too often to pass a considerable portion of his life, and in some cases to die, far from his home, and without any of his nearest

nearest connexions having been able to comfort him by their occasional presence. The visits of his parish officers are necessarily cursory and infrequent, and he is, in fact, cast upon the humanity of strangers, whose prosperity depends upon the profits which they derive from maintaining him and others of his class.'

This is a system which we are confident is as illegal as it is heartless, and we are astonished that bodies of Englishmen should dare to insult the miseries of lunatics by thus punishing them and their friends for their affliction. There are now 25 insane paupers at Camberwell House, London, who have been sent from Southampton, a distance of 80 miles, though the Hants County Asylum is situated within 16 miles of the borough. Seventeen persons are in like manner banished from Great Yarmouth to Highbridge House, near London, and their relations, who must travel 146 miles to see them, pass, in the course of their journey, the Norfolk and Essex County Asylums, both of which establishments have many vacancies and would willingly receive them. The pauper lunatics of Ipswich, King's Lynn, Dover, Canterbury, Portsmouth, and various other boroughs, are in the same way transferred by the local authorities to some of the metropolitan licensed houses.

The feelings of the poor for their afflicted relatives are often of the deepest kind, and the utmost distress is entailed upon them by these cruel separations from those they love. In one case, a native of Ipswich, too poor to go by the railway, walked to London and back on foot, a distance of 140 miles, for the sole purpose of visiting his wife, who had been wickedly banished to Peckham House, London. In other cases parents have pleaded so piteously to be conveyed to their children, that the Commissioners have suggested that the expenses should be paid out of the parish funds, but the authorities who had contrived the original proceeding in order to save two or three shillings a head, could not of course be induced to furnish money for so sentimental a purpose. The Commissioners have resolutely refused their sanction to such disgraceful transactions whenever they have come within their knowledge and jurisdiction—one instance out of many which proves that, however much the borough authorities may denounce them as a centralised power, they have done excellent service in checking local ignorance, selfishness, and inhumanity.

If we now turn to consider the condition of private asylums, we shall find much in them to praise as well as to condemn. When men of reputation, acknowledged skill, and character—such as Dr. Conolly, of Hanwell; Dr. Forbes Winslow, of Hammersmith; Drs. Sutherland, of Fulham, and Munro, of Clapton; Dr. Hitch,
of

of Cheltenham; Dr. Noble, of Manchester; Dr. Newington, of Ticehurst; and Dr. Fox, of Bristol,—have the management of private asylums, the public need be under no apprehension of patients being improperly received, illegally detained, or cruelly and unscientifically treated. The licensed houses in the metropolitan district directly under the control of the Lunacy Commissioners, amounting to 41 in number, represent, without doubt, the fairest specimens of these establishments. Liable as they are at any moment to the inspection of the Commissioners, and presided over as many of them are by the most eminent members of the profession, they are generally maintained in a high state of efficiency. They are principally devoted to the care of the higher classes of the community, and afford perhaps the nearest approach yet made to a perfect method of treatment, being conducted in most cases on the principle of a private family. The bolts, bars, high walls, and dismal airing-courts of the public asylum are either unknown, or so hidden as no longer to irritate the susceptible mind of the lunatic. The unwise division of the sexes is rarely adopted. Scrupulous attention to dress and all the forms of polite society are enjoined alike for their own sake, and as a method of interesting the patients in the daily life of the community. When we partook of the hospitalities of one of these establishments, we could detect nothing in the countenances or the appearance of the guests which was characteristic of their condition—the restless eye, the incoherent conversation, the sudden movement of the peculiarly formed head, which our preconceived notions led us to expect, were none of them observable. One individual indeed there was whom we mentally concluded to be certainly mad. Yet, singular to say, this gentleman was the only sane individual in the room besides ourselves and the medical superintendent, and on further acquaintance, having told our ill-placed suspicions, he frankly confessed that he had in his own mind paid ourselves a similar compliment. The eager glance of curiosity natural to inquisitive strangers, was the nearest approach in this lunatic party to the outward appearance of lunacy. So much for the ‘unmistakeable’ countenance of the insane! It is not to be supposed that the more violent can be allowed this social freedom even in private establishments, or that madness is different in a metropolitan licensed house from what it is in a public asylum; but we unhesitatingly assert that in the vast majority of cases the large amount of freedom and the absence of any prison-like characteristics have an undoubted effect, not only in calming the mind of the patient, but in expediting his recovery. Hence the percentage of cures in a high class private asylum are immeasurably beyond

beyond those of any public establishment. The pleasure-ground, out-of-door games, carriage and riding parties, billiards, whist and evening parties, all contribute their aid in restoring the unhinged mind. We have seen four or five patients leave the doors of one of these licensed metropolitan houses,* and remain out for hours without any attendant, their word of *honour* being the only tie existing between them and the asylum.

The condition of a few of the provincial licensed houses is still glaringly bad, and shows that old ideas, with respect to insanity, are not entirely obsolete. The Report of the Commissioners of Lunacy for 1856 relates circumstances which lead us back to the old days of Bedlam. Thus at Hanbury House the Commissioners found 'one young lady fastened by webbing wristbands to a leathern belt; she was also tied down to her chair by a rope.' Again, they found on their last visit to the Sandford Asylum, in December, 1855, 'a patient just dead, his body exhibiting sores and extensive sloughs, arising necessarily, we think, from want of water-pillows or other proper precautions. The room has a stone or plaster floor, and is without a fire.' It is, however, encouraging to find that, as far as personal restraint goes, the very worst of our private asylums are far superior to some of the best of the public asylums of France. Dr. Webster, our great authority on this point, gives in the *Psychological Journal* the results gleaned in his visits to these establishments in the August and September of 1850:—

'Forty male lunatics out of 1464 then resident were in *camisole* (strait-waistcoats), some being also otherwise restrained, thereby giving an individual in restraint to every $33\frac{1}{4}$ male inmates, or three per hundred. Amongst the female lunatics, again, the proportion was somewhat larger, 72 persons of that sex, out of the total 1902 resident patients, being under medical coercion; thus making one female in restraint to every $26\frac{1}{3}$ inmates, or at the rate of 3.78 per cent. In contrast with this report respecting the above-named French provincial asylums, I would now place an official statement of the practice pursued at Bethlehem Hospital during the same period. At this establishment, where formerly the strait-waistcoat, with various kinds of personal coercion, were even in greater use than on the other side of the Channel, *not one* insane patient, among an average population of 391 lunatics, was under constraint of any description during the five weeks ending the 25th of September, when I first visited that institution after my return from the Continent, and which embraced the whole time referred to in this memorandum.'

From these curious facts it will be seen that we are far in advance of our French, and, we may also add, of our other con-

* The establishment of Dr. Forbes Winslow at Hammersmith.

tinental neighbours.* When the beneficent thought struck the great Pinel to knock off the fetters of the English captain, he sounded a note which reverberated through Europe, and the poor insane captives issued from their dungeons in which they had been so long immured as the prisoners emerge from their prison to the divine strains of Beethoven's 'Fidelio.' But when this vast step was accomplished there still remained an immense amount of coercion scarcely less injurious than the old darkness and chains, and to Englishmen is mainly due the credit of abolishing it. Nor shall we rest where we are. It is our belief as well as our hope that, before another generation has gone by, the last vestige of restraint, in the shape of dismal airing-courts, and outside walls, which serve to wound the spirit rather than to enslave the limbs, will pass for ever from among us, and only be remembered with the hobbles and the manacles of the past.

It has been asserted by some psychologists that lunacy is on the increase, and that its rapid development of late years has been consequent upon the increased activity of the national mind. This statement is certainly startling, and calculated to arrest the attention of all thoughtful men. Is it true that civilisation has called to life a monster such as that which appalled Frankenstein? Is it a necessity of progress that it shall ever be accompanied by that fearful black rider which, like Despair, sits behind it? Does mental development mean increased mental decay? If these questions were truly answered in the affirmative, we might indeed sigh for the golden time when

‘ Wild in woods the noble savage ran,’

for it would be clear that the nearer humanity strove to attain towards divine perfection, the more it was retrograding towards a state inferior to that of the brute creation. A patient examination, however, of the question entirely negatives such a conclusion. Dr. Ray, of the United States, in taking the opposite view of the case, says—

‘ If we duly consider the characteristics of our times, we shall there find abundant reason for the fact that insanity has been increasing at a rate unparalleled in any former period. In every successive step that has led to a higher degree of civilisation; in all the means and appliances for developing the mental resources of the race; in the ever-widening circle of objects calculated to influence desire, and impel to effort, we find so many additional agencies for tasking the mental ener-

* In Belgium, where many of the pauper lunatics are located in religious houses and are attended upon by the frères and sœurs of these establishments, it is not uncommon to find the patients at certain times of the day totally deserted and left to their own devices—the attendants being engaged in their religious duties!

gies, and thereby deranging the healthy equilibrium which binds the faculties together, and leads to an harmonious result. The press and the rostrum, the railway and the spinning-jenny, the steam-engine and the telegraph, republican institutions and social organizations, are agencies more potent in preparing the mind for insanity than any or all of those vices and casualties which exert a more immediate and striking effect.'

Such is the burthen of the story of all those psychologists who believe that insanity is fast gaining upon us ; but if 'in the ever-widening circle of objects calculated to influence desire and impel to effort we find so many additional agencies for tasking the mental energies, and thereby deranging the healthy equilibrium which binds the faculties together,' it should appear that those classes of society which are in the van of civilisation should be the chief sufferers. Bankers, great speculators, merchants, engineers, statesmen, philosophers, and men of letters—those who work with the brain rather than with their hands, should afford the largest proportion to the alleged increase of insanity. How does the matter really stand ? In the Report of the Commissioners in Lunacy for the year 1847 we find the total number of private patients of the middle and upper classes, then under confinement in private asylums, amounted to 4649. Now, if we skip eight years, and refer to the Report of 1855, we find that there were only 4557 patients under confinement, or about 96 less, notwithstanding the increase of population during that period. If we compare the number of pauper lunatics under confinement at these two different periods we shall find a widely-different state of things ; for in 1847 there were 9654 in our public and private asylums, whilst in 1855 they numbered 15,822. In other words, our pauper lunatics would *appear* to have increased 6170 in eight years, or upwards of 64 per cent. It is this extraordinary increase of pauper lunatics in the county asylums which has frightened some psychologists from their propriety, and led them to believe that insanity is running a winning race with the healthy intellect. But these figures, if they mean anything, prove that it is not the intellect of the country that breeds insanity, but its ignorance, as it cannot be for one moment contended that the great movements now taking place in the world originate with the labouring classes. We shall be told, we know, that there is a constant descent of patients from private asylums to the public asylums ; that the professional man and the tradesman, after expending the means of his friends and family for a year or two in the vain hope of a speedy cure, becomes necessarily in the end a pauper lunatic, and that this stream aids to swell the numbers in the county institution. Allowing its due weight to this explanation—

nation—and those who know public asylums are well aware how small, comparatively speaking, is the educated element—yet as the same disturbing element in the calculation obtained at both periods, we may safely conclude that the figures are not thereby essentially altered.

A still more convincing proof that mental ruin springs rather from mental torpidity than from mental stimulation, is to be found by comparing the proportion of lunatics to the population in the rural and the manufacturing districts. Sir Andrew Halliday, who worked out this interesting problem in 1828,* selected as his twelve non-agricultural counties—Cornwall, Cheshire, Derby, Durham, Gloucester, Lancaster, Northumberland, Stafford, Somerset, York (West Riding), and Warwick, which contained a population at that time of 4,493,194, and a total number of 3910 insane persons, or 1 to every 1200. His twelve agricultural counties were Bedford, Berkshire, Bucks, Cambridge, Hereford, Lincoln, Norfolk, Northampton, Oxford, Rutland, Suffolk, and Wilts—the total population of which were 2,012,979, and the total number of insane persons 2526—a proportion of 1 lunatic to every 820 sane. • Another significant fact elicited was, that whilst in the manufacturing counties the idiots were considerably less than the lunatics, in the rural counties the idiots were to the lunatics as 7 to 5! Thus the Hodges of England, who know nothing of the march of intellect, who are entirely guiltless of speculations of any kind, contribute far more inmates to the public lunatic asylums than the toil-worn artisans of Manchester or Liverpool, who live in the great eye of the world and keep step with the march of civilisation, even if they do but bring up its rear. Isolation is a greater cause of mental ruin than aggregation—our English fields can afford crétins as plentifully as the upland valleys of the mountain range seldom visited by the foot of the traveller; whilst, on the other hand, in the workshop and the public assembly, ‘As iron weareth iron, so man sharpeneth the face of his friend.’

If we required further proof of the groundless nature of the alarm that mental activity was destroying the national mind, we should find it in the well-ascertained fact that the proportion of lunatics is greater among females than males. It may also be urged that Quakers, who pride themselves on the sedateness of their conduct, furnish much more than their share; but for this

* It may be as well to state that the Poor-Law Commissioners also worked out the problem with very similar conclusions in 1851, and that the investigations made by the Swedish Government into the condition of the insane in Norway in 1835 further corroborate the statement that insanity prevails to a greater extent in rural than in urban districts.

singular result their system of intermarriage is doubtless much to blame. Still the fact remains that within a period of eight years, extending from 1847 to 1855, an increase of 64 per cent. took place in our pauper lunatic asylums. These figures, however, afford no more proof of the increase of pauper lunatics than the increase of criminal convictions since the introduction of a milder code of laws and the appointment of the new police, afford a proof of increased crime. As the Commissioners very justly observe, medical practitioners of late years have taken a far more comprehensive as well as scientific view of insanity than formerly; and many forms of the disease now fall under their care, that were previously overlooked, when no man was considered mad unless he raved, or was an idiot. But the great cause of the increase of lunatics in our asylums is to be ascribed to the erection of the asylums themselves. With the exception of three or four Welsh counties, and two or three in the north of England, there is not a shire in England which does not possess some palatial building. These establishments, in which restraint, speaking in the ordinary acceptance of the term, is unknown, and in which the inmates are always treated with humanity, have drained the land of a lunatic population which before was scattered among villages or workhouses, amounting, according to the computation of the Commissioners, to upwards of 10,500—just as the deep wells of the metropolitan brewers have drained for miles around the shallow wells of the neighbourhood in which they are situated. For the same reason the number of lunatic paupers has declined in registered hospitals since 1847 from 384 to 185, and in ‘licensed houses’ from 3996 to 2313. Upon the whole we may safely predict that when these disturbing causes have ceased to act, the annual returns of the Commissioners will show, that, as the treatment of insanity is every day better understood, so the pauper lunatics in our public asylums, instead of increasing in a ratio far beyond that of the general population, show a diminished proportion. Already there are symptoms that the flood is returning to its proper level; for while the lunatics of all classes in the public asylums, licensed houses, and in the Royal Hospital at Haslar, were 20,493 in 1855, they had only advanced in 1856 to 20,764, which is an increase in the twelvemonth of but 271!

- ART. IV.—1. *The Political Songs of England from the Reign of John to that of Edward the Second.* Edited and translated by Thomas Wright, Esq., F.S.A. Camden Society. 1839.
2. *England under the House of Hanover; its History and Condition during the Reigns of the three Georges; illustrated from the Caricatures and Satires of the day.* By Thomas Wright, Esq., F.S.A. 1848.
3. *Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin.* A new edition. 1852.
4. *The Coalition Guide.* 'Press' Office. 1854.
5. *Punch, or the London Charivari.* Vol. XXX. 1856.

HE whose business or inclination takes him to the lobby of the House of Commons during the sitting of Parliament will often be amused at the peculiar mixture of awe and comedy with which a stranger from the country may be seen contemplating some famous statesman as he passes in. How does he recognise him? for he evidently knows who he is without having consulted a policeman. The answer is simple. He knows his face from the caricatures of him in 'Punch.' It is a fact worth reflecting on, and peculiarly illustrative of the character and history of England. We cannot help wondering that our antiquaries and men of letters have not meditated on it oftener, and taken more pains to elucidate that branch of our literature to which it is related. There are, however, some important contributions to the subject before us, and we shall endeavour, as well as space permits, to do justice to this valuable department of letters.

Probably every nation under every form of government has developed out of its national life some kind of political satire. It is certain that satire itself is one of the oldest things in the world; and that men learned to knock wit out of a dunce almost as soon as to knock fire out of a flint. The species of it called political varies of course with political forms. Under despotisms we have epigrams. Under free governments every sort is produced which the genius of the people can suggest. Thus the two great commonwealths of antiquity have each left us ample means of judging of their fertility in this way; and from the remains of their satires we learn important facts about their life. The distinction between their political satire and our own serves as an index of other distinctions, and there is no better way of understanding ourselves than by a comparison with our predecessors. Ours is individual, desultory, and unorganised; theirs was essentially a part of their state life. Take the Greek comedy for example. It had its roots deep in antiquity and in religion, and had grown up inextricably intermingled with the country's institutions.

institutions. It is odorous of festival wine. The comic poet was sacred to Dionysos, whom Aristophanes swears by as his Nourisher. He was a member of the public service, and the state furnished him with the choragus who organised his choruses. In fact, his satire was a recognised element in the national life—which we must no doubt trace to that original blending of the spirit of Joy and Revelry with the spirit of Religion which belonged to the classic mind. When we turn to Rome, we do not find that the instinct there had produced similar institutions, but we certainly find that it existed and took shapes of its own. The Saturnalian licence at once occurs as an example. And does history afford a more curious picture than that of the triumphal procession, where—amidst that strange barbaric splendour of war, in the long line of trophies and models of conquered cities, and the chained captive princes and warriors—the soldiers followed their hero's chariot, and shouted out and chanted ribald satires against him? There, too, was satire recognised—though we know that private libelling and pasquinading exposed the offender to legal punishment from the earliest period.

Now, it is clear that we have had something a little like recognised satire in Europe. There is the case of the mediæval fool; there is the case of the Oxford *terræ filius*, or 'University buffoon.' But, after all, the resemblance is very slight, and the distinction is fundamental. The fool was a private servant—some servile wag whose fool's garb was a kind of livery,—and he was permitted to be satirical because he was servile. Anybody might keep a fool as he kept any other 'varlet.' The poor fellow was liable to be whipped. His primary function was not to be satirical, but to be funny. The tendency to political satire, however, has been so strong in our blood that the Scandinavians are known to have practised it in Iceland before modern Europe can be said to have existed. It has been active in every age in England, and constitutes one of our chief national characteristics.

The very early specimens are curious, and in Mr. Wright's book of 'Political Songs' we see much that reminds us of a visit to an old armoury. All the weapons are out of fashion. There are flint arrow-heads and rusty pikes. We are in another world, and feel for a while that we must alter our notions of wit and song. Most dead satirists, like dead wasps, sting no more. We have in this volume three languages before us—rhyming Latin, old French, and old English. The church and universities, the barons and gentlemen, and the people are severally appealed to. It is the England of the twelfth and thirteenth

thirteenth centuries—ruder but more picturesque than our own—full of the hum of war and the ringing of church-bells—wild and fierce, but still hearty and human. There are humorists, and satirists, and singers, as now, and they raise song and laughter for and against king or barons, and wild shouts of wrath against the tough Scots who give the great Edward so much trouble. In the authors of the Latin rhymes we see a class of men who are the far-away ancestors of Rabelais and Erasmus, who laugh at the abuses of priests and monks, and are learning to hate Rome. The renowned Walter Mapes has, somehow, come to be the representative of this class, though he was Archdeacon of Oxford, and apparently a much more respectable man than his famous drinking-song—

‘Mihi est propositum in tabernâ mori,’

would imply. There was in England at that day a band of *vagî scholares*, or wandering scholars (so described in a Council quoted by Du Cange), who were also what were then called *goliards*. These *goliards* were a kind of scholarly buffoons—men of satirical tendencies and irregular habits—the Tom Browns and Charles Churchills of the thirteenth century. They had read Juvenal, and knew him well—very probably helped to preserve his writings by their affection for them; and they kept up a running fight with such prelates as made themselves conspicuous for haughtiness and luxury, and with such priests as relieved their asceticism in the company of *coquæ* or *focariæ*. We are apt to think of those times as all one dark scene of blood and ignorance and superstition; but, to say nothing of the stout and noble barons, like

‘Sire Emer de Valence gentil knyht ant free,’

there was—what with minstrels, jongleurs, mimes, buffoons, ribalds, goliards, &c.—a great deal more *fun* going than is commonly believed. Among these Political Songs we find a spirit and humour not unworthy of periods of far more intellectual renown—punning lines, for example, against the Church of Rome so early as the time of Henry III., and, if they are couched in dog-Latin, they at all events bite. That the authorities of the day disliked these makers of ‘ridiculous verses,’ and thought them, not without some justice, a rather reprobate kind of wags, we know from a fact mentioned by Du Cange. He quotes a law by which ‘clerks’ who had for a year or lesser time practised as *goliards*, and who did not desist when ‘thrice warned,’ were excluded from ‘every ecclesiastical privilege.’ This shows that the *goliards* were sometimes priests, though it is hard to distinguish between the many kinds of jesters who then

then hung on as retainers to the households of the great. It is remarkable how many of the humorists of Europe—*Mapes*, *Rabelais*, *Erasmus*, *Bishop Still*, *Swift*, *Sterne*, &c.—have been in holy orders.

Latin is also employed in some of the songs written in the cause of *Simon de Montfort*; and in those against *Sir William Wallace* and the Scots. There are one or two *sirventes* in Provençal. But we naturally turn with most interest to those written in the mother-tongue of the kingdom, though the lapse of centuries has made them seem nearly as lifeless to us as the very authors who composed them. Nay, we cannot even relish them as vividly as we do the satire of the Romans, seeing that the latter were written in ages of which the civilisation resembles our own. At best, these old English songs are like the ‘frozen words’ which *Pantagruel* found in his *Rabelaisian* voyage; we have to ‘thaw’ them in the heat of our imagination before we can make much out of them.

A certain healthy grumbling against foreign fashions, taxes, and ‘hard times,’ seems to have been kept up in this country from the first. It is part of our national habit of thought:—

‘For ever the furthe peni mot to the kyng.’

Ever the fourth penny must go to the king! complains the ‘Song of the Husbandman,’ in the time of *Edward II.* Let us translate (preserving the rhyme) from a ‘Song of the Times,’ A.D. 1308:—

‘Who thinketh of this care-full life,
Night and day that we be in,
So much we see of sorrow and strife,
And little there is of worldis winne,^{*}
Hate and wrath there is well rife,
And true love is full thin,
And men who are in the highest life
Most be-laden are with sin.

‘False and wicked is this land,
As every day we may see,
Therein is both hate and onde,[†]
I ween it ever so will be.
Covetise hath the law in hand,
That the truth he may not see,
Now is master pride and onde,
Alas! oh Lord, why suffreth he?’

There are many stanzas of this curious plaint, which seems, says *Mr. Wright*, ‘to have been popular about the beginning of

* ‘Worldis winne’—world’s joy.

† ‘Onde’—contention.

the fourteenth century.' Such songs were disseminated in a very curious manner. They were scattered like thistle-seed on the roadsides, to be picked up by passengers. Sometimes they are found written on long thin rolls, which the vagrant menestrier or goliard carried about with him, and took out to sing in the proper company. It was a perilous task to attack the great in those days, and many a singer of 'scorching sirventes' must have remembered the tradition of Luke de Barré, and the terrible punishment which he met from Henry I. *

The 'Political Songs'—dug out of old MS. collections, like relics out of a Pompeii—end with the reign of the second Edward. Here, therefore, we part *pro tem.* with Mr. Wright, to meet him again in a very different age. The intervening centuries are to be the subject of future volumes. The reigns of Edward III. and his successor was a fruitful period; 'but during the fifteenth century,' says Mr. Wright, 'political songs are less numerous and also less spirited.' We have, however, the best proof possible that satires, both numerous and spirited, must have existed in some shape or other, since Bacon tells us, in his 'History of Henry the Seventh,' that—

'Swarms and volleys of libels sprang forth containing bitter invectives against the King, for which five common people suffered death.'

This terrible little sentence at once reveals the copiousness of the supply and the severity of the punishment. It is curious to remark how diversely potentates view the offence of personal satire. Tacitus lays it down that they long remember it. Yet, Nero with all his cruelty never punished his own libellers, and one of the old kings of France was wont, when urged to such severity, to observe that 'the ass which beareth the burden must be allowed his bray!'

It is probable that the best as well as the earliest satire would be found to have been directed against the Church, for there the inspiration was at once political and theological. Wolsey was the mark of more than one satirist; and Skelton the Laureate

* Luke de Barré, a poet, who had fought against him, was made prisoner at the close of the last war, and sentenced by the King to lose his eyes. Charles the Good, Earl of Flanders, was present, and remonstrated against so direful a punishment. It was not, he observed, the custom of civilized nations to inflict bodily punishments on knights who had drawn the sword in the service of their lord. "It is not," replied Henry, "the first time that he has been in arms against me. But, what is worse, he has made me the subject of satire, and in his poems has held me up to the derision of my enemies. From his example let other versifiers learn what they may expect if they offend the King of England." The cruel mandate was executed; and the troubadour, in a paroxysm of agony, bursting from the hands of the officers, dashed out his brains against the wall.—*Lingard's History of England*, vol. ii. p. 148.

died in the sanctuary to which he fled from his wrath. There is much of the old jollity and rude humour of England about Skelton—of that mixture of strength and fun which made our ancestors relish strong ale, and bull-baiting, and cudgel-play, and horse-laughter. There is the crackle of northern pine-logs in the fire he roasts people at—a kind of humour more old Roman than Attic, as native English humour certainly is. He faithfully represents the national tendency to despise a *novus homo* which is to be traced right through our satires, and was particularly indignant at the nobility for courting a butcher's son. The most violent cries have ever been raised against Kings' favourites; and Ritson tells us that 'the earliest printed ballad known to be extant' is that on the Downfall of Thomas Cromwell in 1540:—

' Both man and chylde, is glad, to hear tell
Of that false traytoure Thomas Crumwel,
Now that he is set to learne to spell.

Synge trolle on away !'

It is to be found at full length in Percy, and was no doubt sung at many an inn-door under the ivy-bush, and by many an old wood fire, till the great age of Elizabeth gave the people new topics, and 'Mary Ambree' and 'Brave Lord Willoughby' became the darlings of popular verse. Satires are found everywhere among the old songs, like nettle-flowers among the blue-bells and wild roses of the hedge-side. Indeed, the best satires have naturally taken the form of songs, and flown straightest at the mark when so feathered. Thus, in 1596, one Deloney was committed to the Counter by the lord mayor for ridiculing the Queen, and book of orders about the dearth of corn, in one of his 'abominable ballets.'

The Elizabethan Age found itself face to face with the printing press in its extending vigour. It was an age when the popular mind was vigorous in production, and the Queen's government vigorous in repression; an age full of energy on both sides of all questions. Accordingly, the government, finding itself threatened by the growing printing power, strengthened all the old coercive forces, and invented new ones. By statutes, Star-Chamber orders, and proclamations, printing was limited, and 'libels,' especially, severely proceeded against. 'Libels' meant many such satires as we are now discussing. By the 1st Eliz. c. 6 we find there was 'extended' a certain statute of Philip and Mary of the date of 1554-5. The preamble of that statute complains of 'dyvers and sundry malicious and evil-disposed persons' who—

' have devised made written printed published and set forthe dyvers heynous sedicious and sclanderous Writinges, Rimes, Ballades, Letters, papers

papers and bookes intending and practising thereby to move and stir seditious Discorde, Disentioun, and Rebellyon.'

And, for this offence, their Majesties Philip and Mary inflicted—first offence, pillory and loss of ears, or a hundred pounds fine and three months' imprisonment. The pillory, in fact, was a very early institution among our ancestors, and by an association of ideas was thought to be the natural punishment of libellers. Along with a band of brave and brilliant satirists fighting for principles, or, at least, fighting like gentlemen, there has always existed amongst us a rabble of ruffians justly called libellers. Against these, sharp laws have obviously been necessary; and though 'loss of ears' was a cruel punishment, it is some consolation to know that the fellows have generally had some ear to spare!

It was under the statute of Philip and Mary, as Camden tells us,—one which could obviously be interpreted pretty widely,—that Elizabeth's government proceeded against the Puritan writers. The years 1588 and 1589 gave birth to a class of productions, still very famous, though very little known, essentially satirical, though satire was not their main object; and highly important as 'straws' which showed how 'the wind was setting,'—we allude to the pamphlets which appeared under the pseudonym of 'Martin Mar-prelate.' Their importance is undoubted, for the Papal movement was the movement of a faction, while the Puritan movement ultimately convulsed the next century, and may still be seen working in new shapes in our public affairs. Their political character gives them a place here, for, notwithstanding that their primary inspiration was theological, it was justly felt by the Queen's government that their theological doctrine involved political consequences.

It is only of very late years that collectors have taken the trouble to fish up the odd little black-letter treatises in question. Their peculiar character is a mixture of coarse fun and Puritan earnestness. They seem to spring from a union of old Calvinism with the Radicalism of our own day. 'Martin Mar-prelate, gentleman,' is a bigot trying to be a buffoon—a cross between a Geneva minister and the Radical wag of a Southwark tavern. When a fanatic is funny, we may expect something remarkable; and accordingly all England roused itself to look at Martin. The vigilant government roused itself too; but Martin printed at a moveable printing-press, skulked from county to county with a knot of workmen who worked in stealth and in haste, and was now and then sheltered under the ancient roof of a Puritan country gentleman. It was like hunting a will-of-the-wisp.

The

The great object of Martin's hatred was episcopacy. The primate he familiarly called 'good nunckle Canterbury,' and a 'petty Pope,' and 'petty Anti-Christ.' But no prelate was more hateful to him than Bishop Cooper. This bishop had published 'An Admonition,' in which the views of his order were expressed; and to this book Martin Marprelate replied in *Hay any work for a Cooper*, one of the best known of the series. We give a passage in which he prints from Cooper and replies to him:—

'Reverend J. C., p. 4.

'Some men will say that I do great injurie to the prophets and apostles in comparing our bishops unto them. But we may be happy if we have tojerable ministers in this perilous age.'

'Reverend Martin.

'I hope, J. C., that thou dost not mean to serve the church with worse than we have. What worse than John of Canterbury?—worse than Tom Tub-trimmer of Winchester? [Cooper himself]—worse than the vickers of hell, Sir Jefferie Jones, the parson of Micklain, &c.? I pray thee, rather than we should have a change from evil to worse, let us have the evil stil. But I care not if I abide y^e venture of the change. Therefore get John with his Canterburinesse removed (whom thou acknowledjest to be evill), and I doe not doubt if worse come in their stead but the devill wil soon fetch them away, and so we shall be quickly rid both of evill and worse. But, good J. C., is it possible to find worse than we have? I do not marvel though thou callest me libeller when thou darest abuse the Prophets farre worse than in calling them libellers: for I tell thee true thou couldest not have any way so stayned their good names as thou hast done in comparing them to our bishoppes. Call me libeller as often as thou wilt, I do not greatly care: but and thou lovest me never liken me to our bishops of the devill. For I cannot abide to be compared with those.'

We shall not give any of Martin's allusions to Bishop Cooper's domestic mischances, nor to the Bishop of London's cutting down the Fulham timber. The pleasantry is rather heavy. But then we must remember that the Martinists were not satirists attacking prelates for the sake of the fun, but Puritans attempting to use satire to serve a cause. He who goes to the tracts for humour must expect to find it overlaid by long answers on the intricacies of theology. The whole point of view was more respectable than that of the Mar-prelates of Tom Paine's school, who treat us to a caricature of a corpulent bishop employed at table on a tithe-pig, and who know as much of the question between Puritans and the Church as the jackdaws who chatter about an old church-tower.

While Mar-prelate was in full success, the Church and Government found a sudden ally in some of the London wits. The spirit of fanaticism was opposed by the spirit of the world—a far dead-
lier

lier foe than even the Privy Council. Antony Wood acknowledges the aid in a characteristic passage. Speaking of the answers to Martin, he says—

‘Yet they did not so much work on the author and his disciples, make them ridiculous, and put him and them to silence, as those answers which were written in a buffooning style.’

Such were *An Almond for a Parrot*—a very pungent thing—apparently written by Nash, who began his career just at this time (1589), and denounces ‘dirty-mouthed Martin’ for his ‘poisonous pasquils.’ Tom quite relished ‘a bout with a balleter,’ or with anybody, indeed. This volunteer service of the wits against Mar-prelate is part of a movement which may be traced at every period in the history of satirical literature. ‘’Tis the persecuting spirit,’ says Lord Shaftesbury, in his admirable essay ‘On the Freedom of Wit and Humour,’ ‘has raised the bantering one.’ The Puritan severity awoke the mockery and wrath of the careless roystering London wags. And it was just the same spirit of revolt against formalism and heaviness which in the middle ages made the goliards and minstrels fight against the monks, and in the classic world made the comic writers lash the philosophers. Martial’s hatred of a Stoic, Nash’s of a Puritan, and Cleveland’s of a Presbyterian, are all kindred sentiments; and, in consequence of this tendency, the cause of wit and the cause of Government have often been in a harmony so close as to produce important consequences.

Whatever share the wits may claim in this controversy, it is certain that the Mar-prelate satires did not last long. The secret presses were seized in the north by the Earl of Derby, and the career of Martin* ended with an abruptness which has left it difficult to clear up several points about these celebrated satires. Their name survived long after the details about them were forgotten, and a ‘Mar-Pope’ makes his appearance among the innumerable public satirists of the seventeenth century.

The influence of the classical writers, which was felt everywhere, gradually produced in Bishop Hall and Donne that standard form of our satire which was perfected by Dryden and Pope.

* ‘Martin’ is supposed to have stood for several writers; but we are still in the dark as to who those writers were. Camden names three whom contemporary opinion marked as the men,—John Penry and John Udall (‘ministers’), and Job Throckmorton. Of these, Penry was hanged for sedition in 1593, and Udall died in prison. Penry’s share in the authorship seems generally believed. Yet the evidence is far from sufficient; and the two latest writers who have treated the subject—the Rev. W. Maskell in his *History of the Martin Mar-prelate Controversy*, and Mr. John Waddington in his *Life of Penry*—deny that Penry had any hand in ‘Martin.’ Penry was a brave and pious man, and the authorship could do his fame no honour.

Our business at present is only with the political branch, but in this, too, the classic influence makes itself felt, and the best political satirists of the Civil Wars were certainly scholars. It is the *Roman* satire that has most helped to form that of modern times—and the Roman satire was a native production,* and had grown up in the midst of political contests not unlike our own. Such contests naturally give rise to it, and the amount of it flung out during the Civil Wars in England was enormous. The reign of James had been marked by pasquinades equally personal and violent; but when we come to the latter period we begin to feel a marked distinction—the presence of *modern* ways of thought and habits of association. Writers begin to write, less as if they were thinking of books, and more as if they were thinking of conversation. The Civil War, which did so much that was political, did as much, too, that was social, in the way of change. Newspapers swarmed—that mighty power, the LEADER, may even be seen in an embryo state; and broadsides, ballads, libels, and caricatures, shot into the air, like Congreve rockets, amidst the din of battles and sieges. Very early in his ‘History’ Clarendon tells us, under the date of 1640, that—

‘Cheap senseless libels were scattered about the city and fixed upon gates and public remarkable places, traducing some and proscribing others of those who were in highest trust and employment; tumults were raised, and all licence both in actions and words taken; insomuch as a rabble of mean, unknown dissolute persons, to the number of some thousands, attempted the house of the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury at Lambeth.’—*Hist.* vol. i., p. 202.

The severities of preceding years—the whippings, the pillories, the prisons—had maddened those whom it was now no longer possible to coerce; and the whole country went to work to fight it out with pen and sword. ‘Divers of these libels,’ says old Wood, with his grim humour, ‘made sport in taverns and ale-houses, where too many were as drunk with malice as with the liquor they sucked in.’ He mentions, also, that they ‘made base pictures of the archbishop;’ and we are inclined, from our occasional excursions among the ‘King’s pamphlets,’ to assign an earlier date to political caricatures than most writers do. Thus comic drawings of the cavaliers, in ridicule of their long hair, fine hats, and huge boots, are to be found there. In a tract called ‘Canterburie’s Dream,’ in which Cardinal Wolsey is made to appear to Laud in the Tower, a rude cut represents both prelates with a kind of savage mockery. The archbishop was a

* The native Italian origin of the Roman satire was established for ever, by Isaac Casaubon, in the ‘Treatise’ which he published to prove it in 1605.

great mark for satire till the axe removed him from the scene. From the time that he was lodged in the Tower and the 'troubles' fairly began, doggrel verses against him were sung everywhere in London streets, and thrust into the hands of noblemen and gentlemen at Westminster. The Brownists were especially hard on him; and one zealous writer attempted to prove by a chronogram that his name signified the number of the Beast in the Apocalypse. How admirably has the great comic poet of that age described the ferment of the populace at this time!—

‘When tinkers bawled aloud to settle
Church-discipline for p~~o~~ishing kettle,—
The oyster-women locked their fish up,
And trudged away to cry no bishop!
Botchers left old clothes in the lurch,
And fell to turn and patch the Church.
Some cried the Covenant, instead
Of pudding-pies and gingerbread.
And some for brooms, old boots, and shoes,
Bawl’d out to purge the Commons House.

* * *

A strange harmonious inclination
Of all degrees to Reformation!’—*Hudibras*.

It is, nevertheless, to be remarked of this Revolution—much to the honour and advantage of England—that it was for the most part conducted by gentlemen, and that the tinkers and botchers had not so much hand in it as in modern ones. But still the fanaticism and insolence which Butler paints, no doubt helped to bring the best wits—such as Cowley, Herrick, Cleveland, and others, over to the King’s side.

In the fight with the pen, that was kept up alongside the fight with the sword, Cleveland was the first man that drew pen for the King. He was very famous in that age. But what is more evanescent than political wit? Little even of his can be relished by after ages, any more than the beer that was brewed the same year, and which seemed so fresh to the lips of jolly cavaliers! This observation will be confirmed by all who have waded through pages with the brown of two centuries on them, endeavouring to find something piquant and striking enough for the taste of the present age. Yet who will deny that Cleveland had genuine epigrammatic talent? Here is a couplet from his satire on the Scotch:—

‘Had Cuin been Scot, God would have changed his doom,
Not forced him wander, but confined him home.’

‘*Si sic omnia dixisset!*’ exclaims Dryden in his *Essay of Dramatic*

Dramatic Poesy. 'This is wit in all languages: it is like mercury, never to be lost or killed.'

Marchmont Needham, the journalist, played a great part in the wit-combats of the time. This was a gentleman who seems to have fought 'for his own hand,' like a certain Scotchman in a celebrated Edinburgh feud fight. He started by writing *Mercurius Britannicus* on the Parliament side, then *Mercurius Pragmaticus* on the King's side, and, once more, *Mercurius Politicus* for his first principles. We shall exhibit him in a loyal mood, in some verses, such as he used to commence each *Pragmaticus* with, transcribed from the original little sheet in the British Museum (Oct. 20, 1647).

'A Scot and Jesuit joined in hand
First taught the world to say,
That subjects ought to have command,
And princes to obey.
These both agreed to have no KING,
The Scotchman he went further,
No BISHOP—'tis a godly thing
States to reform by murder.
Then th' Independent meek and sly
Most lowly lies at lurch,
And so, to put poor Jockie by,
Resolves to have no CHURCH.
The King's dethroned! The subjects bleed!
The Church hath no abode.
Let us conclude they're all agreed,
That sure there is no God.'

Who would have expected such an effusion from the man who had thundered away weekly against the *Mercurius Aulicus* written for the King at Oxford, whose standing topics had been Popery and Tyranny, Prince Rupert's bull-baitings on Sundays, and Harry Jermy's admission by the back-stairs? These were the regular Roundhead themes, as the Royalists taunted their foes in return with having preached from tubs after having been bred cobblers, with savage manners, treason, and hypocrisy. The gayer cavalier wits found an inexhaustible topic in Oliver's nose and Harry Martin's amours, just as in old Rome, in the raileries of the Triumph, the soldiers shouted out to the people to lock up their wives from the bald adulterer Julius Cæsar.

Amidst heaps of dulness and obscenity, we come upon a copy of verses full of liveliness and spirit, and of those touches of colour, illustrative of the time, which, after all, constitute the chief value of such trifles to posterity. It is called the 'New Litanie,'

Litanie,' and is found among the King's pamphlets, — date March 15, 1646:—

' From an extemporary prayer and a godly ditty,
From the churlish governor of a city,
From the power of a country committee—

Libera nos, &c.

From the Turk, the Pope, and the Scottish nation,
From being governed by proclamation;
And from an old Protestant quite out of fashion—

Libera nos, &c.

From meddling with those that are out of our reaches,
From a fighting priest and a soldier that preaches;
From an Ignoramus that writes, and a woman that teaches—

Libera nos, &c.

From the doctrine of deposing of a king,
From the directory or any such thing;
From a fine new marriage without a ring—

Libera nos, &c.'

There are many more stanzas which would rather weaken than strengthen the effect of the specimen we have given. A 'Litanie' was then a favourite form of political song; and another usage was to end the song with a 'Which nobody can deny!' 'The Loyal Garland'* furnishes us with some brisk, stirring verses on the 'Dominion of the Sword':—

' Lay by your pleading,
Law lies a bleeding,
Burn all your studies down, and throw away your reading!
Small power the word has,
And can afford us
Not half so much privilege as the sword does.
It fosters your masters,
It plaisters disasters,
It makes the servants, quickly, greater than their masters.
It talks of small things,
But it conquers all things,
This masters money though money masters all things.
This subtle disaster
Turns bonnet to beaver,
Down goes a bishop, sirs, and up starts a weaver!'

As for the satires written in this century against the Rump, their name is Legion. The very titles are suggestive of their

* 'The Loyal Garland: a Collection of Songs of the Seventeenth Century.' Reprinted by the Percy Society.

scarifying character,—as ‘A New Year’s Gift for the Rump,’ ‘The Resurrection of the Rump,’ ‘The Rump roughly but righteously handled,’ ‘The Rump dockt,’ ‘The Rump served with a grand Sallet,’ &c. &c. The reader will guess that the very name of this fragment of a Parliament suggested a vast deal of wit which could not be reproduced in the pages of the *Quarterly Review*. There is a lively specimen of the better sort of effusions, written in a gay metre, to be found in ‘The Rump; or a Collection of Songs and Ballads made upon those who would be a Parliament and were but the Rump of an House of Commons five times dissolved. 1660.’ *

‘THE HOUSE OUT OF DOORS, APRIL 20, 1652✓

‘Will you hear a strange thing, ne’er heard of before,
A ballad of news without any lies?—
The Parliament now is turned out of doors,
And so is the Council of State, likewise.

‘Brave Oliver came into the House like a sprite,
His fiery looks made the Speaker dumb,
You must be gone hence, quoth he, by this light,
Do you mean to sit here till Doomsday come?

* * * *

‘Harry Marten wondered to see such a thing
Done by a saint of so high a degree,
An act which he did not expect from a king,
Much less from such a *drybone* as he.’

* * * *

‘It went to the heart of Sir Harry Vane,
To think what a terrible fall he should have,
For he that did late in the parliament reign,
Was called (as I heard) a dissembling knave.

‘Who gave him that name you may easily know,
’Twas one that had learned that art full well,
You may swear it was true if he called him so,
For what’s to dissemble I’m sure he can tell.’

What jollifications these wags and singers must have had on the evening of that day when Evelyn ‘stood in the Strand and blessed God,’ and amidst cheering, and bell-ringing, and flags,

* Many collections of this class of satires were published after the Restoration, such as ‘A New Collection of Poems relating to State Affairs, 1705;’ ‘A Collection of State Songs since the Rebellion, 1716;’ ‘Poems on Affairs of State, 1710,’ &c. &c. Most of them, however, lie scattered among papers and pamphlets, or in MS., and have found no modern editor. The use they have proved to Mr. Macaulay can scarcely be over-estimated.

and flowers, all London out, and all the conduits running wine—Charles the Second came to that ancient throne which he turned into a festival arm-chair! Who among the faithful cavalier wits would expect an age when loyalty like James Stanley's was to be un-remembered, and wit like Samuel Butler's was only to light him to a poor man's grave?

The age of Charles was in a peculiar degree an age of humour and satire. It was still more an age of lampoons, to write which was a necessary polite accomplishment. They were produced, habitually, by Buckingham, Rochester, and Dorset, and by many men of less rank but not less wit. Charles the Second, who derived on both sides from Royal Wits, had a thorough relish for sarcasm, and it is amusing to find Evelyn telling us, *à propos* of his intended history of the Dutch War, that his Majesty enjoined him to make it *a little keen*, 'for that the Hollanders had very un-handsomely abused him in their pictures, books, and libells.' To Holland, indeed, the art of political caricaturing owes a great deal.

When we remember that Charles's reign produced 'Absalom and Achitophel,' and 'Hudibras,'—(the wit of which last poor Mr. Pepys could not see)—we shall deservedly assign it a high place in the annals of Political Satire. These two great poems, which are known to 'boys and barbers,' belong to our standard literature, and demand no criticism just now. Let us rather draw on the 'State Poems' for a squib or two, such as the press still poured forth, though the pillory was duly set up, and many a poor wretch stood there, and snuffed in the fumes of his own libel burnt by the hangman under his nose.

Who has not heard of the political wit of Andrew Marvell,—that stout 'Old Roman' member for Hull? His epigram on *Blood's stealing the Crown* may rank with the epigrams of Donne, Swift, Young, or Chesterfield. Less familiar to the world is another of his hits at Charles:—

'Of a tall stature and of sable hue,
Much like the son of Kish that lofty Jew,
Twelve years complete he suffered in exile,
And kept his father's asses all the while!'

To Marvell are attributed some sharp verses in the form of a Dialogue between the Horse at Wool-church and the Horse at Charing Cross:—

'*Wool-Church*.—To see *Dei Gratia* writ on the throne,
And the King's wicked life—say God there is none!
Charing Cross.—That he should be called Defender of the Faith,
Who believes not a word that the Word of God
saith!

Wool-Church.—

Wool-Church.—That the Duke should turn traitor, and that Church deny,

For which his own father a martyr did die!

Charing Cross.—Though he changed his religion, I hope he's so civil,
Not to think his own father is gone to the ——!

In the same volume with these pieces is an excellent burlesque Royal Speech,—too long for quotation,—in which

‘The easiest prince and best-bred man alive’

is made gravely to ask Parliament for money on such pleas as the following:—

‘I have a passable good estate I confess, but (Gad’s fish) I have a great charge upon’t. Here’s my Lord Treasurer can tell that all the money designed for next summer’s guards must of necessity be applied to next year’s candles and swaddling-clothes. What shall we do for ships, then? I hint this only to you, it being your business,—not mine. I know, by experience, I can live without ships. I lived ten years abroad without, and never had my health better in my life.’

This may show us how old our satirical forms are; and investigators of the subject well know that all our modern methods of conveying satire—by allegory, parody, embodied abstractions, and what not—are but fresh repetitions of ancient kinds of raillery. Happily, we shall never repeat the grossness of this age’s lampoons, which almost exceeds belief. Some of its wags seem absolutely to owe their brilliance to their baser qualities, reminding us of glowworms about which naturalists doubt whether their light is in their heads or their tails. From the professed jokers we ought, perhaps, to expect nothing else, but it is shocking to find so tender a spirit as Otway writing comedies which might appal an editor of Petronius.

By the close of the seventeenth century the influence of popular song and satire had become a common topic. Selden had made an admirable remark on it; *—Fletcher of Saltoun had recorded the now hackneyed observation, which he owed to a friend, that if he had the making of the ballads he cared not who made the laws; and Lord Shaftesbury wrote the Essay ‘On the Freedom of Wit and Humour’ to explain and illustrate it philosophically. This ‘rallying humour,’ says he, ‘has passed

* ‘Though some make slight of libels, yet you may see by them how the wind sits; as, take a straw and throw it up into the air, you shall see by that which way the wind is, which you shall not do by casting up a stone. More solid things do not show the complexion of the times so well as ballads and libels.’—*Selden’s Table-Talk*, edited by Irving, p. 107. The famous saying about ‘ballads’ and ‘laws’ occurs in *An Account of a Conversation concerning a right Regulation of Government*, &c., 1704.

from the men of pleasure to the men of business. Politicians have been affected with it; and the grave affairs of state have been treated with an air of irony and banter.' Lord Shaftesbury—though he never said in so many words, as he is constantly affirmed to have done, that 'Ridicule is the test of Truth,'—yet esteemed it as a 'manner of proof,' and argued for its being free. 'Wit is its own remedy;'—such is his conclusion. The treatise was first published in 1709.

Charles the Second was rallied and quizzed,—peppered with epigrams—but he does not seem to have excited that hatred which has inspired so much satire. Men might despise his weakness, but they admired his parts, and could not help liking his good nature. James the Second raised darker enemies; and William the Third a deadly hatred which made satirists gloat over his bodily infirmities and abuse his race, manners, and religion with the bitterest virulence. On the other hand, 'Protestant boys' had been gleefully called to rally round him in the famous song of 'Lilliburlero,'* which whistled popery out of England, and was as fatal to the Stuarts as the wail of the Banshee to O'Haras or O'Neills. We find among the satires of that agitated time—'A Dialogue between Father Petre and the Devil,'—'The Prince of Wales proved a Popish Perkin,'—'Popery Pickled,'—and such like.

Defoe was the greatest man who wrote political satires in the interval which divides Dryden and Marvell from Addison and Swift. But he does not rank among writers of satire as he will ever rank among writers of fiction. His 'True-born Englishman' (1701) and 'Shortest Way with the Dissenters' (1702) are able, no doubt. But the invective of the first is coarse, while its versification is very bad for a man who wrote after Dryden; and the irony of the second, though strong, is neither very subtle nor very delicate. He was in the field before Swift; but we must remember that Swift had *written* the 'Tale of a Tub' previously, and the man who had composed that masterpiece had nothing in the art of sarcasm to learn. The Dean, indeed, can only be classed with Aristophanes and Rabelais. We question, too, whether he was not more *various* than either. He was certainly more murderously severe; for though Aristophanes and

* 'The ballad of "Lilliburlero,"' observed Beauclerk, as reported by Boswell, 'was once in the mouths of all the people of this country, and is said to have had a great effect in bringing about the Revolution; yet I question whether anybody can repeat it now, which shows how improbable it is that much poetry should be preserved by tradition.' The ballad, however, owed its popularity less to the words, which were contemptible, than to the gay and beautiful air to which they were set. It is one of the masterpieces of Purcell, and lingers in the ear of every person who has once heard it.

Rabelais have both awful powers of scorn and mockery, the Greek relieves his sarcasm by poetic gaiety, and the Frenchman by his roystering animalism. Swift was as little poetic as so great a man could well be, and the disease which clouded his health, also darkened his wrath and deepened his sarcasm. Perhaps it is the best proof of his real greatness that with all his gravity and solid power he combined so much that was playful and light. He could hurl a rock like the Cyclops, or fling a pebble with the gayest warrior who ever came out to battle. He had a hand in the Peace of Utrecht, and he wrote squibs for the Dublin hawkers. * No man was more admired by Addison and Berkeley, and yet we can trace him in the scapegrace merriment of the 'Beggar's Opera.' Two severer lampoons could hardly be found than one of his on George the First, which we need not reprint, and one on Marlborough, which terminates thus—

' Behold his funeral appears,—
Nor widow's sighs nor orphan's tears,
Wont at such times the heart to pierce,
Attend the progress of his hearse.
But what of that? his friends may say,
He had those honours in his day;
True to his profit and his pride,
He made them weep before he died.'

His greater works need no panegyric. They helped to form Voltaire and Byron, and have long been parts of the most familiar possessions of Europe.

The eighteenth century was so emphatically the century of Party, that its political satire readily divides itself into Whig and Tory. It is curious to remark that Whigs and Tories have alternately enjoyed satirical supremacy, and alternately produced the best political wits. In the age of Anne they were pretty equally balanced, Swift and Prior being fair matches for Addison and Steele. During Walpole's long reign the preponderance of good wit was on the side of Opposition, which included Pulteney and Bolingbroke, and (from 1734) as true a wit as that time produced—Chesterfield. Yet Pulteney found his Nemesis in the muse of Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, who is now chiefly known from Horace Walpole's letters, but who was a famous swordsman in the wit wars of his day. Just after the middle of the century a period of comparative dulness occurs, broken presently by the noisy storming of the position of Lord Bute, after which we have the Whig triumph in the *Rolliad* of 1784 and '85. The Tories again resume the superiority in the *Anti-Jacobin* of 1797 and '98. Next comes the

the age of the Whig Moore, duly succeeded by that of the Tory Hook, and we find ourselves arrived at the 'New Whig Guide,' and treading on ashes in which the fire of party still sinoulders. During this long, period the amount of satire extant in collections and newspapers defies all attempts at detail. A large portion was merely addressed to the populace in the streets, and is unreadable even as a curiosity. Another portion is of more general interest, as that by the jocose Peter Pindar, a buffoon of the first order. Yet all perhaps, from the very nature of the material, disappoints, more or less, him who seeks in it the same sprightly excitement which it afforded to his grandfather and great-grandfather. Neither the roses plucked nor the champagne opened yesterday retain their original charms to-day. But if champagne will not sparkle, how much less gooseberry!—and *all* the wit cannot be first-rate. Besides, what becomes of personality when the persons are forgotten? and point when the associations are lost? and invective when the man we are to hate has been a century in his grave? These considerations press on us, as we proceed to expand this *résumé* of the facetiousness of the last few generations into such detail as our limits permit.

Swift and Addison were never directly opposed to each other in literary combat, as Johnson has said and Macaulay* repeated. The great Tory paper of Anne's time, the *Examiner*, appeared, first, on August 3, 1710. Addison brought out his *Whig-Examiner* to answer it, on the 14th of September. But the *Whig-Examiner* died on the 12th of October; and Swift did not begin contributing to the original *Examiner* till the 2nd of November. These dates, which Scott gives, and an inspection of the works themselves confirms, demolish, with charming completeness, a pretty little Whig theory about Addison's defeating Swift. But why insist on the superiority of one or other of two such great men in a point not affecting the vital renown of either, and when the styles of satire to be compared are essentially different? Swift's satire is more vehement; Addison's more delicate. Swift uses the knout like a Russian; Addison tickles a man into agonies with a feather. Swift is *dicax*, and Addison *facetous*. There are not two finer prose satires in the language than the *Examiner*-paper in which Swift contrasts the rewards of Marlborough with those of the Roman generals, and the number of the *Freeholder* in which Addison sketches the Tory Fox-hunter. The party violence with which the great

* Mr. Macaulay availed himself of Johnson's error in the *Life of Addison*, because it served the Whig cause.

commander was assailed, and the injustice with which he was treated, caused his followers to reproach his opponents with ingratitude. This was the unanswerable charge which the Dean undertook to parry in his witty and ingenious parallel:—

‘A victorious general of Rome, in the height of that empire, having entirely subdued his enemies, was rewarded with the larger triumph, and perhaps a statue in the Forum, a bull for sacrifice, an embroidered garment to appear in, a crown of laurel, a monumental trophy with inscriptions; sometimes five hundred or a thousand copper coins were struck on occasion of the victory, which doing honour to the general we will place to his account; and lastly, sometimes, although not very frequently, a triumphal arch. These are all the rewards that I can call to mind which a victorious general received after his return from the most glorious expedition; having conquered some great kingdom, brought the king himself, his family, and nobles, to adorn the triumph, in chains; and made the kingdom either a Roman province, or, at best, a poor depending state, in humble alliance to that empire. Now, of all these rewards I find but two which were of real profit to the general—the laurel crown made and sent him at the charge of the public, and the embroidered garment; but I cannot find whether this last was paid for by the senate or the general: however, we will take the more favourable opinion, and in all the rest admit the whole expense, as if it were ready money in the general’s pocket. Now, according to these computations on both sides, we will draw up two fair accounts: the one of Roman gratitude, and the other of British ingratitude, and set them together in balance.

A BILL OF ROMAN GRATITUDE.

Imprim.	£.	s.	d.
For frankincense, and earthen pots to burn it in	4	10	0
A bull for sacrifice	8	0	0
An embroidered garment	50	0	0
A crown of laurel	0	0	2
A statue	100	0	0
A trophy	80	0	0
A thousand copper medals, value halfpence apiece	2	1	8
A triumphal arch	500	0	0
A triumphal car, valued as a modern coach ..	100	0	0
Casual charges at the triumph	150	0	0
	£994 11 10		

A BILL OF BRITISH GRATITUDE.

Imprim.	£
Woodstock	40,000
Blenheim	200,000
Post-Office grant	100,000
Mildenheim	30,000
Pictures, jewels, etc.	60,000
Pall-Mall grant, etc.	10,000
Employments	100,000
	£540,000

‘This is an account of the visible profits on both sides. So that upon the whole we are not yet quite so bad at worst as the Romans were at best.’—*The Examiner* (No. 16), Nov. 23, 1710.

A predominant quality of Swift’s satire is exhibited in this contrast—the precise and business-like air with which he carries on an argument that is absolutely baseless. The gravity and minuteness not only add to the humour, but give a wonderful air of plausibility to the statements themselves. The Roman conqueror, he well knew, was not content with such modest perquisites, and he was not less conscious that the former generosity of the nation to Marlborough could not be quoted by the faction which pursued him as a set-off to their own unceasing malignity.

Addison’s portrait of the Tory Fox-hunter did not appear till March 5, 1716, by which time Swift had settled down in his Dublin deanery. Horace’s sketches of the Bore in the Sacred Way, or of Nasidienus and his ostentatious *cæna*, are not more delicate and delightful. No writer, we think, ever more happily employed that refined elegance of ridicule which the ancients called *urbanitas*. The painter of this charming portrait tells us how he was riding along the high road in the country, when he came up with the Tory gentleman in question, trotting along with his spaniel by his side. The conversation at once began (as it would now begin) with the weather:—

‘My fellow-traveller upon this observed to me that there had been no good weather since the Revolution. I was a little startled at so extraordinary a remark, but would not interrupt him till he proceeded to tell me of the fine weather we used to have in Charles the Second’s reign. I only answered that I did not see how the badness of the weather could be the king’s [George the First’s] fault; and, without waiting for his reply, asked him whose house it was we saw upon a rising ground at a little distance from us. He told me it belonged to an old fanatical cur, Mr. Such-a-one. “You must have heard of him,” says he; “he’s one of the Rump.” I knew the gentleman’s character upon learning his name, but assured him that to my knowledge he was a good Churchman. “Ay!” says he, with a kind of surprise,—“We were told in the country that he spoke twice in the queen’s time against taking off the duties on French claret.” This naturally led us to the proceedings of late parliaments, upon which occasion he affirmed roundly that there had not been one good law passed since King William’s accession to the throne, except the Act for preserving the game. . . . He was going on in great passion, but chanced to miss his dog, who was amusing himself about a bush that grew at some distance behind us. We stood still till he had whistled him up, when he fell into a long panegyric upon his spaniel, who seemed, indeed, excellent in his kind; but I found the most remarkable event of his life was that he had

had once like to have worried a dissenting teacher. The master could hardly sit on his horse for laughing all the while he was giving me the particulars of this story, which I found had mightily endeared his dog to him, and, as he himself told me, had made him a great favourite among all the honest gentlemen of the country.'

The whole paper is written in this light and pleasant vein, and is full of dramatic touches. Though exquisitely humorous, it is nicely true to life, and is no exaggeration of the ignorance and prejudices which we may still often meet with in the world. The landlord of the inn in the next town is described by the Tory squire as 'at least three yards in the girth, and the best Church-of-England man upon the road.' The appearance of Boniface bears out the announcement:—

'He had swelled his body to a prodigious size, and worked up his complexion to a standing crimson by his zeal for the prosperity of the Church, which he expressed every hour of the day, as his customers dropped in, by repeated bumpers. He had not time to go to church himself, but, as my friend told me in my ear, had headed a mob at the pulling down of two or three meeting-houses.'

The Fox-hunter afterwards expatiates on the inconveniences of trade, and said he would undertake to prove that trade would be the ruin of the English nation:—

'I would fain have put him upon it, but he contented himself with affirming it more eagerly, to which he added two or three curses upon the London merchants, not forgetting the directors of the Bank. After supper he asked me if I was an admirer of punch, and immediately called for a sneaker. I took this occasion to insinuate the advantages of trade by observing to him that water was the only native of England that could be made use of on this occasion; but that the lemons, the brandy, the sugar, and the nutmegs were all foreigners. This put him into some confusion.'

In spite of the confusion, he finally takes his leave with the self-gratulation of ignorance that is incapable of enlightenment:—

'He shook me heartily by the hand, and discovered a great air of satisfaction in his looks that he had met with an opportunity of showing his parts, and left me a much wiser man than he found me.'

It is honourable to the then cultivation of England, that satire so light and good-humoured should have won a man fame and power, at a time when the rage of party filled the press with libels, as it did the streets with riots.

In fact, the party rage of that day exceeded everything that we can easily fancy—and we have seen some 'demonstrations,' too. In No. 8 of the '*Examiner*,' it is argued, that a man of 'no party'

is in an infamous neutrality. This was the tone of the saloons. We need not wonder, therefore, at the tone of the streets. Collectors still possess Sacheverell's head on a tobacco-stopper, and political caricatures on ladies' fans and on playing-cards. London was divided into Whig and Tory districts, Whig and Tory taverns, Whig and Tory mug-houses for the sale of beer. On certain anniversaries, each tavern or mug-house became the centre of a gathering which soon exploded into a general riot, with bon-fires, marrow-bones and cleavers, wild songs, and broken heads. The secret of the violence was the questionable state of the succession to the Crown. A mass of the populace loved the old family, as their ancestors, when the Tudors had come in, still loved the name of Plantagenet. And there is real passion in politics when the question is about *persons*. Our mobs, with a poor symbol like a ballot-box, or a cry for a suffrage-extension—the deadest, most prosaic aspirations possible—cannot feel the Bacchic frenzy inspired by revelling in the cause of a young Prince embodied in the shape of a White Rose. It was an entirely different cry, 'High Church and King James!' or 'High Church and Ormond!' from 'Buggins and Reform,' or 'Tomkins and Retrenchment.' Neither exhibition may to a philosopher seem very wise; but we cannot help preferring, as human and picturesque, the aspect of a mob in 1716 carrying green boughs on Restoration-day, and buzzing for the heir of a line of six centuries, to the chairing of a leather-breeches-maker who has sworn to cut down the salaries of the yeomen of the guard. And it confirms our view, that the Jacobite poetry has taken its place in literature, and is still sung by the sweetest voices between Wick and Brighton. Of what poetry, so expressly political, can the same be said?

Mr. Wright, in his 'House of Hanover' *—a work of which we must now say that its information is valuable and curious, copious and well-arranged—gives some specimens of the political songs of that time, and of the circumstances under which they were produced. It may easily be imagined what politics were in George the First's days, by an advertisement which Mr. Wright extracts from the 'Flying Post' of April 12th, 1716:—

'This is to give notice to all gentlemen who are *well-affected to the present establishment and lovers of good home-brewed ale*, that this present Thursday, Mrs. Smith's mug-house in St. John's Lane, near

* Mr. Wright includes social and pictorial as well as political satire. The only objection to his book is, that it is heavy for so light a subject. The gravity of an antiquary is employed on the days of the Georges. Satirists in his pages seem like wasps and dragon-flies on cards in a museum.

* Smithfield,

Smithfield, will be opened, and a prologue spoke suitable to the occasion.*

Here, then, would come all sound Whigs fond of homebrewed ale. Cans and mugs go round. The prologue is spoken; and, amidst great cheering and curses on the Pope and the Pretender, a voice strikes up some such verses as the following:—

‘ We friends of the mug are met here to discover
Our zeal to the Protestant House of Hanover,
Against the attempts of a bigoted rover,
Which nobody can deny!

The Tories, ’tis true, are yet skulking in shoales,
To shew their affection to Perkin in bowls,
But in time we will ferret them out of their holes!
Which nobody can deny!’

On a great occasion more would be done. The 5th of November comes. Effigies of the Pope, the Pretender, Ormond, and Bolingbroke are constructed. A procession is formed, and off it goes, full of loyalty and homebrewed, with two men carrying a *warming-pan* (sight enraging to Jacobites!), † and three trumpeters playing *Lilliburlero*. The Whig mug-houses and taverns empty themselves and swell the roaring mob,—from the ‘Roebuck’ at Cheapside, and the beer-shops of Long Acre, ‘they come, they come.’ Of course, the news spreads; the Jacobite mob emerges from Holborn and Ludgate Hill; horrible lampoons against George and his mistresses are shouted in the streets; and, amidst the blaze of the bonfires, a hearty good fight between the two factions takes place. And thus is fought in the City the battle which in the West-End is carried on by duels and epigrams, and stormy speeches in Parliament, and threats of impeachment. It is curious to reflect on the extravagances both sides have committed, the lies we have told of each other, the furious personalities, the hatred, the wounded pride, the broken hearts! Nor is it less curious, while it is more satisfactory, to reflect how the traces of our fights pass away, like the snow which supplied the snowballs of last winter, and how whole-hearted the country remains, after all! The lampoons of any age have before very long to be gathered by antiquaries and explained by reviewers. We only half relish our progenitors’ sarcasms, because we do not feel their passions: what to them were burning *meteors* which they admired

* ‘England under the House of Hanover, &c.,’ vol. i. 44.

† Johnson, in the ‘Idler,’ pleasantly ridicules the credulity of those who believed that the son of James II. was a supposititious child. ‘Jack Sneaker is a hearty adherent to the Protestant establishment; he has known those who saw the bed into which the Pretender was conveyed in a warming-pan.’

as they flew, we have to seek on the ground as cold *meteoric stones*.

The satirical war against Walpole was carried on in the 'Craftsman' and in 'Mist's'—afterwards 'Fog's'—'Journal.' In the 'Craftsman' the higher kind of battle was waged. Long constitutional essays were directed at Sir Robert. Sometimes he was compared to Cosmo de' Medici, as a man with a deep-laid scheme to oppress public liberty. Sometimes the text was a passage in Virgil; or, by an ingenious use of classical names, he was held up to abhorrence as an ancient tyrant. Then, in other quarters, the full battery of nicknames and caricatures was set going against him. He was 'Robin,' 'Robin the Exciseman,' 'the Exciseman triumphant,' the 'Balancing Master,' &c. He had sold his country to Hanover and betrayed her to Spain. Our freedom was endangered by a standing army, and our principles sapped by an untiring activity of corruption. The changes were rung on these notes in every variety of manner. Satires embodying them are scattered over the newspapers, or have found their way into the 'Foundling Hospital for Wit.' It is certain, from the glee with which Horace Walpole speaks of the squibs of Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, that the aid of that gay satirist to Sir Robert was heartily welcomed.

Sir Charles Hanbury Williams does not deserve to be forgotten. It is, perhaps, difficult to credit Horace Walpole when he tells us that his pen 'inflicted deeper wounds in three months on Lord Bath than a series of "Craftsmen," aided by Bolingbroke, for several years could inflict on Sir Robert.' But he had the real vein for writing *squibs*,—he had *gaiety*—the quality which is found in the lighter verses of Congreve, or the playful pages of the 'Twopenny Post-Bag.' What he writes is not satire, as Swift or Juvenal wrote it; something to pass into literature from the universality of its application; something which keeps its heat in its breast for ever, like a Vesuvius. It is light, pungent, peppery,—a kind of political 'chaff,' to use a vulgar word; to be relished in society, and roared over at club suppers. He was a wit of the great world. Chesterfield thought highly of his talents; and Chesterfield himself has left at least two pieces of satire not unworthy of Addison.

Sir Charles had taken the name of Williams with an estate. He was of the old family of Hanbury of Worcestershire, settled, at the time of his birth (1709), in Monmouthshire. His mother was a Selwyn, of the same Selwyns as George, the equally celebrated wit of the next reign. This is curious, and may remind us that the mothers of Sedley and Chesterfield were both Savilles, and that wit has run for generations in the Stanhopes, Sheridans,

Sueridans, and Tickells. He came into Parliament while a young man, was made by Walpole Paymaster of Marines, and his squibs belong to Walpole's later period, and the years following.

He is smart and saucy, and does not much mind what he says. In a 'Grub upon Bubb'—an election-squib on Bubb Dodding-ton—he runs on thus :—

'When the Knights of the Bath by King George were created,
He greatly desired he that Order might wear;
But he had not one star, for poor Bubb was ill-fated,
And ne'er a red ribbon fell to his share.
For the King would not dub
So low-born a scrub,
Nor the Order disgrace with a fellow like Bubb.
But he calmly and quietly put up with the thing,
And followed the Court, though not led in a string.'

We forget whether it was Sir Charles who christened Lord Bath's countess 'the Wife of Bath;' but his persecution of both husband and wife was relentless. He was envoy at Dresden; and afterwards at St. Petersburg, during the reign of Newcastle and Pitt. But all his gaiety and success ended in insanity, perhaps in suicide. On his way home to England, in the spring of 1758, he performed one of the maddest freaks possible. Falling in with a certain *dame aventurière*—a Mademoiselle John—he made a contract of marriage with her, though married already, and gave her a note for 10,000 roubles, all on an acquaintance of three days. Lord Chesterfield, in a letter of March 4th in that year, gives his son this account of him also :—

'I thought he talked in an extraordinary manner; he engaged that the King of Prussia should be master of Vienna in the month of May, and he told me that you were very much in love with his daughter. . . . He was let blood four times on board the ship, and has been let blood four times more since his arrival here.'

What Chesterfield tells further about him, on the 22nd, is very curious :—

'Sir C. W. is still in confinement, and, I fear, will always be so, for he seems *cum ratione insanire*. The physicians have collected all he has said and done that indicated an alienation of mind, and have laid it before him in writing. He has answered it in writing too, and justifies himself by the most plausible arguments that can possibly be urged. He tells his brother, and the few who are allowed to see him, *that they are such narrow and contracted minds themselves, that they take those for mad who have a great and generous way of thinking.*'

There was a touch of Democritus in this. He had, indeed, a
brief

brief recovery, but was seized again by his terrible malady, and died—it is believed by his own hand—the following year.

His verses are still readable for their vivacity. Some of his phrases, such as

‘the black funereal Finches,’

passed into proverbial frequency of use. But, for our parts, we think that his ‘Isabella’—a comic eclogue—gives a higher notion of his talent than his political squibs. It has an elegance and point that would have been quite worthy of Gay. The subject is that Duchess of Manchester on whose marriage with an Irish gentleman he wrote some lines which set half the Irishmen in London examining their hair-triggers. ‘Nature,’ the satirist had said of them,—

‘Nature, indeed, denies them sense,
But gives them legs and impudence
That beats all understanding.’

The interval between Sir Hanbury Williams and the ‘Rolliad’ produced nothing that is very familiarly remembered as political wit proper. It was, indeed, a period of passion and of productiveness, for it comprised the Bute era, the satires of Churchill, the letters of Junius, and that over-rated ‘Heroic Epistle’ which seems to have gone through thirteen editions within two years. But perhaps what most concerns our special purpose to notice is that it was likewise the most active period of clever and good-natured Caleb Whitefoord. Little as he is now known, he was a man admired by Johnson and Smollett, and has a niche among famous figures in Goldsmith’s ‘Retaliation.’ He was conspicuously good-natured and genial. Adam Smith used to say that the junto of wits and authors hated one another heartily, but that they all had a regard for Whitefoord, who, by his conciliatory manner, kept them together. He it was who, under the name of ‘Papyrius Cursor,’ introduced ‘A new and humorous method of reading the Newspapers,’—the method, viz., of reading ‘onwards’ across the columns. For example, we find in the ‘Foundling Hospital for Wit.’—

‘Last night the Princess Royal was baptized——Mary, *alias* Moll Hacket, *alias* Black Moll.’

‘This morning the Right Honourable the Speaker was——convicted of keeping a disorderly house.’

‘A certain commoner will be created a peer——*** No greater reward will be offered.’

‘A fine turtle, weighing upwards of 80 lbs.——was carried before the sitting alderman.’

‘This mode of pleasantry so tickled our great-grandfathers, that these ‘cross-readings’ were fashionable in the newspapers for many years,

years, and were worked to death like other ingenious notions. It would have more freshness now, and we have often wondered that, among all the old vehicles of fun which our jokers employ over again, we never see this tried. Whitefoord was also the author of an excellent epigram on the presentation of the freedom of the City of London to Admiral Keppel in a box of heart of oak, and to Admiral Rodney in a box of gold—the first having been very unjustly accused of not sticking to the enemy, and the second being notoriously in embarrassed circumstances:—

‘ Each favourite’s defective part,
Satiric eits, you’ve told—
That cautious Lee-shore wanted heart,
And gallant Rodney gold.’

The *facetie* of this amiable wit were contributed to the ‘Public Advertiser;’ for squibs formed part of the stock-in-trade of every newspaper; and the fashion of confining them to special ‘comic’ journals is quite an affair of yesterday. But it is time to come to the ‘Rolliad,’ for we have met no lampoons against Bute worth reprinting, though he ‘set himself up,’ as Smollett says, ‘as a pillory to be pelted by all the blackguards in England, on the supposition that they would grow tired and leave off.’

If we were going to preach on the transitoriness of this species of wit, we should take the once-renowned Whig ‘Rolliad’ for a text. What does the world now remember about it? We heard only the other day that two great Whig *literati*, at a Whig breakfast, both showed themselves ignorant of the fact that there is no ‘Rolliad’ in reality, but that this famous satire really consists of ‘*Criticisms on the Rolliad*’—criticisms on an imaginary epic, with fictitious extracts. They appeared in the ‘Morning Herald,’ a paper now associated with the sternest Toryism, but then in strong opposition to Mr. Pitt, in the last half of 1784 and first of 1785, and, being collected with other things, were published in a volume and ran through many editions. They were written by the very cleverest men of the Whig party, and many a veteran ‘buff and blue,’ who reads these pages, will remember the tradition of their pungency, and exclaim with a melancholy sneer, ‘Ah, there were wits in England in those days!’ Nor shall we quarrel with him. Wit is of no age and no party, and plenty of it has appeared in all times and on all sides in England. If we are apt to think the wit of our own time better, it is, perhaps, because it is *ours*.

The ‘Rolliad’—to give it its common name—sprang out of the excitement of the Westminster Scrutiny which so vexed Fox and the Whigs during the first session of the new Parliament that met in May, 1784. Rolle, the member for Devonshire, made
a speech

a speech which provoked the Opposition, and, as he had previously enjoyed the dubious reputation of being ever eager to cough down Edmund Burke, the wits of the party resolved on revenge. It is probable that the Whigs were in no very good humour; the defeated India Bill and the Coalition infamy were fresh, and by no means fragrant, in the nostrils of the country; and William Pitt had just begun his great and triumphant career. The sailors have a proverb that the devil is always busy in a gale of wind, and the spirit of satire is never so active as when political storms are blowing. Through Rolle, Pitt himself and many more men were to be attacked. The chief writers were Dr. Laurence—Tickell (sprung from Addison's Tickell, and a real wit)—General Fitzpatrick, of the Ossory family, well known about town—Richardson—Lord John Townshend—and a man then and long afterwards distinguished, George Ellis. That their amiable labours made a *hit* is sufficiently proved from the fact that the subject was mentioned next spring in the House of Commons. We find from the Parliamentary History, that on April 20th, 1785, Sheridan, amidst 'a general laugh,' observed—

'He was aware that the honourable gentleman (Mr. Rolle) had suspected that he was either the author of those compositions, or in some way or other concerned in them; but he assured him upon his honour he was not, nor had he ever seen a line of them till they were in print in the newspaper.'

The member for Devonshire professed, of course, his 'contempt' for the attacks; but that he was somewhat irritated is plain from his hinting in the course of the debate that he would have Fox's head stuck on Temple Bar! There is a fine pugnacious tone about the speeches and writings of those days which seems to suit the jolly three-bottle life of the epoch.

When we come to view the 'Rolliad' by the light of all this fame, it is the old story; we do not find it so wonderfully clever as we might expect. But, though this is incidental to nearly all such researches, we gladly testify that we have passed pleasant hours over the volume. The genealogical tree of 'the Rollos or Rolles,' which forms the frontispiece, with its three or four ancestors marked *sus. per coll.*, sets the reader laughing and predisposes him to be amused with the letterpress. There is also a very humorous account of the family history—a bit of burlesque on the way in which genealogists adopt the same tone in speaking of all families—well worth reading, still:—

'John Rolle, Esq., is descended from the ancient Duke Rollo of Normandy. Rollo passed over into Britain *anno* 983, where he soon begat another Rollo upon the wife of a Saxon drummer. Our young Rollo

was

was distinguished by his gigantic stature, and was slain by Hildebrand, the Danish champion, in a fit of jealousy. We find in Camden that the race of the Rollos fell into adversity in the reign of Stephen, and in the succeeding reign Gaspar de Rollo was an ostler in Denbighshire. But during the unhappy contests of York and Lancaster the Venerable Bede, and indeed the Chronicle of Croyland, have it that the Rollos became Scheriffes of Devon—*Scheriffi Devonienses Rolli fuerunt*—and, in another passage, *arrestaverunt Debitores plurimi Rollosum*; hence a doubt in Fabian whether this Rollo was not Bailiff *ipse potius quam Scheriffus*. From this period, however, they gradually advanced in circumstances—Rollo in Henry the Eighth being amerced in 800 marks for pilfering two manchetts of beef from the King's buttery, the which, saith Selden, *facillime payavit, &c. &c.*

This bit of pleasantry was written, we believe, by Tickell.* Something quite as absurd may often be seen in comic earnest, when a prosperous Mr. Buggins changes his name to Fitz-Bogyn, and blooms out as a rival to the Courtenays and Talbots.

We remark in the fragments from the imaginary epic a felicitous command of our English heroic metre. The art of writing that glorious kind of verse seems nearly extinct. Was the following severe sketch of Pitt written by George Ellis?—

‘Pert without fire, without experience sage,
Young with more art than Shelburne gleaned from age,
Too proud from pilfered greatness to descend,
Too humble not to call Dundas his friend,
In solemn dignity and sullen state,
This new Octavius rises to debate!’

Ellis afterwards became one of Pitt's friends and supporters, just as certain gentlemen of the ‘New Whig Guide’ set are now Whigs; and the exquisite felicity with which Pitt quoted Virgil on one occasion when the ‘Rolliad’ was mentioned in his company will bear another repetition. One of the party having asked some question about the authorship, Pitt turned to Ellis with an—

‘Imo age, et a prima, dic, hospes, origine nobis,
Insidias——’

leaving the *erroresque tuos* of the next line to be implied, with equal humour and delicacy. These felicitous adaptations of an age when classic quotations were thought, like classic olives, to give a relish to wine, are strange we fear to the ears of the new generation.

* Lord Braybrooke contributed to *Notes and Queries*, vol. ii. 114-5, a paper on the authorship of the *Rolliad*, to which, and the other communications it evoked, we have to express our obligations.

There is a story about Pitt in the 'Rolliad,' founded, we believe, on fact:—

'How as he wandered darkling o'er the plain,
His reason drowned in Jenkinson's champagne,
A rustic's hand, but righteous fate withstood,
Had shed a Premier's for a robber's blood.'

The host was accustomed to do equal justice to his own champagne, if we may trust the anecdote which records that, as two junior members of the party were wandering about the purlieus of the House of Commons—

'His wig awry, his papers on the ground,
DrunK and asleep Charles Jenkinson they found.'

They wrote freely, as they lived freely, *temp. Geo. III.*; and one of the standing qualities for which Pitt—the 'Virtuous Youth'—was ridiculed was his *chastity*. It certainly was not a failing which could be attributed with justice to the leader of the Opposition! The grossness of some of the passages in this popular collection is amazing when we consider how near it comes to our own time and that it was intended for general reading. The personalities are sufficiently broad. A certain duke, who was accused of being a screw, is addressed in these words:—

'Whether thou goest, while summer heats prevail,
To enjoy the freshness of thy kitchen's gale,
Where, unpolluted by luxurious heat,
Its large expanse affords a cool retreat.'

There is a facetious paper on a then well-known voter on the side of Government—Sir Samuel Hannay—whose baronetcy of 1630 did not induce the wits to forgive him for having been a chemist and having in that capacity invented medicines.

Of the Probationary Odes included in the authentic collection of 1785, the one written in the name of the Attorney-General, Pepper Arden, is said to have come from the pen of Brummell; but small as is its merit, we doubt whether he was master of the legal phraseology in which it is chiefly couched, or whether he was capable of constructing an ode at all. Those who knew him in his palmy days, when he was the fashion and the arbiter of fashion, have always assured us that he was utterly destitute of talent.* The Political Eclogues in the 'Rolliad' are very clever, especially

* The notion that Brummell was a wit is a pure myth. His qualities were impudence and foppery, and if he prevailed over better men it was through the same method by which Prior found himself cast into the shade by the Beaus of Queen Anne's time:—

especially 'The Lyars' and 'Margaret Nicholson,' the latter of which is attributed to Sir Robert Adair.

While the 'Rolliad' was appearing, there was satire of one kind or other flying about the whole press. Caricatures against Warren Hastings are given by Mr. Wright; and we found among the 'Cross-readings' of the papers during February that year—

'Mrs. Hastings has presented to the —— a very beautiful bouquet of jewels valued at above 50,000*l.*, which —— infallibly removes all spots and stains of ever so long standing.'

Unquestionably, when we consider personality in the abstract, it is to be regretted that literary war should take such a form. But there is a great deal of cant talked on the subject. No rules can be laid down which the necessities and excitements of periods of agitation will not naturally break through. Satirical freedom is part of political freedom, and wit has often served the cause of religion and truth. 'The faculty of ridicule,' said Johnson, 'may be lawfully used;' and he used it, accordingly, as freely as Pascal had. Luther was wont to say that nothing so much disconcerted the Evil One as laughing at him; which we take to be true in a larger sense than he intended. A strict process against 'personality'—were that word to be used rigidly—would not only play sad havoc with our English oratory and political literature, but would wound Cicero and Demosthenes more deeply than the worms of centuries did. Men must act according to their best lights, and it is for posterity to pronounce the verdict.

In the case of the *Anti-Jacobin*, for example, to which we have now arrived, what are we to say? A hundred opinions may be adopted respecting the French Revolution. Some hate it with unmitigated hatred. Some regret it, but accept its consequences as beneficial to mankind on the whole. Some cherish its memory as a new political revelation of which they hope to see still further results. But a candid man of any of these persuasions must remember that the aim of the *Anti-Jacobin* was to keep *England* from revolution during 1797-8. It was therefore necessary to fight as our soldiers afterwards did in Spain—to wage such a literary war as suited the agitated spirit

'My Cowley and Waller how vainly I quote,
While my negligent Judge only hears with her eye;
In a long flaxen wig and embroidered new coat
Her spark saying nothing talks better than I.'

It was natural for young girls to be influenced by such arguments, but that their party-giving elders of both sexes should have vied in doing homage to a well-dressed puppet like Brummell, is one of those pieces of epidemic folly which defy explanation.

of Europe. Those who blame Canning for speaking as he did of Madame Roland should not forget that what he attacked was the indecorum of her Memoirs, and that it was from persons of her party that kindred aspersions had been cast upon the character of Marie Antoinette. There were men quite ready to begin the same work over here that had been done in France, and that in a spirit of vulgar imitation, and under quite different circumstances. They had to be shot down, like mad dogs; for a cur, though contemptible in ordinary cases, becomes tragic when he has got hydrophobia. Accordingly, in opening the *Anti-Jacobin*, while we talk of its violence we must not overlook the provocation.

For the *Anti-Jacobin* must be claimed an honour which can be claimed for scarce one of the works we have passed under review. Let us waive the question how much England may have owed it for helping to inspire that unity and stout insular self-confidence which carried us through the great war—whole within and impervious without. Let us consider it only in a literary point of view, and it enjoys the rare distinction that its best satires live in real popular remembrance. The ‘Knife-Grinder,’ with his—

‘Story, God bless you, I have none to tell, Sir,’

is almost as widely known as our nursery rhymes. It may be that we have men alive who have written *jeux d’esprit* quite as clever. We are pampered with pleasantry. But, somehow, these *jeux d’esprit* die; and the ‘Knife-Grinder’ remains. We criticise him—we pick him to pieces as children do their toy-figures—to try and get at his charm. We say, ‘You are not so wonderful after all!’ and yet we find our delight in him continually recurring. There goes something of luck to such a success as this. First, there was the philanthropic cant in full swing waiting its satirist; for the world heard it in some shape or other every day. Then there concurred—what was equally advantageous—the happy chance that Southey had been weak enough to publish Sapphics. Lastly, there was the lucky circumstance that, in spite of the absurdity of some of his effusions both in metre and sentiment, he was a great man, whose reputation kept alive the memory of his failures. Thus Canning had an universal and enduring topic to ridicule in a novel shape; the last new popular nonsense to burlesque in the form of the last new literary blunder. His execution was as felicitous as the occasion. The dramatic and homely reality of the Knife-Grinder—his thoroughly English indifference to politics, and his natural preference of a pot of beer to an hour of gabble—give him a place in standard English comedy. No. 2 of the *Anti-Jacobin* (27th November, 1797) lies open before us, with the introductory prose to

to

to this famous satire, from which, as less known, we shall take a paragraph or two:—

‘Another principle no less devoutly entertained’—the writer is speaking of the Jacobins—‘and no less sedulously disseminated, is the *natural and eternal warfare of the Poor and the Rich*. In those orders and gradations of society which are the natural result of the original difference of talents and of industry among mankind, the Jacobin sees nothing but a graduated scale of violence and cruelty. . . . A human being in the lowest state of penury and distress is a treasure to a reasoner of this cast. He contemplates, he examines, he turns him in every possible light with a view to extracting from the variety of his wretchedness new topics of invective against the pride of property. He indeed (if he is a true Jacobin) refrains from *relieving* the object of his compassionate contemplation; as well knowing that every diminution from the general mass of human misery must proportionably diminish the force of his argument.’

The sarcasm of the last sentence is good; and the view quite prepares us for the conduct of the ‘Friend of Humanity’ to our needy acquaintance, after vain attempts to beget in him a spirit of discontent against some person or thing:—

‘KNIFE-GRINDER.

‘I should be glad to drink your Honour’s health in
A Pot of Beer if you will give me Six-pence,
But for my part I never love to meddle
With Politics, Sir.’

‘FRIEND OF HUMANITY.

‘I give thee Sixpence! I will see thee —— first.
Wretch! whom no sense of wrongs can rouse to vengeance,
Sordid, unfeeling, reprobate, degraded,
Spiritless outcast!

‘[*Kicks the Knife-grinder, overturns his wheel, and exit in a transport of republican enthusiasm and universal philanthropy.*.]’

We cannot wonder that from two contributors to the *Anti-Jacobin*—William Gifford and John Hookham Frere—we should have had the best modern translations of Juvenal* and of Aristophanes. The school did something for the pupils; and the pupils threw back a lustre on the school which would alone preserve it in literary remembrance.

But if the *Anti-Jacobin* excels all similar works in popularity, and in the eminence of its contributors, it also excels them in

* Such of the satires of Juvenal as Dryden translated must be excepted. They leave all competitors behind, though Gifford may have surpassed him in particular couplets.

another important particular. It contains on the whole a greater number of really good things than any one of them. The 'Loves of the Triangles,' in which,

'Th' obedient Pulley strong Mechanics ply,
And wanton Optics roll the melting eye!'

is an irresistible parody, and likely to keep the original of Darwin in remembrance. Gray's Odes have survived the burlesques of Colman; and the 'Country and City Mouse' of Prior and Montague is neglected by nine-tenths of those who read with admiration the 'Hind and the Panther.' But Darwin's case is peculiar. Other poems live in spite of ridicule; and his 'Loves of the Plants' in consequence of it. The Attic salt of his enemies has *preserved* his reputation.

An universal characteristic of the *Anti-Jacobin* is its *vigour*. It smacks of the energetic time when it appeared, and of the events which it chronicles among its news. In the first number we have anecdotes of the recent battle of Camperdown—how the gallant Duncan chased the Dutch on to a lee-shore, and engaged them to leeward. Sir Richard Strachan is sent off to blockade the mouth of the Seine. A Whig Duke makes a foolish after-dinner speech about the Majesty of the People: he is instantly dismissed from the lord-lieutenancy of his county and the command of his regiment of militia. The vivacity of the satire suits the stir of all this activity and glory; and very refreshing it is to recur to both in the days in which we live. There is always a purpose in the *Anti-Jacobin's* view,—something more important than the mere *persiflage* that teases individuals. Like the blade of Damascus, which has a verse of the Koran engraved on it, its fine wit glitters terribly in the cause of sacred tradition. None, however, of the lighter graces of satire are absent, and the parodies of Horace and Catullus are especially neat.

The shop of Mr. Wright, in Piccadilly, where the *Anti-Jacobin* was published, was the scene of a famous encounter between its editor, Gifford, and Dr. Wolcot. The *Anti-Jacobin*, however, was not the cause of the assault. Wolcot had attacked Gifford, who retaliated in his 'Epistle to Peter Pindar,' in which he describes his libeller in such lines as these:—

'A bloated mass, a gross, blood-boltered clod,
A foe to man, a renegade from God,
From noxious childhood to pernicious age,
Separate to infamy, in every stage.'

Among other invectives equally strong there appears the following invocation to combat:—

'Come,

‘Come, then, all filth, all venom as thou art,
 Rage in thy eye, and rancour in thy heart,
 Come with thy boasted arms, spite, malice, lies,
 Smut, scandal, execrations, blasphemies;
 I brave them all. Lo, here I fix my stand,
 And dare the utmost of thy tongue and hand;
 Prepared each threat to baffle or to spurn,
 Each blow with ten-fold vigour to return.’

This passage certainly seems a direct challenge to the assault which ensued; and accordingly, as Gifford was entering Wright's shop, Wolcot (Peter Pindar) fell upon him with a cudgel. Though a small man, Gifford did not belie the bravery of his verses. He stood up to Wolcot, wrested the cudgel from his hand, and returned each blow, as he had promised, with ten-fold vigour. The crowd, moreover, which gathered was with the Tory wit; Peter was rolled in the kennel, and thus returned to what was often the Castalia of his inspiration! This is a specimen, whether we regard the violence of the language or the violence of the acts, of the fierce animosities of those days. The renown of Peter Pindar was great in his time, and, though he could not beat Gifford at savage point, he was his superior in coarse buffoonery. Wolcot is the Radical satirist, the street Swift,—a rough, tough, scurrilous, but really funny wag. There is the true caper of the Satyr in his style. His favourite topic was George the Third, whose habit of saying ‘What! what!’ was an inexhaustible source of merriment; but his chief satire has an unrepeatable title, and we have no wish to revive specimens of a man who, if he hated anybody, fell foul of their sisters, mother, and grandmother. He was a ruffian with his pen as with his cudgel. Gifford had fought his way up with dauntless resolution from the position of a shoemaker; the chief attack on him by Peter Pindar is therefore entitled *A Cut at a Cobbler!* Volumes could not say more in illustration of the man or of his Red Indian style of warfare; and the fact prepares us to find satirists of his school of politics parodying the Athanasian Creed to ridicule the King and Eldon. But the records of these infamous followers of a bad original are the criminal trials, and their works are now known only to students of the law of libel.

We have arrived by this time at our own century, and the career of the gayest of squib-writers, the airiest of wits—Tom Moore. The effervescence of his light ridicule is as superior to meaner mixtures as sparkling Moselle to ginger-beer. He is not a great satirist; but the bow of Cupid can wound as well as the bow of Apollo. He was as quick and as vexatious as a mos-

quito; and he had an eminent advantage in his musical command of verse, for his hum charms the ear while his sting tortures the flesh. Our climate seems almost too cold for so gay and gorgeous an insect. He was like his own—

‘bees of Trebizond,
Which from the sunniest flowers that glad
With their pure smile the gardens round,
Draw venom forth that drives men mad.’

During *his* palmy days the Whigs were the lords of political wit till ‘Blackwood’ and the ‘New Whig Guide’ turned the tables, and after these ‘John Bull’ scattered terror among their ranks. But they may justly be proud of their light horseman from the Irish brigade. Never was a neater swordsman, nor one with a prettier plume of poetry in his helm. His ornaments do not encumber his weapon: nay, he wounds more severely by the aid of them, like a man striking with his fist when he has his rings on. His satire belongs to the same school as that of the ‘Rolliad’ and Sir Hanbury Williams; but the ‘Rolliad’ men did not equal him in point, and Sir Hanbury never rivalled him in fancy.

His main characteristic being *sparkle*, his talent can be judged perfectly well by bits. Pound him into fragments, and the dust will glitter. No one satire is a great satire, but all are full of delicate little brilliancies which represent his kind of genius as effectually as a whole poem.* They stick to the memory naturally. Mention the Prince Royal and his golden donkeys holding the salt, and forthwith you remember—

‘those little asses,
Which in that rich and classic dome
Appear so perfectly at home!’

The corpulence of his old patron was as staple a theme of mirth to him as Sheridan’s nose to Gilray; and we have it jested upon in a short piece, entitled ‘Reinforcements to Wellington,’ which we may quote as a fair specimen of a satirist

‘Whose humour, as gay as the fire-fly’s light,
Play’d round every subject, and shone as it play’d.’

The date of the poem is 1813.

* Some of his epigrams, which are not political, are exceedingly neat and of wide application—as, for instance, the quatrain entitled ‘A Speculation:’—

‘Of all speculations the market holds forth,
The best that I know for a lover of pelf
Is to buy Marens up at the price he is worth,
And then sell him at that which he sets on himself.’

‘ As recruits in these times are not easily got,
 And the Marshal *must* have them—pray, why should we not,
 As the last, and, I grant it, the worst of our loans to him,
 Ship off the Ministry, body and bones, to him?
 There’s not in all England, I’d venture to swear,
 Any men we could half so conveniently spare;
 And though they’ve been helping the French for years past,
 We may thus make them useful to England at last.
 Castlereagh in our sieges might save some disgraces,
 Being us’d to the *taking* and *keeping* of places;
 And volunteer Canning, still ready for joining,
 Might show off his talent for sly *undermining*.
 Could the Household but spare us its glory and pride,
 Old H—df—t at *horn-works* again might be tried,
 And the Chief Justice make a *bold charge* at his side:
 While Vansittart could victual the troops *upon tick*,
 And the Doctor look after the baggage and sick.
 Nay, I do not see why the *great* Regent himself
 Should, in times such as these, stay at home on the shelf:
 Though through narrow defiles he’s not fitted to pass,
 Yet who could resist if he bore down *en masse*?
 And though oft, of an evening, perhaps he might prove,
 Like our Spanish confed’rates, “unable to move,”
 Yet there’s *one* thing in war of advantage unbounded,
 Which is, that he could not with ease be *surrounded*.’

This waggery—so petulant and *pétillant*—had at least no great malignity in it. The same cannot be said of such a passage as the following from the well-known ‘Parody on the Regent’s letter:’—

‘ I need not remind you how cursedly bad,
 Our affairs were ~~all~~ looking when father went mad;
 A strait waistcoat on him and restrictions on me,
 A more *limited* Monarchy could not well be.’

This is inexcusably indecent; and the recollection of it ought to have hindered Moore from ever complaining, as he afterwards did in his *Life of Sheridan*, of the violence of party satire. While he was firing away his rockets in the ‘Times’ and ‘Chronicle;’—while Byron himself was occasionally throwing out party lampoons;—while Rogers was dropping neat epigrams which fell and blistered like drops of burning sealing-wax,*—the Whigs had things all their own way. It was not till

* Byron thought that the epigram of Rogers on Ward (Lord Dudley) was not to be surpassed:—

‘ Ward has no heart, they say; but I deny it;
 He has a heart, and gets his speeches by it.’

Rogers, however, confessed to Mr. Dyce that he had been assisted in it by Richard Sharp, and this leaves it doubtful to which of the two the merit of the idea belongs.

about the period of the Peace, when the *New Whig Guide* was coming out in the papers, and *Blackwood* appeared in the North like the *Aurora Borealis*, that the spell of that great Party's rule in literature began to break, both in Edinburgh and London. An age followed, of most brilliant activity, but too near to our own to be yet discussed in much detail. The remembrance of their castigations still rankles in the blood of the Cockney Radicals on whom the heaviest part of the Tory severity fell; and they gratify themselves by biting at the rods, now that the hands which wielded them are harmless in the grave.

To the *New Whig Guide* attaches a peculiar interest. Not only was it supported by the keen satiric wit of Mr. Croker, but our present Premier is understood to have contributed to it. '*What a facetious Consul we have!*' exclaimed Cato, when Cicero delivered that charming raillery of the Stoics which we find in the *Pro Murenâ*. We open the merry pages of the *Guide* with a certain veneration, when we know that we are perusing the squibs of a First Lord. What is still more to the purpose in this particular is, that the late Sir Robert Peel had a considerable hand in the fun, though in maturer years he kept under stern control that rich sense of humour which belonged to him as a great man. The best piece, perhaps, in the volume is from his truly facetious pen. Apparently borrowing an idea from Addison's exquisite papers on the exchange of afflictions at the Mountain of Miseries, he supposed pairs, selected from the Ministerial and Opposition sides of the House, to exchange heads. This happy device enabled him to place in ludicrous contrast the members who exhibited the strongest points of dissimilarity, and, while depicting antagonists with a slight satiric touch, to draw a complimentary portrait of friends. Yet upon the whole both sides are traced with a tolerably equal hand; and it forms no small part of the interest with which we read the piece, that it is a lively sketch of the style of speaking of many of the celebrities of the last generation. Mr. Clive and Sir Everard Home are employed by the House to effect the transference, and the first couple whom Mr. Speaker summons to undergo the experiment are Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Tierney:—

'The effect of the operation was immediately visible: Mr. Tierney's manner became open and candid; he spoke, indeed, in a more involved and intricate style than usual, and he frequently talked of *hinges*, *features*, and *bottoms*;* but then his matter was so good, his principles

* The incoherent metaphors of Lord Castlereagh were, it is well known, a good-humoured subject of jest both with friend and foe. 'And now, Sir, I must embark into the *feature* on which this question chiefly *hinges*,' was an actual sentence in one of his speeches.

so noble, and his feelings so upright and honourable, that it was easy to see that he made a strong impression on the whole House, and, strange to tell, even his own friends appeared to place the greatest confidence in him.

‘ Lord Castlereagh, on the contrary, began to speak in a plain, matter-of-fact, intelligible manner, but what he gained in style he appeared to lose in substance; for, notwithstanding his affected plainness, it was evident that there was always some little paltry trick or dexterity at bottom: the House was, indeed, much amused at his sallies, but he made no sort of impression; the members on his own side appeared to place little confidence in him, and even Mr. Robinson and Colonel Wood seemed to regard him with evident marks of distrust.

‘ Mr. Speaker next mentioned the names of Mr. Canning and Mr. Ponsonby. When the operation was over, Mr. Ponsonby’s manner was quite altered; his eyes shot fire, his countenance was illuminated, his gestures were at once lively and graceful, his conversation became in the highest degree entertaining; everything he said was either new or put in so happy a point of view as to have all the graces of novelty; his language was at once admirable for its precision and its spirit; and everything he said was received with attention and applause.

‘ Mr. Canning in the mean while slunk away to his seat with his hat pulled down over his eyes. He said very little, and that little was attended to by no one on either side of the House. Indeed, there was so much coughing and confusion while he spoke, that I could catch but a few words here and there. But what seemed to me most extraordinary was to observe Lord Binning and Mr. Sturges Bourne quizzing Mr. Canning, and laughing immoderately at old Twaddle, as I overheard them calling him.

‘ The next couple that presented themselves were Mr. Vansittart and Mr. Grattan. As soon as the interchange of their heads was effected the most surprising alterations became visible in their deportments. Mr. Vansittart began to throw himself into the oddest postures imaginable, and to play all manner of antics; he strode up and down the House, as if he was measuring ground for a duel; when he spoke his action was so violent that I observed he scratched off the skin of his knuckles against the floor; * ever and anon he gave the red box on the table a thump that electrified the House; his style was wild and desultory; he dealt chiefly in short, enigmatical sentences—intentionally antithetical and unintentionally profane; the country gentlemen seemed to toil after him in vain; he talked “of Chaos carrying Noah’s flood on its back,” likened Sir Cox Hippesley to the witch of Endor, and said “a motion for a committee *would shoulder omnipotence from the altar.*”

‘ Mr. Grattan, on the other hand, immediately withdrew, and dressed himself in a full suit of black: on his return he walked up the House with a very modest gait, and looked around him with a smile of general

* ‘ Curran used to take Grattan*off, bowing to the very ground, and thanking God that he had no peculiarities of gesture or appearance, in a way irresistibly ludicrous.’—LORD BYRON.

complacency. When he rose to speak he placed himself in a certain position, from which he did not afterwards deviate in the slightest degree, and in the utmost vehemence of his action I did not observe him to do more than to entwine very lovingly the two fore-fingers of the right hand with the two fore-fingers of the left. Whenever he spoke he showed his deference to the House by treating every matter with the same degree of attention and formality, and he moved "that this Bill be read a third time to-morrow, *if then engrossed*," with the same tone in which he defended our whole system of finance. But in all he said there was such perfect candour, and such an intimate acquaintance with his subject, so much clearness in his views, so much integrity in his propositions, so much good-nature and kindness in his manner, that he seemed to receive the entire confidence of the House, and to possess the esteem equally of his adversaries and friends.'

Lord Palmerston changes heads with Lord Folkestone, the present Lord Radnor; but, as our Premier was one of the 'New Whig Guide' fraternity, his portrait, as might be expected, is confined to insipid generalities, and is entirely wanting in distinctive traits. Not so the speech which he delivers when he gets the head of his *vis-à-vis* upon his shoulders:—

'He objected—he objected to all estimates, original or supplemental—or supplemental. He saw portentous signs—signs, in every street, that this—this country was on the eve of becoming a military—a military country;—Punch—Punch, who in the days of our ancestors was accompanied—accompanied by a fiddle, or a—fiddle or a dulcimer, was now accompanied—accompanied by a drum—by a drum and fife—and fife:—every servant wore cock—cockades, and several cocked—and several cocked-hats:—These were enormities—ormities not to be borne.'

After this pleasant exaggeration of Lord Folkestone's reduplicative style of oratory, it is but justice to add that Canning pronounced his speech on the Duke of York's case to be one of the very best he had ever heard. Moore about the same time had made one of his Fudge Letters turn upon this fancy of changing heads, and it is thus that Mr. Fudge addresses Lord Castlereagh:—

Went to the madhouse—saw the man
 Who thinks, poor wretch, that, while the Fiend
 Of Discord here full riot ran,
He, like the rest, was guillotined;—
 But that when, under Boney's reign
 (A more discreet, though quite a strong one),
 The heads were all restored again,
 He, in the scramble, got a *wrong one*.
 Accordingly, he still cries out
 This strange head fits him most unpleasantly;
 And always runs, poor wretch, about,
 Inquiring for his own incessantly.

While

While to his case a tear I dropp'd,
 And saunter'd home, thought I, ye Gods!
 How many heads might thus be swopp'd,
 And, after all, not make much odds!

* * * *

'Twas thus I ponder'd on, my Lord;
 And, e'en at night, when laid in bed,
 I found myself, before I suor'd,
 Thus chopping, swopping head for head.
 At length I thought, fantastic elf!
 How such a change would suit myself.
 'Twixt sleeping and waking, one by one,
 With various pericraniums saddled,
 At last I tried your Lordship's on,
 And then I grew completely addled—
 Forgot all other heads, 'od rot 'em!
 And slept and dreamt that I was—*Bottom*.'

If wit such as this had ever a scathing power, it wounds no longer, and, like summer-lightning, is as harmless as it is bright. But though the verse is admirable in its kind, it is, to our thinking, surpassed by the prose. There is far more humour in the conception of making opposites exchange heads than in making like exchange with like, while Moore has nothing answering to Peel's sketches of character, which are as vivid as they are brief, and almost as faithful as they are ludicrous.

Another excellent paper in the *Guide* is the account of the Opposition in the 'Letters of Ezekiel Grubb, a Quaker of Pennsylvania, to Mr. Tobias Brande of Bigmuddy.' Whitbread is touched off, very neatly, by the imaginary Quaker:—

'Whitbread (not Whitebread as thou callest him) hath more weight I think, than the Leader. He is a very boisterous and lengthy speaker, and strongly remindeth me of Bully Pycroft of Kentucky, whom thou knowest, *though he is inferior to Pycroft in taste and elegance*.'

There are one or two especially good parodies. Moore affords two very lively subjects,—

—'there's nothing half so sweet in life,
 As *Quarter-Day*!'

and another, from which we take an inimitably happy stanza:—

'Oh the fool who is truly so never forgets,
 But still fools it on to the close;
 As Ponsonby leaves the debate when he sets,
 Just as dark as it was when he rose.'

The *Guide* belongs to the same school of light party satire,
 half

half clubbish, half parliamentary,—which includes the ‘*Rolliad*’ and Sir Hanbury Williams, and most of Moore’s pasquinades. Thus it occupies, as these do, a middle place between the high literary satires of a Swift or Addison, and the sheet broadsides addressed to the mob. It nowhere reaches the level of the best pieces of the *Anti-Jacobin*, the result, as Dr. Johnson said of the ‘*Rape of the Lock*,’ of skilful genius with happy casualty; but for generations, writers of memoirs and historians who wish to catch the spirit of its time will come to its pages, where they will find Mackintosh and other celebrities sketched with the same humorous power that H. B. sketched his heroes. For, though there is a fashion in wit as in everything, and every age thinks its own wit the best, the faculty itself is scattered pretty equally over them all, and, whatever may be the shape it assumes, employs itself always for much the same purposes and objects. We repeat that no branch of the *belles-lettres* more completely illustrates an age; and though little of it is purely readable in after times for its own sake, it all has a solid value when studied for the purpose of this illustration. Our literature still desiderates a work devoted to the subject.

We are not going to deal on this occasion with the ‘*John Bull*’ of Theodore Hook. *Spirat adhuc odium*. Its scathing satire only began in December, 1820, when it was carried on with such zeal, that in printing his famous song, ‘*Mrs. Muggins’ Visit to the Queen*,’ in the nineteenth number, Hook absolutely printed *the music*. As much of the story as was proper was told in this journal a few years ago, in language which we cannot improve upon, and need not repeat.* A single sentence must be quoted as necessary to our historical sketch—‘that all persons of influence seem to have concurred in the determination that such things should no longer be patronized.’ This reaction, for which no one party exclusively—and certainly not the general spirit of our best English satire—is to blame, lasted almost till the other day; not only by its own force, but because circumstances in political life concurred to prolong it. The party-squibbing of the old school has, during the last quarter of a century, been scarcely known. Since its venom has abated it has nearly vanished from the daily papers, of which, up to that period, it was a regular feature. Mr. Macaulay, as well as Moore, employed the light artillery of his wit in aid of the heavier metal of the newspaper leader; and a shot which he fired off in *The Times* on the 14th May, 1827, when Mr. Banks was a candidate

* See ‘*Theodore Hook*,’ reprinted from vol. lxxii. of the *Quarterly Review*.

for the representation of the University of Cambridge, is the last example which we shall give of this species of political warfare.*

THE COUNTRY CLERGYMAN'S TRIP TO CAMBRIDGE.

1.

'As I sat down to breakfast in state,
At my living of Tithing-cum-Boring,
With Betty beside me to wait,
Came a rap that almost beat the door in.
'I laid down my basin of tea,
And Betty ceased spreading the toast:
"As sure as a gun, Sir," said she,
"That must be the knock of the post."

2.

A letter—and free—bring it here:
I have no correspondent who franks.
No! Yes! Can it be? Why, my dear,
'Tis our glorious, our Protestant Bankes.
"Dear Sir, as I know your desire
That the Church should receive due protection,
I humbly presume to require
Your aid at the Cambridge election.

3.

It has lately been brought to my knowledge
That the Ministers fully design
To suppress each cathedral and college,
And eject every learned divine.

* A passage in Moore's Diary, in which he relates a conversation that took place at the breakfast-table of Rogers in June, 1831, first made known to the world at large the authorship of these capital verses:—"In the course of conversation, Campbell quoted a line,

"Ye diners out, from whom we guard our spoons,"

and looking over at me, said significantly, "You ought to know that line." I pleaded not guilty; upon which he said, "It is a poem that appeared in *The Times*, which every one attributes to you." But I again declared that I did not even remember it. Macaulay then broke silence, and said, to our general surprise, "That is mine," on which we all expressed a wish to have it recalled to our memories, and he repeated the whole of it. I then remembered having been much struck with it at the time, and said that there was another squib, still better, on the subject of William Bankes's candidanship for Cambridge, which so amused me when it appeared, and showed such power in that style of composition, that I wrote up to Barnes about it, and advised him by all means to secure that hand as an ally. "That was mine also," said Macaulay; thus discovering to us a new power, in addition to that varied store of talent which we had already known him to possess.—*Memoirs of Thomas Moore*, vol. vi. p. 213. The recommendation to the Editor of *The Times* to secure the new ally was generous in Moore, for he must have been well aware that his own effusions in this kind never ran such a risk of being eclipsed.

To assist this detestable scheme
 Three nuncios from Rome are come over ;
 They left Calais on Monday by steam,
 And landed to dinner at Dover.

4.

An army of grim Cordeliers,
 Well furnished with relics and vermin,
 Will follow, Lord Westmoreland fears,
 To effect what their chiefs may determine
 Lollards' tower, good authorities say,
 Is again fitting up for a prison ;
 And a wood-merchant told me to-day,
 'Tis a wonder how faggots have risen.

5.

The finance scheme of Canning contains
 A new Easter-offering tax ;
 And he means to devote all the gains
 To a bounty on thumbscrews and racks.
 Your living, so neat and compact—
 Pray, don't let the news give you pain !—
 Is promised, I know for a fact,
 To an olive-faced Padre from Spain."

6.

I read, and I felt my heart bleed,
 Sore wounded with horror and pity ;
 So I flew, with all possible speed,
 To our Protestant champion's Committee.
 'True gentlemen, kind and well bred !
 No fleering ! no distance ! no scorn !
 They asked after my wife who is dead,
 And my children who never were born.

7.

They then, like high-principled Tories,
 Called our Sovereign unjust and unsteady,
 And assailed him with scandalous stories,
 Till the coach for the voters was ready.
 That coach might be well called a casket
 Of learning and brotherly love :
 There were parsons in boot, and in basket ;
 There were parsons below and above.

8.

There were Sneaker and Griper, a pair
 Who stick to Lord Mulesby like leeches ;
 A smug chaplain of plausible air,
 Who writes my Lord Goslingham's speeches.

Dr. Buzz,

Dr. Buzz, who alone is a host,
Who, with arguments weighty as lead,
Proves six times a week in the Post
That flesh somehow differs from bread.

9.

Dr. Nimrod, whose orthodox toes
Are seldom withdrawn from the stirrup;
Dr. Humdrum, whose eloquence flows
Like droppings of sweet poppy syrup;
Dr. Rosygill puffing and fanning,
And wiping away perspiration;
Dr. Humbug, who proved Mr. Canning
The beast in St. John's Revelation.

10.

A layman can scarce form a notion
Of our wonderful talk on the road;
Of the learning, the wit, and devotion,
Which almost each syllable showed:
Why divided allegiance agrees
So ill with our free constitution;
How Catholics swear as they please,
In hope of the priest's absolution;

11.

How the Bishop of Norwich had bartered
His faith for a legate's commission;
How Lyndhurst, afraid to be martyr'd,
Had stooped to a base coalition;
How Papists are cased from compassion
By bigotry, stronger than steel;
How burning would soon come in fashion,
And how very bad it must feel.

12.

We were all so much touched and excited
By a subject so direly sublime,
That the rules of politeness were slighted,
And we all of us talked at a time;
And in tones, which each moment grew louder,
Told how we should dress for the show,
And where we should fasten the powder,
And if we should bellow or no.

13.

Thus from subject to subject we ran,
And the journey passed pleasantly o'er,
Till at last Dr. Humdrum began;
From that time I remember no more.

At Ware he commenced his prelection,
 In the dullest of clerical drones;
 And when next I regained recollection,
 We were rumbling o'er Trumington stones.'

This is admirable pleasantry, and as laughable now as the day it was penned. It would be absurd to comment gravely upon such humorous extravagance, or in any way to make an historical sketch of Political Satires the vehicle for instilling political principles. Wherever the pepper has not lost its pungency by keeping, we have not cared to consider whether it was of the black kind or the white. The portion which has retained its savour is little enough. The man of the most catholic taste will not discover many squibs that he thinks worthy to be reproduced, and he who is most fastidious in his transcriptions must sometimes expect

'To tell the jest without the smile.'

The satire of the present generation has been purified from all of the faults which had begun to render it unendurable.

We have now the 'comic paper'—an institution not unknown to our ancestors, but one which never existed before under such advantages; and the best of that kind of political wit which once glittered in such things as the 'Rolliad' is now embodied in the 'political novel.' Here are new developments of the tendency which will be studied a century hence by our descendants, and which we must admit they will have a right to regard as exponents of our life.

One or two remarkable and obvious characteristics distinguish 'Punch' from the kind of works we have examined. Its wit is neither Whig nor Tory; and though it had at one time a pretty strong political bias—which, if weaker, is by no means extinct at present—still the largest part of its fun has always been *social*. It is rather a combination of scattered excellences than anything essentially new; for, not to mention that it was preceded by 'Figaro,' a satirical journal of much cleverness, edited, and indeed for the most part written, by the late Mr. A'Beckett, and that it bears the second title of 'Charivari,' it is certain that all the forms of wit and humour employed in it can be traced in the political satire of old times. But what the world never had before was a specially comic journal of so much merit, combining social and political matter, and combining also the satire of the pen with the satire of the pencil. The talent of Gilray and the talent of Hook are found in it together. But it would be unjust to limit its merit to the light shafts which are shot at folly as it flies, for the 'Snob Papers' belong to another sphere, and would not have disgraced

disgraced the 'Tatler;' and the domestic sketches of Mr. Leech are charming little works of art, which it would be libellous to class with 'caricatures' at all.* The fanciful wit again which flavours the writings of Mr. Jerrold carries us back to Fuller or Cowley, and is of a far rarer growth than the men of past times would have expected in a paper professedly comic and polemic. In the bright sallies of conversational wit he has no surviving equal. The decorum which distinguishes 'Punch' from the best effusions of the class in olden days belongs as much to the age as to the periodical. At the worst of times our facetious friend is innocent; and though our progenitors seem to have thought that all wit required great licence, the student finds that they were often licentious and dull too, sacrificing decency and getting nothing in exchange. The greatest proof of 'Punch's' success is the number of its imitators,—the 'Pasquins,' 'Pucks,' 'Puppet-Shows,' 'Squibs,' 'Sparks,' 'Great Guns,' 'Journals for Laughter,' 'Joe Millers,' 'Mephistopheleses,' 'Diogeneses,' 'Judys,' 'T' 'Falstaffs,' and 'Punchinellos';—all those loose bantlings of wit of the great city, now no more!

'Quos dulcis vitæ exsortes et ab ubere raptos,
Abstulit atra dies et funere mersit acerbo.'

Long may 'Punch' survive these short-lived off-shoots from the parent stem! That 'political wit' will ever cease, any more than eloquence, to be part of politics, we no more believe than we believe that the earth will cease to bear prickly roses, or white nettle-flowers. There may be an occasional lull, but the wind of party excitement will continue to blow, and, like certain winds in the south which bring locusts, it bears wit and satire on its wings.

* The second series of 'Pictures of Life and Character,' from the collection of Mr. Punch, by this delightful artist, is in nothing inferior to the first. These volumes are equally amusing to seniors and juniors, and, from their enduring power of pleasing, have really added to the happiness of the children who are fortunate enough to possess them. The range of Mr. Leech is surprising. Horses and horsemen, good riders and bad, exquisite dandies and vulgar snobs, citizens and country bumpkins, old-fashioned English gentlemen and upstart boys, footmen and maid-servants, blooming young ladies and elderly matrons, are all depicted with equal fidelity and spirit. The beauty, gracefulness, and nature of his women have never been approached in any similar productions. Sailors, policemen, cab-drivers, street-boys, every variety of person and calling, are represented with an individuality which might lead us to imagine that there were as many artists as characters. He even draws Frenchmen as we should have supposed they could have been drawn by none but Frenchmen.

ART. V.—1. *History and Practice of Photogenic Drawing, on the true principles of the Daguerreotype, with the New Method of Dioramic Painting. Secrets purchased by the French Government, and by their command published for the benefit of the Arts and Manufactures.* By the Inventor, L. J. M. Daguerre, Officer of the Legion of Honour, and Member of various Academies. Translated from the original by J. S. Memes, LL.D. London, 1839.

2. *A Practical Manual of Photography, containing a concise History of the Science and its connection with Optics, together with simple and practical details for the Production of Pictures by the Action of Light upon prepared Surfaces of Paper, Glass, and Silvered Plates, by the Processes known as the Daguerreotype, Calotype, Collodion, Albumen, &c.* By a Practical Photographer. London.

3. *On the Practice of the Calotype Process of Photography.* By George S. Cundell, Esq. Philosophical Magazine, vol. xxiv., No. 160. May, 1844.

4. *Researches on the Theory of the Principal Phenomena of Photography in the Daguerreotype Process.* By A. Claudet. Read before the British Association at Birmingham, Sept. 14, 1849.

5. *Researches on Light, an Examination of all the Phenomena connected with the Chemical and Molecular Changes produced by the influence of the Solar Rays, embracing all the known Photographic Processes and new Discoveries in the Art.* By Robert Hunt, Secretary to the Royal Cornwall Polytechnic Society. London, 1844.

6. *Progress of Photography—Collodion and the Stereoscope.* A Lecture by Joseph Ellis. Read at the Literary and Scientific Institution of Brighton, Nov. 13, 1855.

7. *The Journal of the Photographic Society.* Edited by the Rev. J. R. Major, M.A., F.S.A., King's College, London.

IT is now more than fifteen years ago that specimens of a new and mysterious art were first exhibited to our wondering gaze. They consisted of a few heads of elderly gentlemen executed in a bistre-like colour upon paper. The heads were not above an inch long, they were little more than patches of broad light and shade, they showed no attempt to idealise or soften the harshnesses and accidents of a rather rugged style of physiognomy—on the contrary, the eyes were decidedly contracted, the mouths expanded, and the lines and wrinkles intensified. Nevertheless we examined them with the keenest admiration, and felt that the spirit of Rembrandt had revived. Before that time little was the

the existence of a power, availing itself of the eye of the sun both to discern and to execute, suspected by the world—still less that it had long lain the unclaimed and unnamed legacy of our own Sir Humphry Davy. Since then photography has become a household word and a household want; is used alike by art and science, by love, business, and justice; is found in the most sumptuous saloon, and in the dingiest attic—in the solitude of the Highland cottage, and in the glare of the London gin-palace—in the pocket of the detective, in the cell of the convict, in the folio of the painter and architect, among the papers and patterns of the millowner and manufacturer, and on the cold brave breast on the battle-field.

The annals of photography, as gathered from the London Directory, though so recent, are curious. As early as 1842 one individual, of the name of Beard, assumed the calling of a daguerreotype artist. In 1843 he set up establishments in four different quarters of London, reaching even to Wharf Road, City Road, and thus alone supplied the metropolis until 1847. In 1848 Claudet and a few more appear on the scene, but, owing to then existing impediments, their numbers even in 1852 did not amount to more than seven. In 1855 the expiration of the patent and the influence of the Photographic Society swelled them to sixty-six—in 1857 photographers have a heading to themselves and stand at 147.

These are the higher representatives of the art. But who can number the legion of petty dabblers, who display their trays of specimens along every great thoroughfare in London, executing for our lowest servants, for one shilling, that which no money could have commanded for the Rothschild bride of twenty years ago? Not that photographers flock especially to the metropolis; they are wanted everywhere and found everywhere. The large provincial cities abound with the sun's votaries, the smallest town is not without them; and if there be a village so poor and remote as not to maintain a regular establishment, a visit from a photographic travelling van gives it the advantages which the rest of the world are enjoying. Thus, where not half a generation ago the existence of such a vocation was not dreamt of, tens of thousands (especially if we reckon the purveyors of photographic materials) are now following a new business, practising a new pleasure, speaking a new language, and bound together by a new sympathy.

For it is one of the pleasant characteristics of this pursuit that it unites men of the most diverse lives, habits, and stations, so that whoever enters its ranks finds himself in a kind of republic, where it needs apparently but to be a photographer to be a brother. The world was believed to have grown sober and
matter-of-fact,

matter-of-fact, but the light of photography has revealed an unsuspected source of enthusiasm. An instinct of our nature, scarcely so worthily employed before, seems to have been kindled, which finds something of the gambler's excitement in the frequent disappointments and possible prizes of the photographer's luck. When before did any motive short of the stimulus of chance or the greed of gain unite in one uncertain and laborious quest the nobleman, the tradesman, the prince of blood royal, the innkeeper, the artist, the manservant, the general officer, the private soldier, the hard-worked member of every learned profession, the gentleman of leisure, the Cambridge wrangler, the man who bears some of the weightiest responsibilities of this country on his shoulder, and, though last, not least, the fair woman whom nothing but her own choice obliges to be more than the fine lady? The records of the Photographic Society, established in 1853, are curiously illustrative of these incongruities. Its first chairman, in order to give the newly instituted body the support and recognition which art was supposed to owe it, was chosen expressly from the realms of art. Sir Charles Eastlake therefore occupied the chair for two years; at the end of which the society selected a successor quite as interested and efficient from a sphere of life only so far connected with art or science as being their very antipodes, namely, Sir Frederick Pollock, the Chief Baron of England. The next chairman may be a General fresh from the happy land where they photograph the year round; the fourth, for aught that can be urged to the contrary, the Archbishop of Canterbury. A clergyman of the Established Church has already been the editor to the journal of the society. The very talk of these photographic members is unlike that of any other men, either of business or pleasure. Their style is made up of the driest facts, the longest words, and the most high-flown rhapsodies. Slight improvements in processes, and slight varieties in conclusions, are discussed as if they involved the welfare of mankind. They seek each other's sympathy, and they resent each other's interference, with an ardour of expression at variance with all the sobrieties of business, and the habits of reserve; and old-fashioned English *mauvaise honte* is extinguished in the excitement, not so much of a new occupation as of a new state. In one respect, however, we can hardly accuse them of the language of exaggeration. The photographic body can no longer be considered only a society, it is becoming 'one of the institutions of the country.' Branches from the parent tree are flourishing all over the United Kingdom. Liverpool assists Norwich, Norwich congratulates Dublin, Dublin fraternises with the Birmingham and Midland Institute, London sympathises with each, and all are looking with impatience to Manchester. Each of these societies

societies elect their officers, open their exhibitions, and display the same encouraging medley of followers. The necessity too for regular instruction in the art is being extensively recognised. The Council of King's College have instituted a lectureship of photography. Photographic establishments are attached to the Royal Arsenal at Woolwich; a photographic class is opened for the officers of the Royal Artillery and Engineers; lectures are given at the Royal Institution, and popular discourses at Mechanics' Institutes. Meanwhile British India has kept pace with the mother country. The Photographic Society at Bombay is only second in period of formation to that of London. Calcutta, Madras, Bengal, and minor places all correspond by means of societies. The Elphinstone Institution has opened a class for instruction. Nor is the feeling of fellowship confined to our own race. The photographic and the political alliance with France and this country was concluded at about the same period, and we can wish nothing more than that they may be maintained with equal cordiality. The Duke de Luynes, a French nobleman of high scientific repute, has placed the sum of 10,000 francs at the disposal of the Paris Photographic Society, to be divided into two prizes for objects connected with the advance of the art,—the prizes open to the whole world. The best landscape photographs at the *Exposition des Beaux Arts* were English, the best architectural specimens in the London Exhibitions are French. The Exhibition at Brussels last October was more cosmopolitan than Belgian. The Emperors of Russia and Austria, adopting the old way for paying new debts, are bestowing snuff-boxes on photographic merit. These are but a few of the proofs that could be brought forward of the wide dissemination of the new agent, and of the various modes of its reception, concluding with a juxtaposition of facts which almost ludicrously recall paragraphs from the last speech from the throne; for while our Queen has sent out a complete photographic apparatus for the use of the King of Siam, the King of Naples alone, of the whole civilised world, has forbidden the practice of the works of light in his dominions!

Our chief object at present is to investigate the connexion of photography with art—to decide how far the sun may be considered an artist, and to what branch of imitation his powers are best adapted. But we must first give a brief history of those discoveries which have led to the present efficiency of the solar pencil. It appears that the three leading nations—the French, the English, and the Germans—all share in the merit of having first suggested, then applied, and finally developed the existence of the photographic element. It may not be superfluous to all our

readers to state that the whole art in all its varieties rests upon the fact of the blackening effects of light upon certain substances, and chiefly upon silver, on which it acts with a decomposing power. The silver being dissolved in a strong acid, surfaces steeped in the solution became encrusted with minute particles of the metal, which in this state darkened with increased rapidity. These facts were first ascertained and recorded, as regards chloride of silver, or silver combined with chlorine, in 1777, by Scheele, a native of Pomerania, and in 1801, in connexion with nitrate of silver, by Ritter of Jena. Here therefore were the raw materials for the unknown art; the next step was to employ them. And now we are at once met by that illustrious name to which we have alluded. Sir Humphry Davy was the first to make the practical application of these materials, and to foresee their uses. In conjunction with Mr. Thomas Wedgwood, only less eminent than his brother Josiah, Sir Humphry succeeded, by means of a camera obscura, in obtaining images upon paper, or white leather prepared with nitrate of silver—of which proceeding he has left the most interesting record in the Journal of the Royal Society for June, 1802.* Their aim, as the title shows, was not ambitious; but the importance lay in the first stain designedly traced upon the prepared substance, not in the thing it portrayed. In one sense, however, it was very aspiring, if colour as well as form were sought to be transferred, as would appear from the attempt to copy coloured glass; otherwise it is difficult to account for their selecting this particular material.

Besides showing the possibility of imprinting the forms of objects thus reflected in the camera, the paper in question proceeds to describe the process since known as 'Photographic Drawing,' by which leaves, or lace, or the wings of insects, or any flat and semi-transparent substances, laid upon prepared paper, and exposed to the direct action of the sun, will leave the perfect tracery of their forms. But having thus conjured up the ethereal spirit of photography, they failed in all attempts to retain it in their keeping. The charm once set agoing refused to stop—the slightest exposure to light,* even for the necessary purposes of inspection, continued the action, and the image was lost to view in the darkening of the whole paper. In short, they wanted the next secret, that of rendering permanent, or, in photographic language, of *fixing* the image. Here, therefore,

* An account of a method of copying paintings upon glass and of making profiles by the agency of light upon nitrate of silver, with observations by Humphry Davy.

the experiment was left to be taken up by others, though not without a memento of the prophetic light cast on the mind's eye of the great elucidator; for Sir Humphry observes, 'Nothing but a method of preventing the unshaded parts of the delineation from being coloured by the exposure to the day is wanted to render this process as useful as it is elegant.'

Meanwhile, in 1803, some remarkable experiments were made by Dr. Wollaston, proving the action of light upon a resinous substance known in commerce as 'gum guaiacum;' and in due time another workman entered the field who availed himself of this class of materials. The name of Joseph 'Nicéphore de Niepce is little known to the world as one of the founders of the now popular art, his contributions being exactly of that laborious and rudimental nature which later inventions serve to conceal. He was a French gentleman of private fortune, who lived at Châlons-sur-Saone, and pursued chemistry for his pleasure. Except also in the sense of time, he cannot be called a successor to Davy and Wedgwood; for it is probable that the path they had traced was unknown to him. Like them, however, he made use of the camera to cast his images; but the substance on which he received them was a polished plate of pewter, coated with a thin bituminous surface. His process is now rather one of the curiosities of photographic history; but, such as it was, it gained the one important step of rendering his creations permanent. The labours of the sun in his hands remained spell-bound, and remain so still. He began his researches in 1814, and was ten years before he attained this end. To M. Niepce also belongs the credit of having at once educed the high philosophic principle, since then universally adopted in photographic practice, which put faith before sight—the conviction of what must be before the appearance of what is. His pictures, on issuing from the camera, were invisible to the eye, and only disengaged by the application of a solvent which removed those shaded parts unhardened by the action of the light. Nor do they present the usual reversal of the position of light and shade, known in photographic language as a *negative* appearance; but whether taken from nature or from an engraving, are identical in effect, or what is called *positives*. But though, considering all these advantages, the art of Heliography, as it was called by its author, was at that early period as great a wonder as any that have followed it, yet it was deficient in those qualities which recommend a discovery to an impatient world. The process was difficult, capricious, and tedious. It does not appear that M. Niepce ever obtained an image from nature in less than between seven to twelve hours, so that the change in lights and shadows necessarily rendered it

imperfect; and in a specimen we have seen, the sun is shining on opposite walls. Deterred probably by this difficulty from any aspirations after natural scenes, M. Niepce devoted his discovery chiefly to the copying of engravings. To this he sought to give a practical use by converting his plate, by means of the application of an acid, into a surface capable of being printed by the ordinary methods. Here again he was successful, as specimens of printed impressions still show, though under circumstances too uncertain and laborious to encourage their adoption. Thus the comparative obscurity in which his merits have remained is not difficult to comprehend; for while he conquered many of the greater difficulties of the art, he left too many lesser ones for the world to follow in his steps. To these reasons may be partially attributed the little sensation which the efforts of this truly modest and ingenious gentleman created in this country, which he visited in 1827, for the purpose, he states, of exhibiting his results to the Royal Society, and of rendering homage of his discovery to his Britannic Majesty. A short memorial, drawn up by himself, was therefore forwarded, with specimens, to the hands of George IV.; but a rule on the part of the Royal Society to give no attention to a discovery which involves a secret proved a barrier to the introduction of M. Niepce's results to that body. Dr. Wollaston was the only person of scientific eminence to whom they appear to have been exhibited; and, considering their intrinsic interest, as well as the fact of his being in some sort their progenitor, it is difficult to account for the little attention he appears to have paid them. M. Niepce therefore returned to his own country, profoundly convinced of the English inaptitude for photographic knowledge.

In the mean time the indiscretion of an optician revealed to the philosopher of Châlons the fact that M. Daguerre, a dioramic artist by profession, was pursuing researches analogous to his own in Paris. This led to an acquaintance between the two, and finally to a legal partnership in the present pains and possible profits of the new art. M. Niepce died in 1833 without, it seems, contributing any further improvement to the now common stock; and M. Daguerre, continuing his labours, introduced certain alterations which finally led to a complete change in the process. Suffice it to say that, discarding the use of the bituminous varnish, and substituting a highly polished tablet of silver, he now first availed himself of that great agent in photographic science, the action of iodine, by means of which the sensitiveness of his plate was so increased as to render the production of the image an affair of fewer minutes than it had previously been of hours. At the same time the picture, still invisible,

invisible, was brought to light by the application of the fumes of mercury, after which a strong solution of common salt removed those portions of the surface which would otherwise have continued to darken, and thus rendered the impression permanent.

Here, therefore, was a representation obtained in a few minutes by a definite and certain process, which was exquisitely minute and clear in detail, capable of copying nature in all her stationary forms, and also true to the natural conditions of light and shade. For the fumes of mercury formed minute molecules of a white colour upon those parts of the iodised tablet darkened by the light, thus producing the lights to which the silver ground supplied the shades.

In 1839 the results of M. Daguerre's years of labour, called after himself the *Daguerreotype*, came forth fully furnished for use; and in the June of that year gave rise to a remarkable scene in the French Chambers. The question before the deputies was this: MM. Daguerre and Niepce jun. (for the partnership gave all the advantages of M. Daguerre's discovery to the son of his late colleague) were possessed of a secret of the utmost utility, interest, and novelty to the civilised world—a secret for which immense sacrifices of time, labour, and money had been made, but which, if restricted by patent for their protection, would be comparatively lost to society. A commission had therefore been appointed by the French Government to inquire into its merits, and the secret itself intrusted to M. Arago, who succeeded at once in executing a beautiful specimen of the art. Thus practically convinced, he addressed the Chamber in a speech which is a masterpiece of scientific summary and philosophic conclusion. He pointed out the immense advantages which might have been derived, 'for example, during the expedition to Egypt, by a means of reproduction so exact and so rapid.' He observed that 'to copy the millions and millions of hieroglyphics which entirely cover the great monuments at Thebes, Memphis, and Carnac, &c., would require scores of years and legions of artists; whereas with the *daguerreotype* a single man would suffice to bring this vast labour to a happy conclusion.' He quoted the celebrated painter De la Roche in testimony of 'the advantage to art by designs perfect as possible, and yet broad and energetic—where a finish of inconceivable minuteness in no respect disturbs the repose of the masses, nor impairs in any manner the general effect.' The scene was French in the highest sense—at once scientific, patriotic, and withal dramatic,—France herself treating for the creations of genius on the one hand, and on the other dispensing them, 'a gift to the whole world.' It was repeated in the Chamber of Peers, who, in addition to other arguments

ments addressed to them by M. Gay-Lussac, were reminded, with a true French touch, that 'even a field of battle in all its phases may be thus delineated with a precision unattainable by any other means!' The result was that a pension of 10,000 francs was awarded for the discovery—6000 to M. Daguerre, 4000 to M. Niepce. The seals which retained the secret were broken, and the daguerreotype became the property of the world.

We unwillingly recall a fact which rather mars the moral beauty of this interesting proceeding, viz. that by some chicanery a patent for the daguerreotype was actually taken out in England, which for a time rendered this the only country which did not profit by the liberality of the French Government. The early history of photography is not so generous in character as that of its maturity.

It may be added that all that has been since done for the daguerreotype are improvements in the same direction. It has that mark of a great invention—not to require or admit of any essential deviation from its process. Those who have contributed to perfect it are also of the same race as the inventor. The names of M. Fizeau and M. Claudet are associated with its present state. The first, by using a solution of chloride of gold, has preserved the daguerreotype from abrasion, and given it a higher tone and finish; while M. Claudet, who has variously contributed to the advance of the art, by the application of chloride of bromine with iodine, has accelerated a hundred-fold the action of the plate; at the same time, by a prolongation of a part of the process, he has, without the aid of mercury, at once converted the image into a positive, the silver ground now giving the lights instead, as before, of the shades of the picture.

We may now turn to England, and to those discoveries which, though less brilliant in immediate result, yet may be said to have led to those practical uses which now characterise the new agent. The undivided honour of having first successfully worked out the secret of photography in England belongs to Mr. Fox Talbot. He also is a private gentleman, living in the country, and pursuing chemical researches for his own pleasure. In his case it may be strictly said that he took up the ground to which Davy and Wedgwood had made their way. Paper was the medium he adhered to from the beginning, and on which he finally gained the victory. We have no account of the repeated essays and disappointments by which this gentleman advanced step by step to the end in view. All we know is that the French success on metal and the English success on paper were, strange to say, perfectly coincident in date. Daguerre's discovery was made known in Paris in January, 1839; and in the same month Mr. Fox

Fox Talbot sent a paper to the Royal Society, giving an account of a method by which he obtained pictures on paper, rendered them unalterable by light, and by a second and simple process, which admitted of repetition to any extent, restored the lights and shadows to their right conditions.

This announcement fell, like the pictures of light themselves, upon ground highly excited in every way to receive and carry it forward. It was immediately taken up by Sir John Herschel, who commenced a series of experiments of the utmost practical importance to photography and science in general, one of the first results of which was the discovery of the hyposulphate of soda as the best agent for dissolving the superfluous salts, or, in other words, of fixing the picture. This was one of those steps which has met with general adoption. Another immediate impulse was given by a lecture read at the London Institution in April, 1839, and communicated by the Rev. J. B. Reade, recommending the use of gallic acid in addition to iodide or chloride of silver as a means of greatly increasing the sensitiveness of the preparation. Again, Mr. Robert Hunt, since known as the author of the work that heads this article, published at the British Association at Plymouth, in 1841, another sensitive process, in which the ferrocyanate of potash was employed; and in 1844 the important use of the protosulphate of iron in bringing out, or, as it is termed, *developing* the latent picture. Other fellow-labourers might be mentioned, too, all zealous to offer some suggestion of practical use to the new-born art. Meanwhile Mr. Fox Talbot, continuing to improve on his original discovery, thought fit in 1842 to make it the subject for a patent, under the name of the *calotype* process. In this he is accused of having incorporated the improvements of others as well as his own, a question on which we have nothing to say, except that at this stage of the invention the tracks of the numerous exploring parties run too close to each other to be clearly identified. As to the propriety of the patent itself, no one can doubt Mr. Fox Talbot's right to avail himself of it, though the results show that the policy may be questioned. For this gentleman reaped a most inadequate return, and the development of the art was materially retarded. In the execution of a process so delicate and at best so capricious as that of photography, the experience of numbers, such as only free-trade can secure, is required to define the more or less practical methods. Mr. F. Talbot's directions, though sufficient for his own pre-instructed hand, were too vague for the tyro; and an enlistment into the ranks of the 'Pilgrims of the Sun' seldom led to any result but that of disappointment. Thus, with impediments

ments of this serious nature, photography made but slow way in England; and the first knowledge to many even of her existence came back to us from across the Border. It was in Edinburgh where the first earnest, professional practice of the art began, and the calotypes of Messrs. Hill and Adamson remain to this day the most picturesque specimens of the new discovery.

It was at this crisis that a paper published in the 'Philosophical Transactions' of May, 1844, by Mr. George Cundell, gave in great measure the fresh stimulus that was needed. The world was full of the praise of the daguerreotype, but Mr. Cundell stood forth as the advocate of the calotype or paper process, pointed out its greater simplicity and inexpensiveness of apparatus, its infinite superiority in the power of multiplying its productions, and then proceeded to give those careful directions for the practice, which, though containing no absolutely new element, yet suggested many a minute correction where every minutia is important. With the increasing band of experimentalists who arose—for all photographers are such—now ensued the demand for some material on which to receive their pictures less expensive than the silver plate, and less capricious than paper. However convenient as a medium, this latter, from the miscellaneous nature of its antecedents, was the prolific parent of disappointment. Numerous expedients were resorted to to render it more available,—it was rubbed, polished, and waxed, but, nevertheless, blotches and discolorations would perpetually appear, and that at the very moment of success, which sorely tried the photographic heart. The Journal of the Society sends up at this time one vast cry of distress on this subject, one member calling unto another for help against the common enemy. Under these circumstances many a longing eye was fixed upon glass as a substitute; and numerous experiments, among which those by Sir John Herschel were the earliest and most successful, were tried to render this material available. But glass itself was found to be an intractable material; it has no powers of absorption, and scarcely any affinities. The one thing evidently needed was to attach some transparent neutral coating of extreme tenuity to its surface, and in due time the name of Niepce again appears supplying the intermediate step between failure and success. M. Niepce de St. Victor, nephew to the inventor of heliography, is known as the author of the albumen process, which transparent and adhesive substance being applied to glass, and excited with the same chemical agents as in the calotype process, is found to produce pictures of great beauty and finish. But, ingenious as is the process, and often as it is
still

still used, it fails of that unsurpassable fitness which alone commands universal adoption. The amalgamation of the substances is tedious and complicated, and the action of the light much slower. The albumen process was a great step, and moreover a step in the right direction; for it pointed onward to that discovery which has reduced the difficulties of the art to the lowest sum, and raised its powers, in one respect at all events, to the highest possibility, viz. to the use of collodion. The Daguerre to this Niepce was a countryman of our own—Mr. Scott Archer—who is entitled to fame not only for this marvellous improvement, but for the generosity with which he threw it open to the public. The character of the agent, too, adds interest to the invention. The birth and parentage of collodion are both among the recent wonders of the age. Gun-cotton—partly a French, partly a German discovery—is but a child in the annals of chemical science; and collodion, which is a solution of this compound in ether and alcohol, is its offspring. Its first great use was, as is well known, in the service of surgery; its second in that of photography. Not only did the adoption of this vehicle at once realise the desires of the most ardent photographer—not only, thus applied, did it provide a film of perfect transparency, tenuity, and intense adhesiveness—not only was it found easy of manipulation, portable and preservable—but it supplied that element of rapidity which more than anything else has given the miraculous character to the art. Under the magician who first attempted to enlist the powers of light in his service, the sun seems at best to have been but a sluggard; under the sorcery of Niepce he became a drudge in a twelve-hours' factory. On the prepared plate of Daguerre and on the sensitive paper of Fox Talbot the great luminary concentrates his gaze for a few earnest minutes; with the albumen-sheathed glass he takes his time more leisurely still; but at the delicate film of collodion—which hangs before him finer than any fairy's robe, and potent only with invisible spells—he literally does no more than wink his eye, tracing in that moment, with a detail and precision beyond all human power, the glory of the heavens, the wonders of the deep, the fall, not of the avalanche, but of the apple, the most fleeting smile of the babe, and the most vehement action of the man.

Further than this the powers of photography can never go; they are already more nimble than we need. Light is made to portray with a celerity only second to that with which it travels; it has been difficult to contrive the machinery of the camera to keep pace with it, and collodion has to be weakened in order to clog its wheels.

While

While these practical results occupied the world, more fundamental researches had been carried on. By the indefatigable exertions of Sir John Herschel and Mr. Hunt the whole scale of mineral and other simple substances were tested in conjunction with tried and untried chemical processes, showing how largely nature abounds with materials for photographic action. Preparations of gold, platinum, mercury, iron, copper, tin, nickel, manganese, lead, potash, &c., were found more or less sensitive, and capable of producing pictures of beauty and distinctive character. The juices of beautiful flowers were also put into requisition, and paper prepared with the colours of the *Corchorus japonica*, the common ten-weeks' stock, the marigold, the wallflower, the poppy, the rose, the *Senecio splendens*, &c., has been made to receive delicate though in most cases fugitive images. By these experiments, though tending little to purposes of utility, the wide relations and sympathies of the new art have been in some measure ascertained, and its dignity in the harmonious scale of natural phenomena proportionably raised.

When once the availability of one great primitive agent is thoroughly worked out, it is easy to foresee how extensively it will assist in unravelling other secrets in natural science. The simple principle of the stereoscope, for instance, might have been discovered a century ago, for the reasoning which led to it was independent of all the properties of light, but it could never have been illustrated, far less multiplied as it now is, without photography. A few diagrams, of sufficient identity and difference to prove the truth of the principle, might have been constructed by hand for the gratification of a few sages, but no artist, it is to be hoped, could have been found possessing the requisite ability and stupidity to execute the two portraits, or two groups, or two interiors, or two landscapes, identical in every minutia of the most elaborate detail, and yet differing in point of view by the inch between the two human eyes, by which the principle is brought to the level of any capacity. Here, therefore, the accuracy and the insensibility of a machine could alone avail; and if in the order of things the cheap popular toy which the stereoscope now represents was necessary for the use of man, the photograph was first necessary for the service of the stereoscope.

And while photography is thus found ready to give its aid to other agencies, other agencies are in turn ready to co-operate with that. The invention now becoming familiar to the public by the name of photo-galvanic engraving is a most interesting instance of this reciprocity of action. That which was the chief aim of Niepce in the humblest dawn of the art, viz. to transform

form the photographic plate into a surface capable of being printed, which had been *bonâ fide* realised by Mr. Fox Talbot, M. Niepce de St. Victor, and others, but by methods too complicated for practical use, is now by the co-operation of electricity with photography done with the simplicity and perfection which fulfil all conditions. This invention is the work of M. Pretsch of Vienna, and deserves a few explanatory words. It differs from all other attempts for the same purpose in not operating upon the photographic tablet itself, and by discarding the usual means of varnishes and bitings in. The process is simply this. A glass tablet is coated with gelatine diluted till it forms a jelly, and containing bichromate of potash, nitrate of silver and iodide of potassium. Upon this when dry is placed, face downwards, a paper positive, through which the light, being allowed to fall, leaves upon the gelatiné a representation of the print. It is then soaked in water, and while the parts acted upon by the light are comparatively unaffected by the fluid, the remainder of the jelly swells, and rising above the general surface gives a picture in relief, resembling an ordinary engraving upon wood. Of this intaglio a cast is now taken in gutta-percha, to which the electro process in copper being applied, a plate or matrix is produced bearing on it an exact repetition of the original positive picture. All that now remains to be done is to repeat the electro process, and the result is a copper plate, in the necessary relieve, of which, as the company who have undertaken to utilise the invention triumphantly set forth, nature furnishes the materials, and science the artist, the inferior workman being only needed to roll it through the press.

And here, for the present, terminate the more important steps of photographic development, each in its turn a wonder, and each in its turn obtained and supported by wonders only a little older than itself. It was not until 1811 that the chemical substance called iodine, on which the foundations of all popular photography rest, was discovered at all; bromine, the only other substance equally sensitive, not till 1826. The invention of the electro process was about simultaneous with that of photography itself. Gutta-percha only just preceded the substance of which collodion is made; the ether and chloroform, which are used in some methods, that of collodion. We say nothing of the optical improvements purposely contrived or adapted for the service of the photograph—the achromatic lenses, which correct the discrepancy between the visual and chemical foci; the double lenses, which increase the force of the action; the binocular lenses, which do the work of the stereoscope; nor of the innumerable other mechanical aids which have sprung up
for

for its use ; all things, great and small, working together to produce what seemed at first as 'delightful, but as fabulous, as Aladdin's ring, which is now as little suggestive of surprise as our daily bread. It is difficult now to believe that the foundations of all this were laid within the memory of a middle-aged gentleman, by a few lonely philosophers, incognizant of each other, each following a glimmer of light through years of toil, and looking upward to that Land of Promise to which beaten tracks and legible handposts now conduct an army of devotees. Nevertheless, there is no royal road thrown open yet. Photography is, after all, too profoundly interwoven with the deep things of Nature to be entirely unlocked by any given method. Every individual who launches his happiness on this stream finds currents and rocks not laid down in the chart. Every sanguine little couple who set up a glass-house at the commencement of summer, call their friends about them, and toil alternately in broiling light and stifling gloom, have said before long, in their hearts, 'Photography, thy name is disappointment!' But the photographic back is fitted to the burden. Although all things may be accused in turn—their chemicals, their friends, and even Nature herself—yet with the next fine day there they are at work again, successively in hope, excitement, and despair, for, as Schiller says,—

‘Etwas fürchten, und hoffen, und sorgen
Muss der Mensch für den kommenden Morgen.’

At present no observation or experience has sufficed to determine the state of atmosphere in which the photographic spirits are most propitious ; no rule or order seems to guide their proceedings. You go out on a beautifully clear day, not a breath stirring, chemicals in order, and lights and shadows in perfection ; but something in the air is absent, or present, or indolent, or restless, and you return in the evening only to develop a set of blanks. The next day is cloudy and breezy, your chemicals are neglected, yourself disheartened, hope is gone, and with it the needful care ; but here again something in the air is favourable, and in the silence and darkness of your chamber pictures are summoned from the vasty deep which at once obliterate all thought of failure. Happy the photographer who knows what is his enemy, or what is his friend ; but in either case it is too often 'something,' he can't tell what ; and all the certainty that the best of experience attains is, that you are dealing with one of those subtle agencies which, though Ariel-like it will serve you bravely, will never be taught implicitly to obey.

As respects the time of the day, however, one law seems to

to be thoroughly established. It has been observed by Daguerre and subsequent photographers that the sun is far more active, in a photographic sense, for the two hours before, than for the two hours after it has passed the meridian. As a general rule, too, however numerous the exceptions, the cloudy day is better than the sunny one. Contrary, indeed, to all preconceived ideas, experience proves that the brighter the sky that shines above the camera the more tardy the action within it. Italy and Malta do their work slower than Paris. Under the brilliant light of a Mexican sun, half an hour is required to produce effects which in England would occupy but a minute. In the burning atmosphere of India, though photographic the year round, the process is comparatively slow and difficult to manage; while in the clear, beautiful, and, moreover, cool light of the higher Alps of Europe, it has been proved that the production of a picture requires many more minutes, even with the most sensitive preparations, than in the murky atmosphere of London. Upon the whole, the temperate skies of this country may be pronounced most favourable to photographic action, a fact for which the prevailing characteristic of our climate may partially account, humidity being an indispensable condition for the working state both of paper and chemicals.

But these are at most but superficial influences—deeper causes than any relative dryness or damp are concerned in these phenomena. The investigation of the solar attributes, by the aid of photographic machinery, for which we are chiefly indebted to the researches of Mr. Hunt and M. Claudet, are, scientifically speaking, the most interesting results of the discovery. By these means it is proved that besides the functions of light and heat the solar ray has a third, and what may be called photographic function, the cause of all the disturbances, decompositions, and chemical changes which affect vegetable, animal, and organic life. It had long been known that this power, whatever it may be termed—*energia*—*actinism*—resided more strongly, or was perhaps less obstructed, in some of the coloured rays of the spectrum than in others—that solutions of silver and other sensitive surfaces were sooner darkened in the violet and the blue than in the yellow and red portions of the prismatic spectrum. Mr. Hunt's experiments further prove that mere light, or the luminous ray, is little needed where the photographic or 'chemical ray' is active, and that sensitive paper placed beneath the comparative darkness of a glass containing a dense purple fluid, or under that deep blue glass commonly used as a finger-glass, is photo-

photographically affected almost as soon as if not shaded from the light at all. Whereas, if the same experiment be tried under a yellow glass or fluid, the sensitive paper, though robbed neither of light nor heat, will remain a considerable time without undergoing any change.*

We refer our readers to this work for results of the utmost interest—our only purpose is to point out that the defects or irregularities of photography are as inherent in the laws of Nature as its existence—being coincident with the first created of all things. The prepared paper or plate which we put into the camera may be compared to a chaos, without form and void, on which the merest glance of the sun's rays calls up image after image till the fair creation stands revealed: yet not revealed in the order in which it met the solar eye, for while some colours have hastened to greet his coming, others have been found slumbering at their posts, and have been left with darkness in their lamps. So impatient have been the blues and violets to perform their task upon the recipient plate, that the very substance of the colour has been lost and dissolved in the solar presence; while so laggard have been the reds and yellows and all tints partaking of them, that they have hardly kindled into activity before the light has been withdrawn. Thus it is that the relation of one colour to another is found changed and often reversed, the deepest blue being altered from a dark mass into a light one, and the most golden-yellow from a light body into a dark.

It is obvious, therefore, that however successful photography may be in the closest imitation of light and shadow, it fails, and must fail, in the rendering of true chiaroscuro, or the true imitation of light and dark. And even if the world we inhabit, instead of being spread out with every variety of the palette, were constituted but of two colours—black and white and all their intermediate grades—if every figure were seen in monochrome like those that visited the perturbed vision of the Berlin Nicolai—photography could still not copy them correctly. Nature, we must remember, is not made up only of actual lights and shadows; besides these more elementary masses, she possesses innumerable reflected lights and half-tones, which play around

* We may add, though foreign to our subject, that the same experiment applied by Mr. Hunt to plants has been attended with analogous results. Bulbs of tulips and ranunculuses have germinated beneath yellow and red glasses, but the plant has been weakly and has perished without forming buds. Under a green glass (blue being a component part of the colour) the plants have been less feeble, and have advanced as far as flower-buds; while beneath the blue medium perfectly healthy plants have grown up, developing their buds, and flowering in perfection.

every object, rounding the hardest edges, and illuminating the blackest breadths, and making that sunshine in a shady place, which it is the delight of the practised painter to render. But of all these photography gives comparatively no account. The beau ideal of a Turner and the delight of a Rubens are caviar to her. Her strong shadows swallow up all timid lights within them, as her blazing lights obliterate all intrusive half-tones across them; and thus strong contrasts are produced, which, so far from being true to Nature, it seems one of Nature's most beautiful provisions to prevent.

Nor is this disturbance in the due degrees of *chiaroscuro* attributable only to the different affinities for light residing in different colours, or to the absence of true gradation in light and shade. The quality and texture of a surface has much to do with it. Things that are very smooth, such as glass and polished steel, or certain complexions and parts of the human face, or highly-glazed satin-ribbon—or smooth leaves, or brass-buttons—everything on which the light *shines*, as well as everything that is perfectly white, will photograph much faster than other objects, and thus disarrange the order of relation. Where light meets light the same instantaneous command seems to go forth as that by which it was at first created, so that, by the time the rest of the picture has fallen into position, what are called the high lights have so rioted in action as to be found far too prominent both in size and intensity.

And this brings us to the artistic part of our subject, and to those questions which sometimes puzzle the spectator, as to how far photography is really a picturesque agent, what are the causes of its successes and its failures, and what in the sense of art are its successes and failures? And these questions may be fairly asked now when the scientific processes on which the practice depends are brought to such perfection that, short of the coveted attainment of colour, no great improvement can be further expected. If we look round a photographic exhibition we are met by results which are indeed honourable to the perseverance, knowledge, and in some cases to the taste of man. The small, broadly-treated, Rembrandt-like studies representing the sturdy physiognomies of Free Church Ministers and their adherents, which first cast the glamour of photography upon us, are replaced by portraits of the most elaborate detail, and of every size not excepting that of life itself. The little bit of landscape effect, all blurred and uncertain in forms, and those lost in a confused and discoloured ground, which was nothing and might be anything, is superseded by large pictures with minute foregrounds, regular planes of distance,

distance, and perfectly clear skies. The small attempts at architecture have swelled into monumental representations of a magnitude, truth, and beauty which no art can surpass—animals, flowers, pictures, engravings, all come within the grasp of the photographer; and last, and finest, and most interesting of all, the sky with its shifting clouds, and the sea with its heaving waves, are overtaken in their course by a power more rapid than themselves.

But while ingenuity and industry—the efforts of hundreds working as one—have thus enlarged the scope of the new agent, and rendered it available for the most active, as well as for the merest still life, has it gained in an artistic sense in like proportion? Our answer is not in the affirmative, nor is it possible that it should be so. Far from holding up the mirror to nature, which is an assertion usually as triumphant as it is erroneous, it holds up that which, however beautiful, ingenious, and valuable in powers of reflection, is yet subject to certain distortions and deficiencies for which there is no remedy. The science therefore which has developed the resources of photography, has but more glaringly betrayed its defects. For the more perfect you render an imperfect machine the more must its imperfections come to light: it is superfluous therefore to ask whether Art has been benefited, where Nature, its only source and model, has been but more accurately falsified. If the photograph in its early and imperfect scientific state was more consonant to our feelings for art, it is because, as far as it went, it was more true to our experience of Nature. Mere broad light and shade, with the correctness of general forms and absence of all convention, which are the beautiful conditions of photography, will, when nothing further is attempted, give artistic pleasure of a very high kind; it is only when greater precision and detail are superadded that the eye misses the further truths which should accompany the further finish.

For these reasons it is almost needless to say that we sympathise cordially with Sir William Newton, who at one time created no little scandal in the Photographic Society by propounding the heresy that pictures taken slightly out of focus, that is, with slightly uncertain and undefined forms, 'though less *chemically*, would be found more *artistically* beautiful.' Much as photography is supposed to inspire its votaries with æsthetic instincts, this excellent artist could hardly have chosen an audience less fitted to endure such a proposition. As soon could an accountant admit the morality of a false balance, or a sempstress the neatness of a puckered seam, as your merely scientific photographer be made to comprehend the possible beauty of

of 'a slight *burr*.' His mind proud science never taught to doubt the closest connexion between cause and effect, and the suggestion that the worse photography could be the better art was not only strange to him, but discordant. It was hard too to disturb his faith in his newly acquired powers. Holding, as he believed, the keys of imitation in his camera, he had tasted for once something of the intoxicating dreams of the artist; gloating over the pictures as they developed beneath his gaze, he had said in his heart '*anch' io son pittore*.' Indeed there is no lack of evidence in the *Photographic Journal* of his believing that art had hitherto been but a blundering groper after that truth which the cleanest and precisest photography in his hands was now destined to reveal. Sir William Newton, therefore, was fain to allay the storm by qualifying his meaning to the level of photographic toleration, knowing that, of all the delusions which possess the human breast, few are so intractable as those about art.

But let us examine a little more closely those advances which photography owes to science—we mean in an artistic sense. We turn to the portraits, our *premiers amours*, now taken under every appliance of facility both for sitter and operator. Far greater detail and precision accordingly appear. Every button is seen—piles of stratified flounces in most accurate drawing are there,—what was at first only suggestion is now all careful making out,—but the likeness to Rembrandt and Reynolds is gone! There is no mystery in this. The first principle in art is that the most important part of a picture should be best done. Here, on the contrary, while the dress has been rendered worthy of a fashion-book, the face has remained, if not so unfinished as before, yet more unfinished in proportion to the rest. Without referring to M. Claudet's well-known experiment of a falsely coloured female face, it may be averred that, of all the surfaces a few inches square the sun looks upon, none offers more difficulty, artistically speaking, to the photographer, than a smooth, blooming, clean washed, and carefully combed human head. The high lights which gleam on this delicate epidermis so spread and magnify themselves, that all sharpness and nicety of modelling is obliterated—the fineness of skin peculiar to the under lip reflects so much light, that in spite of its deep colour it presents a light projection, instead of a dark one—the spectrum or intense point of light on the eye is magnified to a thing like a cataract. If the cheek be very brilliant in colour, it is as often as not represented by a dark stain. If the eye be blue, it turns out as colourless as water; if the hair be golden or red, it looks as if it had been dyed, if very glossy it is cut up into lines of light as big as ropes. This is what a fair young girl has to expect from

the tender mercies of photography—the male and the older head, having less to lose, has less to fear. Strong light and shade will portray character, though they mar beauty. Rougher skin, less glossy hair, Crimean moustaches and beard overshadowing the white under lip, and deeper lines, are all so much in favour of a picturesque result. Great grandeur of feature too, or beauty of pose and sentiment, will tell as elevated elements of the picturesque in spite of photographic mismanagement. Here and there also a head of fierce and violent contrasts, though taken perhaps from the meekest of mortals, will remind us of the Neapolitan or Spanish school, but, generally speaking, the inspection of a set of faces, subject to the usual conditions of humanity and the camera, leaves us with the impression that a photographic portrait, however valuable to relative or friend, has ceased to remind us of a work of art at all.

And, if further proof were wanted of the artistic inaptitude of this agent for the delineation of the human countenance, we should find it in those magnified portraits which ambitious operators occasionally exhibit to our ungrateful gaze. Rightly considered, a human head, the size of life, of average intelligence, and in perfect drawing, may be expected, however roughly finished, to recall an old Florentine fresco of four centuries ago. But, ‘*ex nihilo, nihil fit* :’ the best magnifying lenses can in this case only impoverish in proportion as they enlarge, till the flat and empty Mago which is born of this process is an insult, even in remotest comparison with the pencil of a Masaccio.

The falling off of artistic effect is even more strikingly seen if we consider the department of landscape. Here the success with which all accidental blurs and blotches have been overcome, and the sharp perfection of the object which stands out against the irreproachably speckless sky, is exactly as detrimental to art as it is complimentary to science. The first impression suggested by these buildings of rich tone and elaborate detail, upon a glaring white background without the slightest form or tint, is that of a Chinese landscape upon looking-glass. We shall be asked why the beautiful skies we see in the marine pieces cannot be also represented with landscapes; but here the conditions of photography again interpose. The impatience of light to meet light is, as we have stated, so great, that the moment required to trace the forms of the sky (it can never be traced in its cloudless gradation of tint) is too short for the landscape, and the moment more required for the landscape too long for the sky. If the sky be given, therefore, the landscape remains black and underdone; if the landscape be rendered, the impatient action of the light has burnt out all cloud-form in one blaze of white. But it is different

different with the sea, which, from the liquid nature of its surface, receives so much light as to admit of simultaneous representation with the sky above it. Thus the marine painter has both hemispheres at his command, but the landscape votary but one; and it is but natural that he should prefer Rydal Mount and Tintern Abbey to all the baseless fabric of tower and hill which the firmament occasionally spreads forth. But the old moral holds true even here. Having renounced heaven, earth makes him, of course, only an inadequate compensation. The colour green, both in grass and foliage, is now his great difficulty. The finest lawn turns out but a gloomy funeral-pall in his hands; his trees, if done with the slower paper process, are black, and from the movement, uncertain webs against the white sky,—if by collodion, they look as if worked in dark cambric, or stippled with innumerable black and white specks; in either case missing all the breadth and gradations of nature. For it must be remembered that every leaf reflects a light on its smooth edge or surface, which, with the tendency of all light to over-action, is seen of a size and prominence disproportioned to things around it; so that what with the dark spot produced by the green colour, and the white spot produced by the high light, all intermediate grades and shades are lost. This is especially the case with hollies, laurels, ivy, and other smooth-leaved evergreens, which form so conspicuous a feature in English landscape gardening—also with foreground weeds and herbage, which, under these conditions, instead of presenting a sunny effect, look rather as if strewn with shining bits of tin, or studded with patches of snow.

For these reasons, if there be a tree distinguished above the rest of the forest for the harshness and blueness of its foliage, we may expect to find it suffer less, or not at all, under this process. Accordingly, the characteristic exception will be found in the Scotch fir, which, however dark and sombre in mass, is rendered by the photograph with a delicacy of tone and gradation very grateful to the eye. With this exception it is seldom that we find any studies of trees, in the present improved state of photography, which inspire us with the sense of pictorial truth. Now and then a bank of tangled brushwood, with a deep, dark pool beneath, but with no distance and no sky, and therefore no condition of relation, will challenge admiration. Winter landscapes also are beautiful, and the leafless Burnham beeches a real boon to the artist; but otherwise such materials as Hobbema, Ruysdael, and Cuyp converted into pictures unsurpassable in picturesque effect are presented in vain to the improved science of the photographic artist. What strikes us most frequently is the general emptiness of the scene he gives. A house stands there,

sharp and defined like a card-box, with black blots of trees on each side, all rooted in a substance far more like burnt stubble than juicy, delicate grass. Through this winds a white spectral path, while staring palings or linen hung out to dry (oh! how unlike the luminous spots on Ruysdael's bleaching-grounds!), like bits of the white sky dropped upon the earth, make up the poverty and patchiness of the scene. We are aware that there are many partial exceptions to this; indeed, we hardly ever saw a photograph in which there was not something or other of the most exquisite kind. But this brings us no nearer the standard we are seeking. Art cares not for the right finish unless it be in the right place. Her great aim is to produce a whole; the more photography advances in the execution of parts, the less does it give the idea of completeness.

There is nothing gained either by the selection of more ambitious scenery. The photograph seems embarrassed with the treatment of several gradations of distance. The finish of background and middle distance seems not to be commensurate with that of the foreground; the details of the simplest light and shadow are absent; all is misty and bare, and distant hills look like flat, grey moors washed in with one gloomy tint. This emptiness is connected with the rapidity of collodion, the action of which upon distance and middle ground does not keep pace with the hurry of the foreground. So much for the ambition of taking a picture. On the other hand, we have been struck with mere studies of Alpine masses done with the paper process, which allows the photograph to take its time, and where, from the absence of all foreground or intermediate objects, the camera has been able to concentrate its efforts upon one thing only—the result being records of simple truth and precision which must be invaluable to the landscape-painter.

There is no doubt that the forte of the camera lies in the imitation of one surface only, and that of a rough and broken kind. Minute light and shade, cognisant to the eye, but unattainable by hand, is its greatest and easiest triumph—the mere texture of stone, whether rough in the quarry or hewn on the wall, its especial delight. Thus a face of rugged rock, and the front of a carved and fretted building, are alike treated with a perfection which no human skill can approach; and if asked to say what photography has hitherto best succeeded in rendering, we should point to everything near and rough—from the texture of the sea-worn shell, of the rusted armour, and the fustian jacket, to those glorious architectural pictures of French, English, and Italian subjects, which, whether in quality, tone, detail, or drawing, leave nothing to be desired.

Here,

Here, therefore, the debt to Science for additional clearness, precision, and size may be gratefully acknowledged. What photography can do, is now, with her help, better done than before; what she can but partially achieve is best not brought too elaborately to light. Thus the whole question of success and failure resolves itself into an investigation of the capacities of the machine, and well may we be satisfied with the rich gifts it bestows, without straining it into a competition with art. For everything for which Art, so-called, has hitherto been the means but not the end, photography is the allotted agent—for all that requires mere manual correctness, and mere manual slavery, without any employment of the artistic feeling, she is the proper and therefore the perfect medium. She is made for the present age, in which the desire for art resides in a small minority, but the craving, or rather necessity, for cheap, prompt, and correct facts in the public at large. Photography is the purveyor of such knowledge to the world. She is the sworn witness of everything presented to her view. What are her unerring records in the service of mechanics, engineering, geology, and natural history, but facts of the most sterling and stubborn kind? What are her studies of the various stages of insanity—pictures of life unsurpassable in pathetic truth—but facts as well as lessons of the deepest physiological interest? What are her representations of the bed of the ocean, and the surface of the moon—of the launch of the Marlborough, and of the contents of the Great Exhibition—of Charles Kean's now destroyed scenery of the 'Winter's Tale,' and of Prince Albert's now slaughtered prize ox—but facts which are neither the province of art nor of description, but of that new form of communication between man and man—neither letter, message, nor picture—which now happily fills up the space between them? What indeed are nine-tenths of those facial maps called photographic portraits, but accurate landmarks and measurements for loving eyes and memories to deck with beauty and animate with expression, in perfect certainty, that the ground-plan is founded upon fact?

In this sense no photographic picture that ever was taken, in heaven, or earth, or in the waters underneath the earth, of any thing, or scene, however defective when measured by an artistic scale, is destitute of a special, and what we may call an historic interest. Every form which is traced by light is the impress of one moment, or one hour, or one age in the great passage of time. Though the faces of our children may not be modelled and rounded with that truth and beauty which art attains, yet minor things—the very shoes of the one, the inseparable toy of the other—

other—are given with a strength of identity which art does not even seek. Though the view of a city be deficient in those niceties of reflected lights and harmonious gradations which belong to the facts of which Art takes account, yet the facts of the age and of the hour are there, for we count the lines in that keen perspective of telegraphic-wire, and read the characters on that playbill or manifesto, destined to be torn down on the morrow.

Here, therefore, the much-lauded and much-abused agent called Photography takes her legitimate stand. Her business is to give evidence of facts, as minutely and as impartially as, to our shame, only an unreasoning machine can give. In this vocation we can as little overwork her as we can tamper with her. The millions and millions of hieroglyphics mentioned by M. Arago may be multiplied by millions and millions more,—she will render all as easily and as accurately as one. When people, therefore, talk of photography as being intended to supersede art, they utter what, if true, is not so in the sense they mean. Photography is intended to supersede much that art has hitherto done, but only that which it was both a misappropriation and a deterioration of Art to do. The field of delineation, having two distinct spheres, requires two distinct labourers; but though hitherto the freewoman has done the work of the bondwoman, there is no fear that the position should be in future reversed. Correctness of drawing, truth of detail, and absence of convention, the best artistic characteristics of photography, are qualities of no common kind, but the student who issues from the academy with these in his grasp stands, nevertheless, but on the threshold of art. The power of selection and rejection, the living application of that language which lies dead in his paint-box, the marriage of his own mind with the object before him, and the offspring, half stamped with his own features, half with those of Nature, which is born of the union—whatever appertains to the free-will of the intelligent being, as opposed to the obedience of the machine,—this, and much more than this, constitutes that mystery called Art, in the elucidation of which photography can give valuable help, simply by showing what it is not. There is, in truth, nothing in that power of literal, unreasoning imitation, which she claims as her own, in which, rightly viewed, she does not relieve the artist of a burden rather than supplant him in an office. We do not even except her most pictorial feats—those splendid architectural representations—from this rule. Exquisite as they are, and fitted to teach the young, and assist the experienced in art, yet the hand of the artist is but ignobly employed in closely imitating the texture of stone, or in servilely following the

the intricacies of the zigzag ornament. And it is not only in what she can do to relieve the sphere of art, but in what she can sweep away from it altogether, that we have reason to congratulate ourselves. Henceforth it may be hoped that we shall hear nothing further of that miserable contradiction in terms 'bad art'—and see nothing more of that still more miserable mistake in life 'a bad artist.' Photography at once does away with anomalies with which the good sense of society has always been more or less at variance. As what she does best is beneath the doing of a real artist at all, so even in what she does worst she is a better machine than the man who is nothing but a machine.

Let us, therefore, dismiss all mistaken ideas about the harm which photography does to art. As in all great and sudden improvements in the material comforts and pleasures of the public, numbers, it is true, have found their occupation gone, simply because it is done cheaper and better in another way. But such improvements always give more than they take. Where ten self-styled artists eked out a precarious living by painting inferior miniatures, ten times that number now earn their bread by supplying photographic portraits. Nor is even such manual skill as they possessed thrown out of the market. There is no photographic establishment of any note that does not employ artists at high salaries—we understand not less than 1*l.* a day—in touching, and colouring, and finishing from nature those portraits for which the camera may be said to have laid the foundation. And it must be remembered that those who complain of the encroachments of photography in this department could not even supply the demand. Portraits, as is evident to any thinking mind, and as photography now proves, belong to that class of facts wanted by numbers who know and care nothing about their value as works of art. For this want, art, even of the most abject kind, was, whether as regards correctness, promptitude, or price, utterly inadequate. These ends are not only now attained, but, even in an artistic sense, attained far better than before. The coloured portraits to which we have alluded are a most satisfactory coalition between the artist and the machine. Many an inferior miniature-painter who understood the mixing and applying of pleasing tints was wholly unskilled in the true drawing of the human head. With this deficiency supplied, their present productions, therefore, are far superior to anything they accomplished, single-handed, before. Photographs taken on ivory, or on substances invented in imitation of ivory, and coloured by hand from nature, such as are seen at the rooms of Messrs. Dickinson, Claudet, Mayall, Kilburn, &c., are all that can be needed to satisfy the mere portrait want, and in some instances

instances may be called artistic productions of no common kind besides. If, as we understand, the higher professors of miniature-painting—and the art never attained greater excellence in England than now—have found their studios less thronged of late, we believe that the desertion can be but temporary. At all events, those who in future desire their exquisite productions will be more worthy of them. The broader the ground which the machine may occupy, the higher will that of the intelligent agent be found to stand. If, therefore, the time should ever come when art is sought, as it ought to be, mainly for its own sake, our artists and our patrons will be of a far more elevated order than now: and if anything can bring about so desirable a climax, it will be the introduction of Photography.

ART. VI.—1. *Lavengro; The Scholar—The Gypsy—The Priest.*

By George Borrow. 3 vols. 8vo. London, 1851.

2. *The Romany Rye; a Sequel to Lavengro.* By George Borrow. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1857.

MR. BORROW is very angry with his critics. They have attacked *Lavengro* with ‘much virulence and malice,’ and he relates for their reproof a fable by Yriarte. The viper says to the leech, ‘Why do people invite your bite and flee from mine?’ ‘Because,’ says the leech, ‘people receive health from my bite and poison from yours.’ ‘There is as much difference,’ says the clever Spaniard, ‘between true and malignant criticism as between poison and medicine.’ This only means that Mr. Borrow prefers praise to censure—that he derives pleasurable sensations from the first, and such torments from the last as are produced by an acrid poison. He confesses, to be sure, that his work is full of blemishes, but the adders who sting him are blind as well as deaf, and have ‘not detected one of them.’ This is the universal cry of every irritated author. In whatever part the critic had fixed his fangs, Mr. Borrow would, doubtless, have believed that it was not the seat of his disorder, and would have persuaded himself that he was bitten by a malignant viper instead of by a medicinal leech. He has, we suspect, the same feeling about strictures upon his writings that John Fuller had about mortal sicknesses. ‘Often have I thought with myself what disease I should be best contented to die of. *None please me.*’ But the wise and witty divine subjoins an observation which has not yet found its way into Mr. Borrow’s philosophy—‘The mark must not choose what arrow shall be shot against it.’ Mr. Borrow proceeds upon the assumption that the author of a work is the best judge of its merits and defects,

defects, which, if it be true, authors ought always to be their own reviewers. Can he seriously imagine that the world would then receive a juster account of books than at present, and is he prepared to admit that all the manufacturers of last year's epics were Miltons, and all the dramatists Shakespeares? Yet this he must do, unless he denies to others the privilege which he claims for himself. The consideration might suggest to him the possibility, that when he differs from his critics *he* is not necessarily right, nor *they* invariably wrong. 'Commonly,' to quote again from old Fuller, 'that sickness seizeth on men which they least suspect. He that expects to be drowned with a dropsy may be burnt with a fever; and she that fears to be swoln with a tympany may be shrivelled with a consumption.' It is the same in literature. What a man fancies to be his strength is often his weakness. If a work is neglected, he maintains it to be his masterpiece; if he is praised for his humour, he vaunts his pathos; if his prose alone finds favour, he rests his hope of immortality upon his verse.

Mr. Borrow seems to us to be no exception to the ordinary rule. He asserts that *Lavengro* is a philological book, and that the philology was 'the really wonderful part of it.' It is, at least, a very insignificant part, for all the information it contains upon the subject might be written upon a visiting-card, and, when dispersed among three octavo volumes, attracts little more notice than a solitary thistle in a field of corn. Admitting that philology is Mr. Borrow's strength, he has been far too sparing of it in *Lavengro* to derive much advantage from the plea. Nevertheless the blemishes to which he confesses are confined, by his own account, to this boasted philology: 'That was the point, and *the only point*, on which those who wished to vilify the author might have attacked him successfully—he was vulnerable there. How was this?' His answer is, that it was a trap to catch the viper-brood. Resolved 'to hold them up by their tails and show the creatures wriggling, blood and foam streaming from their broken jaws, he quietly prepared a stratagem by means of which he could, at any time, exhibit them helpless in his hand.' He wilfully spelt some Welsh, Italian, and Armenian words wrong, and probably, without designing it, some English words also, and no reviewer thought proper to print for him a list of his errata. 'The word for bread in ancient Armenian is *hatz*; yet the Armenian on London Bridge is made to say *zhatz*,' and the author calls upon his opponents to say 'why they did not discover that weak point?' This is exactly the kind of criticism which may be expected from a man when he sits in judgment on his own works. He can detect no other fault than a few misspellings, and these,

these, without exception, wilful. He candidly acknowledges that he wrote *zhatz* for *hatz*; but then the additional *z*, far from showing ignorance or carelessness, was a cunningly-devised viper-trap for the confusion of everybody who does not adopt Lavengro's opinion of Lavengro.

Mr. Borrow considers that he has gained a complete triumph over the unhappy critics who neglected to make an assault upon the weak place in his philological fortress. He tauntingly asks them, 'Were ye ever served so before?' and we have no hesitation in answering 'Never.' He supposes the critic to plead in his defence that he is not an Armenian scholar; but why then, retorts Mr. Borrow, does a man ignorant of Armenian 'pretend to review a book like Lavengro?' Lord Byron, speaking of his Armenian studies at Venice in 1816, thus writes to Mr. Moore:— 'I found that my mind wanted something craggy to break upon; and this, as the most difficult thing I could discover here for an amusement, I have chosen, to torture me into attention. Four years ago the French instituted an Armenian professorship. Twenty pupils presented themselves on Monday morning. They persevered with a courage worthy of the nation and of universal conquest till Thursday, when fifteen of the twenty succumbed to the six-and-twentieth letter of the alphabet.' From this we infer that the Armenian is not an easy tongue, that it would be a severe discipline to acquire it for the sake of criticising half a dozen words in Lavengro, and that it would be a small reward for months of unremitting toil to be able to announce to the English public that *zhatz* should have been spelt *hatz*. But the reviewer, to satisfy Mr. Borrow's requirements, must go much further still. Since Lavengro contains a few Welsh, Irish, Danish, and Romany or Gipsy words, the critic must be a master of the whole of these languages, as well as of Armenian, Italian, French, German, Greek, and Latin. Life would be spent in preliminary studies, and fifty years of preparation must be endured before the hoary student would be qualified to pronounce upon Mr. Borrow's spelling. Or if even Mr. Borrow should think that it was hardly worth while for a scholar to devote existence to training himself to review a few scattered phrases in Lavengro, would he think it much more reasonable if every editor had refused to notice the work until he could command a polyglot contributor, who, besides being versed in Greek, Latin, French, German, and Italian, should possess the Armenian, Danish, Welsh, Irish, and Romany tongues? Mr. Borrow is exceedingly bitter upon virulent critics. The spirit in which he himself would execute their office may be judged from the specimen we have given. 'So here ye are,' he concludes as he began, 'held up by the tails, blood and foam streaming

streaming from your jaws ;' and all this murderous spleen is because they did not comment upon the misspelling of an occasional Welsh and Arnnenian word which had been dragged into a narrative of English adventures. *The punishment he supposes himself to have inflicted is, indeed, purely imaginary ; but it is the measure of what he would have done if he could, and, considering the nature of the offence, is by far the bloodiest code of criticism ever yet put forth.

Men of wit and fashion about town, a certain class of Scotchmen and modern radicals, are said by Mr. Borrow to have been particularly hostile to him and his work. He is delighted with their malignity. ' Nothing could have given him greater mortification than their praise.' Lord Bolingbroke relates in 'The Craftsman' that a houseless pauper, who slept one night upon a piece of rough pavement, found his back somewhat sore in the morning. Puzzled to divine the cause, he searched carefully about his craggy bed, and, at last discovering a downy feather, he exclaimed that here was the source of the evil. The story was invented to illustrate just such another case as Mr. Borrow's. There are men in the world who, when they are flogged with a cat-of-nine-tails, declare that they dance with delight, and that the sole thing which could have made them wince would have been an approving pat on the back. Mr. Borrow*boasts that he is the uncompromising enemy of cant in all its varieties,* but a less stern judge than himself would hardly apply any milder term to his profession than he could have suffered no greater mortification than to have extorted praise where he has provoked abuse. Such protestations only show how much his opponents have succeeded in vexing him, and it would have been better if he had possessed a little more of the spirit of Bentley, who, when an enemy talked of writing him down, replied ' that no author was ever written down except by himself.' There is some spiteful, and a vast deal of ignorant and mistaken criticism, but there is nothing to be gained by dolorous whining or blustering contempt. Nobody sympathises with wounded vanity, and the world only laughs when a man angrily informs it that it does not rate him at his true value. 'The person,' said Dr. Johnson, ' who writes a book, thinks himself wiser or wittier than the rest of mankind ; he supposes that he can instruct or amuse them, and the public to whom he appeals must, after all, be the judges of his pretensions.'

* Mr. Borrow's notions of what constitutes cant have not always been the same. In his 'Gypsies in Spain' he speaks of pugilistic combats as 'disgraceful and brutalizing exhibitions,' but in the appendix to the 'Romany Rye' we find that he now considers such language to be cant. This is one of the cases in which second thoughts are worst.

Their verdict at first is frequently wrong, but it is they themselves who must reverse it, and not the author who is upon his trial before them. When Dr. Warren was asked what would cure an acute attack of the rheumatism, he answered, 'Six weeks.' The attacks of critics, if they are unjust, invariably yield to the same remedy. Time is the specific.

Though we do not think that Mr. Borrow is a good counsel in his own cause, we are yet strongly of opinion that 'Time in his case has some wrongs to repair, and that 'Lavengro' has not obtained the fame which was its due. It contains passages which in their way are not surpassed by anything in English literature. The truth and vividness of the descriptions both of scenes and persons, coupled with the purity, force, and simplicity of the language, should confer immortality upon many of its pages. That they have not attracted more notice is partly we believe owing to the introduction into the narrative of numerous details which were hardly worthy to be recorded, and partly to the uncertainty which was felt as to whether the circumstances related were facts or fiction. Very much of their interest and value depends upon their being actual transcripts from life, and an occasional air of romance destroyed the confidence of the reader. Mr. Borrow has rather increased than removed the doubts which previously existed upon the point. 'The writer,' he states, speaking of Lavengro in his new volumes, 'never said it was an autobiography, never authorised any person to say that it was one, and has in innumerable instances declared in public and private, both before and after the work was published, that it was not what is generally termed an autobiography.' Yet when he comments upon his work in his own person he treats the incidents as real, and speaks of Lavengro and the author as the same individual. In 'The Romany Rye,' for instance, the hero encourages a Papist who is fond of spirituous liquors to drink more than is good for him, that he may be beguiled into betraying the knavish schemes of his church. 'Such conduct,' writes Mr. Borrow in his own name, 'was inconsistent with strict fair dealing and openness; and the *author* advises all those whose consciences never reproach them for a single unfair or covert act committed by them, to abuse *him* heartily for administering hollands and water to the priest of Rome.' To this we must add that various portions of the history are known to be a faithful narrative of Mr. Borrow's career, while we ourselves can testify, as to many other parts of his volumes, that nothing can excel the fidelity with which he has described both men and things. Far from his showing any tendency to exaggeration, such of his characters as we chance to have known,
and

and they are not a few, are rather within the truth than beyond it. However picturesquely they may be drawn, the lines are invariably those of nature. Why under these circumstances he should envelop the question in mystery is more than we can divine. There can be no doubt that the larger part and possibly the whole of the work is a narrative of actual occurrences, and just as little that it would gain immensely by a plain avowal of the fact.

The *Romany Rye*, which is the continuation of *Lavengro*, opens with a scene in a retired dingle. To make the story intelligible, we must go a little back, and show how the hero was led there, and by what means he became associated with the fair companion of his solitude. Upon the death of his father, *Lavengro*, which means 'word-master'—a title bestowed upon him by the gipsies for his extensive acquaintance with many tongues—goes to London, at the age of nineteen, to get a livelihood by literature. He carried with him an introduction to a well-known publisher of that day, who was a singular mixture of cleverness, folly, vanity, tyranny, and meanness. The acquirements of *Lavengro* were almost identical with those which *Fielding* ascribes to *Mr. Abraham Adams*: 'He was a perfect master of the Greek and Latin languages, to which he added a great share of knowledge in the Oriental tongues, and could read and translate French, Italian, and Spanish. He had applied many years to the most severe study, and had treasured up a fund of learning rarely to be met with in a university.' Our hero resembled *Adams* in another particular—that he had the same opinion of the pecuniary value of the wares he took with him to the metropolis as the poor parson had of his nine volumes of manuscript sermons, and both alike were mistaken in their estimate. *Lavengro* builds his hopes of profit and reputation upon translations of the ancient songs of Denmark, with notes philological, critical, and historical, and is instantly informed by the publisher that his time and labour have been entirely flung away. He receives no greater encouragement when he substitutes for the songs of Denmark the songs of *Ab Gwilym*, the Welsh bard, with an equally learned and ponderous commentary. He then proposes to turn to account his German lore, and is told that German is a drug. The publisher, who considers only the state of the literary market, without any regard to the qualifications of the workman, suggests to the man of many languages, the student of dusty parchments and dim antiquities, to write a series of evangelical tales in the style of the '*Dairyman's Daughter*':—

'I never heard of the work till the present moment.

'Then, sir, procure it by all means. Sir, I could afford as much as
ten

ten pounds for a well-written tale in the style of the "Dairymian's Daughter;" that is the kind of literature, sir, that sells at the present day; the evangelical body is becoming very strong, sir—the canting scoundrels!

'But, sir, surely you would not pander to a scoundrelly taste?

'Then, sir, I must give up business altogether. Sir, I have a great respect for the goddess Reason—an infinite respect, sir; but, sir, I cannot altogether ruin myself for the goddess Reason. Sir, I am a friend to liberty, as is well known: but I must also be a friend to my own family.'—*Lavengro*, vol. ii. p. 18.

The final decision was deferred to the following Sunday, when Lavengro was invited to dine with the publisher. His host ate no animal food. 'I have forsworn it,' he said, 'upwards of twenty years. I abhor taking away life; the brutes have as much right to live as ourselves.' But he did not think that authors had as much right to live as publishers. One of the reasons why Ritson refused to eat flesh was the belief that the practice led to cannibalism. Men began, he maintained, with the sheep and ended with the shepherd. The publisher, on the contrary, who showed such sympathy for brutes, had none for his fellow-creatures. He had abandoned the idea of *Evangelical Tales*, and had hit upon a scheme the very antipodes of the first, and one which was likely to be still more startling to a student overflowing with abstruse learning—a compilation of Newgate lives and trials. There were to be six volumes, and 'each volume to contain by no manner of means less than one thousand pages.' 'The remuneration,' continued the publisher, 'which you will receive when the work is completed will be fifty pounds, which is likewise intended to cover any expenses you may incur in procuring books, papers, and manuscripts necessary for the compilation.' This payment was at the rate of 2*d.* a page, and was an illustration, we suppose, of the 'great respect' of the publisher 'for the goddess Reason.' He was about to establish a new Review, and hastened, in the same breath, to prove the justice of his other profession, 'that he was a friend to liberty.' 'In the second place, you will be expected to make yourself useful in the Review,—generally useful, sir,—doing whatever is required of you; for it is not customary, at least with me, to permit writers, especially young writers, to choose their subjects.' That the lingual accomplishments of his new recruit might not altogether be idle, the publisher, who was the author of a book of philosophy, ordered him to turn it into German, adding, 'Sir, your remuneration will be determined by the success of your translation.' The Review was tried, and failed. The book of philosophy was so faithfully rendered that it was as nonsensical
as

as the original, and, being pronounced unintelligible by several Germans, the publisher laid the blame upon the translator, and stamped upon the manuscript in a rage. The 'Newgate Chronicles' were completed; but the 2*d*. a page was liable to such numerous drawbacks that the most diligent drudge must either have starved or taken to courses which would have qualified him to appear in his own compilation. The history of notorious villains was a description of literature which was not easy to find or cheap to purchase; time and money were both consumed in gleaning the materials; the publisher added to the difficulties by continually demanding, with angry vehemence, that some fresh worthy should be added to the list, and, in the plenitude of his tyranny, he at last insisted upon having the lives and trials of men who had never lived. When the work was finally accomplished, he discharged his part of the bargain by bills payable at 12 or 18 months after date, and which could only be discounted at a loss of 30 per cent. Poor Lavengro had to do with a man who not eating meat himself seemed determined that his dependents should not even eat bread. Yet no better patron was to be found by a stranger, and the learned philologer, with broken spirits and failing health, was as eager to leave London as ever he had been to enter it. The difficulty was to raise a few pounds for the purpose, and, while lost in perplexity, he saw, in the window of a bookseller, a paper, on which was written, 'A novel or tale is much wanted.' He felt no capacity for fiction, but resolved to make the attempt. He thought upon it till a plan rose up in his mind, composed the 'Life of Joseph Sell' in a single week, received twenty pounds for it from the bookseller, and set off from London to recover his health and spirits by a pedestrian tour.

In the course of his wanderings Lavengro enters a public-house, which, from other indications, appears to have been not very distant from Chester, and there a circumstance occurred which determined his future movements. A grimy-looking man dressed in faded velveteens, a meanly-dressed woman, and two ragged children four or five years old, sat upon a bench by the table. 'A more disconsolate family I had never seen; a mug, which when filled might contain half-a-pint, stood empty before them—a very disconsolate party indeed.' Lavengro called for an earthen pitcher of ale, and, having slaked the first cravings of his thirst, invited the tinker to follow his example:—

"You had better mend your draught," said I; "it is a sad heart that never rejoices."

"That's true," said the tinker; and again raising the pitcher to his lips,

lips, he mended his draught as I had bidden him, drinking a larger quantity than before.

"Pass it to your wife," said I.

The poor woman took the pitcher from the man's hand; before, however, raising it to her lips, she looked at the children. True mother's heart, thought I to myself; and taking the half-pint mug, I made her fill it, and then held it to the children, causing each to take a draught. The woman wiped her eyes with the corner of her gown before she raised the pitcher, and drank to my health. In about five minutes none of the family looked half so disconsolate as before, and the tinker and I were in deep discourse.'—iii. p. 4.

The magical effects produced by the foaming contents of the pitcher call forth from Mr. Borrow a glowing panegyric on the virtues of generous ale:—

'Oh, genial and gladdening is the power of good ale, the true and proper drink of Englishmen! He is not deserving of the name of Englishman who speaketh against ale,—that is, good ale, like that which has just made merry the hearts of this poor family; and yet there are beings calling themselves Englishmen who say that it is a sin to drink a cup of ale, and who, on coming to this passage, will be tempted to fling down the book, and exclaim, "The man is evidently a bad man, for behold, by his own confession, he is not only fond of ale himself, but is in the habit of tempting other people with it." Alas! alas! what a number of silly individuals there are in the world! I wonder what they would have had me do in this instance—given the afflicted family a cup of cold water?—go to! They could have found water in the road, for there was a pellucid spring only a few yards distant from the house, as they were well aware; but they wanted not water. What should I have given them? . Meat and bread?—go to! They were not hungry; there was stifled sobbing in their bosoms, and the first mouthful of strong meat would have choked them. What should I have given them? Advice! Friends, there is a time for everything; there is a time for a cup of cold water; there is a time for strong meat and bread; there is a time for advice; and there is a time for ale; and I have generally found that the time for advice is after a cup of ale.'—p. 6.

The drunkard who cannot be temperate should by all means take the pledge. The folly of the total abstinence advocates is, that they maintain that because some people drink too much nobody else is to drink at all, or, in other words, that whatever one person abuses nobody else is to use:—

'Should intemperate Peter get fuddled with porter,
He must beg sober Paul to drink nothing but water;
Should Tom once exceed, Dick will never be free
To taste any beverage stronger than tea.'

Those who can gravely employ such arguments prove at least that a man's intellect may be muddled without the aid of beer.

When

When the ale had unloosed poor Slingsby's tongue, he discussed with his entertainer the comparative blessings of the scholar's and the tinker's lot; and as neither of them had reason at the moment to be satisfied with his own craft, each declared for the calling of the other. Lavengro, who had recently smarted under the misery of compiling 6000 pages of biographical villany at a clear profit, after all deductions, of probably less than 1*d.* a page, and who had just been tasting the luxury of freedom, country air, and refreshing ale, maintained that the life of an itinerant kettle-mender was the happiest under heaven. The delightful picture he drew had a strange effect upon Slingsby:—

‘Suddenly he covered his face with his hands, and began to sob and moan like a man in the deepest distress; the breast of his wife heaved with emotion; even the children were agitated; the youngest began to roar.

Myself.—“What's the matter with you; what are you all crying about?”

Tinker (uncovering his face).—“Why, to hear you talk; isn't that enough to make anybody cry—even the poor babes? Yes, you said right; 'tis life in the garden of Eden—the tinker's. I see so now that I'm about to give it up.”

Myself.—“Give it up! You must not think of such a thing.”

Tinker.—“No, I can't bear to think of it, and yet I must; what's to be done? How hard to be frightened to death, to be driven off the roads!”

Myself.—“Who has driven you off the roads?”

Tinker.—“Who? The Flaming Tinman!”—p. 10.

This Flaming Tinman was a burly ruffian from Yorkshire, who resolved to establish himself in business by force of arms. He went to Slingsby, and offered to fight him for the beat. The tinker declined to go to buffets with a man twice his size for that which was already his own, whereupon the Flaming Tinman knocked him down and threatened to cut his throat. For some months the vanquished kettle-mender contrived to keep out of the way of his furious rival; but the previous day they had accidentally met, and, without a word of warning, the Yorkshireman rushed like a wild bull at the affrighted Slingsby. ‘I had not a chance with the fellow; he knocked me here, he knocked me there—knocked me into the hedge, and knocked me out again.’ Mrs. Slingsby ran to the aid of her husband, which brought upon her the wife of her husband's antagonist, who held the same place among women that her spouse did among men. ‘In the hands of Grey Moll,’ says the tinker, ‘she was nothing better than a pigeon in the claws of a buzzard-hawk, or I in the hands of the Flaming Tinman.’ This decided the contest. To save his wife from worse usage, the kettle-mender cried out, in an agony of

affection, that he would give up trade, connexion, bread—disappear from the roads, and go down upon his knees into the bargain. The obdurate Yorkshireman resolved to follow up his advantage. As his enemy called for quarter, he struck him a blow which drove him against a tree, and then, seizing him by the throat, he roared for a Bible. Worthy Mrs. Slingsby hastened to produce one which always accompanied her in their rounds; the Flaming Tinman thrust it violently into the mouth of her husband, breaking a decayed tooth in the act, and exclaiming as he did it, ‘Swear, swear, you mumping villain, that you will quit and give up the beat altogether.’ The tinker swore as he was bid, and his vanquisher, to add force to the oath, informed him that if he broke it he should pay for the crime with his life. Lavengro was still without an occupation; travelling was expensive; his funds were small, and, being conscious that he had ‘some slight tendency to madness,’ employment was necessary to divert his mind, as well as to furnish sustenance to his body. He had learnt something of the blacksmith’s craft in his youth. A little practice, he thought, would render him a proficient in kettle-mending; and the tinker being anxious to sell his pony, cart, and tools, that he might remove with the money to Bristol, Lavengro proved the sincerity of his panegyric upon the calling by proposing to become the purchaser. Mr. Slingsby was reluctant at first to dispose of his stock-in-trade to a benefactor. He assured him that if the Flaming Tinman caught him on the beat his ribs would be stove in, and his head knocked off his shoulders; but his scruples yielded to the confidence of his customer, and the entire concern was made over to Lavengro for the sum of five pounds ten shillings. In human changes effects seem frequently to have no relation to their cause. Philological learning was the occasion of Lavengro becoming a compiler of the *Lives of Murderers and Highwaymen*, and the compilation of the *Newgate Chronicle* was the occasion of his becoming a travelling tinker. He doubtless thought the profession of literature ‘life in the garden of Eden’ before imagination had been corrected by experience, and he was not long in discovering that even tinkering had its trials.

On driving away with his newly-purchased cart, he allowed the pony, who was much better acquainted with the country than himself, to choose his own road. Night came on, and with it a cold wind and a drizzling rain. ‘Pitching his tent under pleasant hedge-rows, and listening to the song of the feathered tribes,’ were part of the delights which he had pressed upon the tinker when arguing for the superiority of kettle-mending over scholarship. But there were no songs now, and the dripping
hedge-rows

hedge-rows did not present an idea of pleasantness. He shrunk from the dark, the damp, and the cold, and determined for one more night to sleep in a public-house. None, however, appeared. As he proceeded along a dark and miry lane, where he could neither see nor be seen, the sound of hoofs struck his ear, and apprehensive, from the narrowness of the road, that some accident might occur, he ran forward to draw his pony and cart to one side:—

‘ On came the hoofs—trot, trot, trot—and evidently more than those of one horse; their speed as they advanced appeared to slacken,—it was only, however, for a moment. I heard a voice cry, “Push on,—this is a desperate robbing-place,—never mind the dark;” and the hoofs came on quicker than before. “Stop,” said I, at the top of my voice; “stop, or . . .” Before I could finish what I was about to say there was a stumble, a heavy fall, a cry, and a groan, and putting out my foot I felt what I conjectured to be the head of a horse stretched upon the road. “Lord have mercy upon us! what’s the matter?” exclaimed a voice. “Spare my life,” cried another voice, apparently from the ground; “only spare my life, and take all I have.” “Where are you, Master Wise?” cried the other voice. “Help! here, Master Bat,” cried the voice from the ground; “help me up, or I shall be murdered.” “Why, what’s the matter?” said Bat. “Some one has knocked me down, and is robbing me,” said the voice from the ground. “Help! murder!” cried Bat; and, regardless of the entreaties of the man on the ground that he would stay and help him up, he urged his horse forward, and galloped away as fast as he could. I remained for some time quiet, listening to various groans and exclamations uttered by the person on the ground: at length I said, “Holloa! are you hurt?” “Spare my life, and take all I have!” said the voice from the ground. “Have they not done robbing you yet?” said I; “when they have finished let me know, and I will come and help you.” “Who is that?” said the voice; “pray come and help me, and do me no mischief.” “You were saying that some one was robbing you,” said I; “don’t think I shall come till he is gone away.” “Then you hen’t he?” said the voice. “Ar’n’t you robbed?” said I. “Can’t say I be,” said the voice; “not yet, at any rate: but who are you? I don’t know you.” “A traveller, whom you and your partner were going to run over in this dark lane; you almost frightened me out of my senses.” “Frightened!” said the voice, in a louder tone; “frightened! oh!” and thereupon I heard somebody getting upon his legs. This accomplished, the individual proceeded to attend to his horse, and with a little difficulty raised him upon his legs also. “Ar’n’t you hurt?” said I. “Hurt!” said the voice; “not I; don’t think it, whatever the horse may be. I tell you what, my fellow; I thought you were a robber; and now I find you are not, I have a good mind——” “To do what?” “To serve you out. Ar’n’t you ashamed——?” “At what?” said I; “not to have robbed you? shall I set about it now?” “Ha-ha!” said the man, dropping the
bullying

bullying tone which he had assumed; "you are joking;—robbing? who talks of robbing? I wonder how my horse's knees are? not much hurt, I think—only mired." The man then got upon his horse, and, after moving him about a little, said, "Good night, friend; where are you?" "Here I am," said I, "just behind you." "You are, are you? Take that." I know not what he did, but, probably pricking his horse with the spur, the animal kicked out violently. One of his heels struck me on the shoulder, but luckily missed my face. I fell back with the violence of the blow, whilst the fellow scampered off at a great rate. Stopping at some distance, he loaded me with abuse, and then, continuing his way at a rapid trot, I heard no more of him.'—iii. 28.

This inimitable scene is no less conspicuous for its nature than its humour. The cowardice and brutality are common concomitants in vulgar dispositions, and those who wander much in the country by night can hardly have failed to meet with somewhat similar adventures. Nobody is asked to stop in the dark but he assumes that it must be for the purpose of taking his money or his life, and we have seen drivers in a gig respond to a holloa from a pedestrian who had lost his way, by furiously whipping the horse into a gallop, preferring the risk of being upset to the risk of being murdered and robbed. The greeting of foot-passengers at night who never utter a greeting by day tells the same tale of general alarm. By the tone of the answer, as by the watchword in reply to the challenge of the sentinel, they hope to gather whether they are in the presence of a friend or a foe. 'In utter darkness,' says Burke, 'it is impossible to know in what degree of safety we stand; wisdom can only act by guess; the boldest are staggered; and he who would pray for nothing else towards his defence is forced to pray for light.' Such may be the case with those who are actually attacked; but it is only the Master Bats and Master Wises that tremble at one another, each glad to increase as rapidly as possible the distance between himself and his fellow-coward.

Lavengro got into his cart, fell into a doze, and was at last awakened by the cessation of the jolting. The pony had stopped at one of the accustomed lodging-places of Slingsby—a grassy road, with a plantation of bushes on either side. Here Lavengro pitched his tent, and passed the remainder of the night. The morning broke beautifully, and between sauntering and attempts at kettle-mending he realised for a few days the Elysium he had painted. But a serpent soon introduced itself into his Eden. One Mrs. Herne, a gipsy beldame whom he had known in former times, and who had left her clan in indignation because her son persisted in teaching him their language, arrived in her wanderings at his retreat, and gave him, through the hands of a
young

young girl, a poisoned cake. While he was lying between death and life, a Welsh Methodist preacher and his wife came by in a cart, administered medicine to him, and readily prevailed on him to accompany them. It was dark when they turned from a lane into a meadow where three large oaks threw their arms over a brook. The trees were the canopy of the Methodist, who was understood to have something heavy upon his mind, and never, except in the severest weather, slept beneath a roof. A farmhouse stood on an eminence hard by. The mistress was a Welsh-woman, whom the preacher visited in his rounds, and who, informed of his arrival, came down the hill to welcome him. ‘We hoped to have heard you speak to-night, Peter,’ she said; ‘but we cannot expect that now, seeing that it is so late, owing to your having been detained by the way, as Winifred tells me: nothing remains for you to do now but to sup; to-morrow, with God’s will, we shall hear you.’ ‘And to-night also, with God’s will, provided you be so disposed.’ The farmer, his children, and his servants assembled. Peter, mounting upon a stool, addressed them for three-quarters of an hour, with the heavens for a roof and the moon for a lamp, while each individual of his congregation listened to his exhortations with breathless interest—a lovely scene of piety and nature. The sermon ended, bread, cheese, milk, and curds were brought for the guests, and all retired except the farmer’s wife, who remained for a few minutes to converse with her compatriots:—

“ ‘Mary,’ said the preacher, addressing himself to the woman of the house, ‘every time I come to visit thee I find thee less inclined to speak Welsh. I suppose in a little time thou wilt entirely have forgotten it; hast thou taught it to any of thy children?’” “ ‘The two eldest understand a few words,’ said the woman, ‘but my husband does not wish them to learn it; he says sometimes, jocularly, that though it pleased him to marry a Welsh wife, it does not please him to have Welsh children. Who, I have heard him say, would be a Welshman, if he could be an Englishman?’” “ ‘I, for one,’ said the preacher, somewhat hastily; ‘not to be king of all England would I give up my birthright as a Welshman. Your husband is an excellent person, Mary, but I am afraid he is somewhat prejudiced.’” “ ‘You do him justice, Peter, in saying that he is an excellent person,’ said the woman: ‘as to being prejudiced, I scarcely know what to say; but he thinks that two languages in the same kingdom are almost as bad as two kings.’” —iii. 79.

Mary proceeded to relate that she had heard her husband say that the Welsh in old times were a ferocious people, for they had once hanged a mayor of Chester. ‘Ha, ha!’ returned Peter with flashing eyes; ‘he told you that, did he?’ and he exultingly
went

went on to inform Mary that, when two hundred men of Chester invaded the Welsh borders to take revenge for the death of their mayor, the chieftain enticed them into a tower, set fire to it, and burnt them all. ‘That was a very fine, noble—God forgive me! what was I about to say?—a very bad, violent man. But, Mary, this is very carnal and unprofitable conversation.’ After this conflict in Peter between the Welshman and the Methodist, in which the latter remained the master, the preacher and his wife retired to their tilted cart, where, before falling asleep, they talked in their native tongue of Lavengro as of a ‘poor fellow’ who seemed almost brutally ignorant.’ They had still greater reason to think so on the following morning, when they found that he kept no count of time, and was not aware that it was Sunday. Peter invited him to accompany them to their preaching place, a mile and a half distant, but he declined the offer. ‘Wherefore?’ said Peter. ‘I belong to the church, and not to the congregations.’ ‘Oh the pride of that Church!’ said the Methodist to his wife in their native tongue, ‘exemplified even in the lowest and most ignorant of its members.’ Upon the preacher observing that he doubtless then meant to go to church, he still answered ‘No;’ and to the reiterated question, ‘Wherefore?’ he replied that he preferred to remain as he was, listening to the rustling of the leaves and the tinkling of the waters. He watched the family depart dressed in their Sunday best, and felt half inclined to follow their example, but his evil genius prevailed, and the contrast between his present state of mind and the scene he had witnessed gave rise as he sat at the foot of the oak to this exquisite and touching retrospect:—

‘I thought on the early Sabbaths of my life, and the manner in which I was wont to pass them. How carefully I said my prayers when I got up on the Sabbath morn, and how carefully I combed my hair and brushed my clothes, in order that I might do credit to the Sabbath-day. I thought of the old church at pretty D——, the dignified rector and yet more dignified clerk. I thought of England’s grand liturgy, and Tate and Brady’s sonorous minstrelsy. I thought of the Holy Book, portions of which I was in the habit of reading between service. I thought too of the evening walk which I sometimes took in fine weather like the present with my mother and brother—a quiet sober walk, during which I would not break into a run, even to chase a butterfly, or yet more a honey-bee, being fully convinced of the dread importance of the day which God had hallowed. And how glad I was when I had got over the Sabbath day without having done anything to profane it. And how soundly I slept on the Sabbath-night after the toil of being very good throughout the day. And when I had mused on those times a long while, I sighed and said to myself I am much altered since then; am I altered for the better? And then I looked

looked at my hands and my apparel and sighed again. I was not wont of yore to appear thus on the Sabbath-day.'—iii. 87.

Potent is the influence of a holy childhood. It remains a standard to shame the carelessness of after years, and, rising upon the memory with a reproving melancholy, brings back the mind, corrupted by the world, to its primitive reverence.

At midnight on that Sunday Lavengro heard groans from the tilted cart, and the voice of Peter exclaiming in accents of anguish 'Pechod Yspritdd Glan—O pechod Yspritdd Glan!' which was answered by the sweet and gentle voice of Winifred, his wife, endeavouring to console him. Still he repeated in despairing tones—'Pechod Yspritdd Glan—O pechod Yspritdd Glan!' 'Now, Pechod Yspritdd Glan interpreted is the sin against the Holy Ghost.' The reason of this piteous cry of the saintly Peter Williams was explained when upon further intimacy he related his story to Lavengro—a story beautifully told, abounding in strokes of nature, and as simple and pathetic as any narrative of Methodist 'experience' which we ever remember to have read.

'My father was a member of the Church of England, and was what is generally called a serious man. He went to church regularly and read the Bible every Sunday evening. One autumn afternoon, on a week-day, he sat with one of his neighbours taking a cup of ale by the oak table in our stone kitchen. I sat near them and listened to their discourse. I was at that time seven years of age. They were talking of religious matters. "It is a hard matter to get to heaven," said my father. "Exceedingly so," said the other. "However, I don't despond; none need despair of getting to heaven, save those who have committed the sin against the Holy Ghost." "Ah," said my father, "thank God I never committed that!—how awful must be the state of a person who has committed the sin against the Holy Ghost! I can scarcely think of it without my hair standing on an end." And then my father and his friend began talking of the nature of the sin, and I heard them say what it was as I sat with greedy ears listening to their discourse. I lay awake the greater part of the night musing upon what I had heard. Once or twice I felt a strong inclination to commit the sin; a strange kind of fear, however, prevented me; at last I determined not to commit it, and having said my prayers I fell asleep. When I awoke in the morning, the first thing I thought of was the mysterious sin, and a voice within me seemed to say "Commit it." I was just about to yield when the same dread of which I have spoken came over me, and springing out of bed I went down on my knees. After breakfast I went to school and endeavoured to employ myself upon my tasks, but all in vain. I could think of nothing but the sin against the Holy Ghost. My master reproached me, and, yet more, he beat me; I felt shame and anger, and I went home with a full determination to commit the sin.'—iii. 106.

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That same night the child arose from his bed and walked out upon the wooden stair, open to the air, which was the approach to his room. 'Having stood for a few moments looking at the stars with which the heavens were thickly strewn, I laid myself down, and supporting my face with my hand I murmured out words of horror, words not to be repeated, and in this manner I committed the sin against the Holy Ghost.' On the following morning from the force of habit he fell on his knees to pray, but before he had uttered a word he recollected what he had done, and immediately got up again.

'Days and weeks passed by. I had once been cheerful and fond of the society of children of my own age; but I was now reserved and gloomy. I seemed in my own eyes a lone monstrous being, and yet, strange to say, I felt a kind of pride in being so. I was unhappy, but I frequently thought to myself, I have done what no one else would dare to do; there is something grand in the idea; I had yet to learn the horror of my condition.'—p. 111.

The event which brought him to a sense of his misery was the death of his father. Time had been wearing out the impression; he had returned to his love of sports, he was making progress in learning, but a deeper dread than he had yet entertained took entire possession of him, when the good man said with his dying breath, 'God bless you, my children! I am going from you; but take comfort; I trust that we shall meet again in heaven.'—'Meet my father in heaven! How could I ever hope to meet him there?' It now became one of his terrors to imagine his sainted parent looking down from the clouds upon his wretched son with a countenance of inexpressible horror. He speculated in agony upon the number of years he was likely to live, and counted the days and hours which separated him from his dreadful doom. But this too passed away. One beautiful morning a sense of felicity stole over his soul, and this feeling was the commencement of a total change. He prayed, he went to church, his days were peaceful, his slumbers light.

'One Sunday morning the subject of the sermon was on the duty of searching the Scriptures; all I knew of them was from the liturgy. I now, however, determined to read them and perfect the good work which I had begun. My father's Bible was upon the shelf, and on that evening I took it with me to my chamber. My heart was filled with pleasing anticipation. I opened the book at random and began to read; the first passage on which my eyes lighted was the following:—"Who-soever speaketh against the Holy Ghost it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world, neither in the world to come." I will not dwell on that period. I should only shock you. I could not bear my feelings; so, bidding my friends a hasty farewell, I abandoned myself to horror
and

and despair, and ran wild through Wales, climbing mountains and wading streams.'—p. 116.

For years he continued a conscience-stricken wanderer. In a fit of anguish he was at last about to fling himself into the sea, when an elderly dissenting preacher, who came up at the moment, hindered the design, and conducted him to his house. The minister was acquainted with his mother, and, having told him of the tears she had shed over her lost son, induced him after a while to return to his home. A cousin he found had died and left him a farm. In the cultivation of his estate he once more grew calm; he prayed, he attended a Methodist chapel, and improved his mind by study. The want of a companion directed his thoughts to marriage, and he proposed to a young woman whom he had met in the house of the preacher who preserved him from committing suicide. He had not ventured before their union to confide to her his dreadful secret, and it was not till after a considerable period that circumstances renewed the ancient horror and compelled the disclosure of its cause.

“How is it,” said Winifred, “that you, who are so fond of good books, and good things in general, never read the Bible?” And when I heard her mention the Bible I shook, for I thought of my own condemnation. However, I dearly loved my wife, and, as she pressed me, I commenced on that very night reading the Bible. All went on smoothly for a long time; for months and months I did not find the fatal passage, so that I almost thought that I had imagined it. My affairs prospered much the while, so that I was almost happy, taking pleasure in everything around me; till one night, as I was reading the Bible, feeling particularly comfortable—oh God—God! I came to the fatal passage. I rushed out. My wife followed me, asking what was the matter. I could only answer with groans.’—p. 134.

On a winter's night, over the dying embers of the fire, when every one else had retired to rest, Peter Williams breathed his awful secret into the ears of his faithful partner. He expected her to shrink from him as a polluted being, but, gently pressing his hand and looking up into his face, she merely replied, ‘Let us go to rest, my love; your fears are groundless.’ But the spectre which had been laid now again haunted her afflicted husband. In vain she told him that he was afraid of a shadow, that a child of seven years old could not be guilty of the unpardonable sin, that it was not to convince him that he had committed, but rather to prevent his committing it, that God had brought the passage before his eyes. Finding him inconsolable, she advised him, as the only means of relief, to go about doing good. He began by visiting the sick; next he became celebrated as the possessor of a great gift of prayer; and lastly, people

people urged him to preach. 'I—I—outcast Peter, became the preacher Peter Williams. In this way I have gone on for thirteen years. Occasionally I am visited with fits of indescribable agony, generally on the night before the Sabbath; for then I ask myself how dare I, the outcast, attempt to preach the word of God?' Comfort was at hand. His tale ended, Lavengro repeated a sentence from the 'Moll Flanders' of De Foe:—'Each one carries in his breast the recollection of some sin which presses heavy upon him. Oh, if men could but look into each other's hearts, what blackness would they find there!' A new light broke in upon the mind of the despairing preacher. Others also might have their secret pangs of conscience, and each might think his own case peculiar and his burthens intolerable. Before the next Sunday came, the peace which passeth understanding had visited the troubled heart of the holy man. On the return of the farmer's family from the meeting-house, Lavengro observed that there was a kind of excitement among them, and he advanced to one of the groups, where a servant-girl was speaking with eagerness:—

'“Such a sermon,” said she, “it has never been our lot to hear. Peter never before spoke as he has done this day. He was always a powerful preacher, but, oh, the unction of the discourse of this morning, and yet more of that of the afternoon, which was the continuation of it!” “What was the subject?” said I, interrupting her. “Ah! you should have been there, young man, to have heard it; it would have made a lasting impression upon you. I was bathed in tears all the time; those who heard it will never forget the preaching of the good Peter Williams on the Power, Providence, and Goodness of God.”’—p. 148.

Just and excellent are the reflections of Mr. Borrow in the appendix to *The Romany Rye* upon this striking narrative, when he shows the manner in which it exemplifies that power, providence, and goodness of God which formed the subject of the preacher's moving discourse. But for the remembrance, he says, of his sin, Peter Williams would have been a respectable Welsh farmer and nothing more. He had, nevertheless, within him a capacity for a higher calling, and God permitted his offence, which, though childish, was deliberate, to prey upon his mind till he became a humble Paul. Though convinced that he was a castaway, he did not, like many others who labour under the same idea, betake himself to drinking, but, with a deep sense of the majesty and righteousness of the Almighty, he devoted his life to endeavouring to secure for his fellow-creatures the blessings he had forfeited himself. That he might not be utterly bowed down, his misery was alleviated by the companionship

companionship of an angelic wife ; and when at last he had been thoroughly purified by the alarm and anguish created by his early sin, he was restored to tranquillity. The mode in which this solace was obtained was trivial, and bore no proportion to the magnitude and duration of the evil. 'He was not relieved by a text from the Bible, by the words of consolation and wisdom addressed to him by his angel-minded wife, nor by the preaching of one yet more eloquent than himself, but by a quotation made by Lavengro from the *Life of Mary Flanders*.' Such are the wise comments of Mr. Borrow, and well do they illustrate his observation, 'that the Almighty frequently accomplishes his purposes by means which appear very singular to the eyes of men.'

Lavengro accompanied the preacher and his wife to the borders of Wales. At the brook which separated the countries, he met a gipsy acquaintance, Mr. Petulegro, advancing into England, and, bidding adieu to his worthy companions, he turned back with the swarthy wanderer, a rover of a very different spirit from good Peter Williams. The change is like passing from the lovely prospects of nature and the pure air of heaven into a dirty hovel, where the atmosphere and objects have all a sickening taint. The beauty of religion could hardly be more strongly felt than in the immediate contrast between the high aspirations and benevolent exertions of these earnest Christians and the low desires and brutal ideas of the majority of the itinerants who next occupy the scene. Lavengro, eager for solitude, is informed by the gipsy of a deep and dreary dingle in the midst of an estate which is in Chancery, situated five miles from any town, and with only a few huts and hedge publichouses in its neighbourhood. There he pitched his tent, and amused himself with shoeing his pony, an employment which served for a considerable period, since he took four days to make one shoe. His retirement was soon after broken by a man leading a horse and cart down the precipitous path which formed the approach to the dingle. Catching sight of our blacksmith and tinker, he started back with a violence which nearly threw the horse upon its haunches. 'You need not be afraid,' said Lavengro encouragingly, 'I mean you no harm.' 'Afraid! Hm!' replied the stranger, recovering his composure. He had little enough reason for alarm, being six feet high, and as athletic as he was tall. 'Who gave you leave to camp on my ground?' he asked, after some parleying and mocking repetitions of the word 'Afraid!'—the autocratic tone of the question revealing at once that the new comer was no other than the Flaming Tinker. 'What's this?' he exclaimed, as his eye fell upon the prohibited pony. 'Why,

‘Why, as I am alive, this is the horse of that mumping villain Slingsby!’ ‘It’s his no longer; I bought it and paid for it.’ ‘It’s mine now,’ said the fellow; ‘I swore I would seize it the next time I found it on my beat, and beat the master too.’ He at once proceeded to execute his threat. He flung Lavengro on the ground, planted his knees on his breast, seized him by the neck with his horny hands, and seemed intent upon throttling him; when a tall girl, who, together with Grey Moll, had come in the train of the tinman, caught hold of the handkerchief which this ruffian wore round his throat, and pulled it so tight that he was compelled to relinquish his grasp. He started up and struck at her for her interference, but, quietly eluding his aim, she insisted upon fair play, and backed Lavengro in the fight. He might almost as well have dealt his blows upon his anvil as upon the brawny frame of the Flaming Tinman; and the prediction of his predecessor, that ‘his ribs would be stove in,’ was about to be verified, when his antagonist, striking at him with tremendous violence, slipped, from the over-exertion, and, instead of doing for Lavengro, hit a tree which stood by. Then our hero, gathering up all his remaining strength into a single blow, struck the staggering tinman under the ear and stretched him senseless upon the ground. His maimed hand effectually prevented his renewing the fight, and he slunk away from the dingle abashed and cowed, leaving the tall girl, who was the cause of his defeat, to the companionship of the victor. She shed tears at the desertion. ‘They were bad people,’ she said, ‘and I did not like them, but they were my only acquaintance in the wide world.’

The towering and handsome female who was thus unexpectedly left to the guardianship of Lavengro, though she bore the imposing name of Isopel Berners, had been born in a workhouse. Her mother was a small milliner, her father a naval officer. She travelled about the country with a donkey and cart, selling silk and linen goods. Her great stature enabled her to be her own protector, and any liberties which were attempted to be taken with herself or her wares were sure to be answered by a beating. Yet she seems to have been only masculine when provoked. In her ordinary bearing she was good-tempered and feminine, and not without a natural dignity. Many pages are occupied with the colloquies between this damsel and Lavengro after she had pitched her tent in the dingle, which might probably have been entertaining, if the ‘word-master’ had not been seized with the fancy to teach her a smattering of Armenian. The long dialogues upon the declension of some noun or the conjugation of some verb are as tedious to the reader as they were to Isopel, and

and the cross-examination of the Roman Catholic priest who was enticed into drinking too much hollands-and-water, though more valuable, is yet sadly diffuse. Life in the dingle is a little diversified by a thunder-storm, and the consequent upset of a postilion and his chaise in a road hard by, through the fright of his horses. It is with the making of a linchpin for one of the wheels of his vehicle that *The Romany Rye*, which signifies 'the gipsy gentleman,' commences, but the main interest does not begin till the arrival of Mr. Petulengro and his companions upon the scene. They encamped in the dingle after their ordinary fashion, and we are admitted to witness their customs and to hear their conversation. During a temporary absence of Miss Isopel, the sojourners, accompanied by Lavengro, as we shall still call him, notwithstanding the title he has assumed in his new volumes, went, dressed in their peculiar costume, to the afternoon service at a village church about a mile distant. Mr. Petulengro, who evidently considered like the Welsh preacher that their gentleman associate was 'brutally ignorant' respecting ecclesiastical matters, advised him, with a significant nod, as he was entering the sacred edifice, 'to take care how he behaved.'

'Every voice seemed to be united in singing a certain anthem, which, notwithstanding it was written neither by Tate nor Brady, contains some of the sublimest words which were ever put together, not the worst of which are those which burst on our ears as we entered.

“Every eye shall now behold Him,
Robed in dreadful majesty ;
Those who set at nought and sold Him,
Pierced and nailed Him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.”

Still following Mrs. Petulengro, we proceeded down the chancel and along the aisle. Notwithstanding the singing, I could distinctly hear as we passed many a voice whispering, "Here come the gipsies! here come the gipsies!" I felt rather embarrassed, with a somewhat awkward doubt as to where we were to sit; none of the occupiers of the pews, who appeared to consist almost entirely of farmers, with their wives, sons, and daughters, opened a door to admit us. Mrs. Petulengro, however, appeared to feel not the least embarrassment, but tripped along the aisle with the greatest nonchalance. We passed under the pulpit, in which stood the clergyman in his white surplice, and reached the middle of the church, where we were confronted by the sexton dressed in a long blue coat, and holding in his hand a wand. This functionary motioned towards the lower end of the church, where were certain benches, partly occupied by poor people and boys. Mrs. Petulengro, however, with a toss of her head, directed her course to a magnificent pew which was unoccupied, which she opened and entered, followed

followed closely by Tawno Chikno, Mr. Petulengro, and myself. The sexton did not appear by any means to approve of the arrangement, and as I stood next the door laid his finger on my arm as if to intimate that myself and companions must quit our aristocratical location. I said nothing, but directed my eyes to the clergyman, who uttered a short and expressive cough; the sexton looked at him for a moment, and then bowing his head closed the door—in a moment more the music ceased. I took up a prayer-book, on which was engraved an earl's coronet. The clergyman uttered, "I will arise and go to my father." England's sublime liturgy had commenced. . . . The liturgy was now over, during the reading of which my companions behaved in a most unexceptionable manner, sitting down and rising up when other people sat down and rose, and holding in their hands prayer-books which they found in the pew, into which they stared intently, though I observed that, with the exception of Mrs. Petulengro, who knew how to read a little, they held the books by the top, and not the bottom.'—*The Romany Rye*, vol. i. p. 99.

The celebrated description in 'The Spectator' of Sir Roger de Coverley at church hardly equals this consummate piece of word-painting. There is in it an indescribable mixture of humour and grandeur, the humour in no way detracting from the grandeur, and provoking a smile which does not jar with the solemnity of the place,—a smile which does not interfere with the feelings that befit the sanctuary. An eloquent sermon, preached extempore, followed the prayers, but on the way back to the dingle Mr. Petulengro's observations plainly showed that, in spite of his exhortation to his companion 'to take care how he behaved,' the sermons and prayers had been lost upon himself, and that he was an apathetic heathen both in life and creed.

Lavengro began to tire of the Elysian existence of a kettle-mender. He had not indeed practised the craft in earnest, but he already saw that 'it was much more agreeable to play the gipsy or the tinker than to become either in reality.' He conceived the idea of marrying Isopel, emigrating to America, and cultivating the soil with the assistance of his powerful companion. On the return of Miss Berners he propounded the scheme to her. She received it coldly, thanked him, and took time to consider. The next day there was a fair at a place a few miles off, and, as all gipsies are horse-dealers, Mr. Petulengro and his comrades attended it in the way of business, and Mr. Lavengro in the way of pleasure. Of the latter there was not much, and he was glad to go back at night to the dingle, enjoying in imagination the welcome he should receive from Isopel, and the assent to his proposal which would greet his arrival. But Isopel had vanished. 'Husbands,' said he to himself, 'do not grow upon hedgerows; she is merely gone after a little business, and will
return

return to-morrow.' Two days elapsed, but still no Isopel. Once at midnight he heard the sound of wheels. 'She comes at last, thought I, and for a few moments I felt as if a mountain had been removed from my breast;—here she comes at last, now; how shall I receive her? Oh, thought I, I will receive her rather coolly, just as if I was not particularly anxious about her—that's the way to manage these women.' But the lumbering sound gradually receded, and the heart of Lavengro, who had rushed to the top of the dingle in the eagerness of excited suspense, sunk within him.

'Those only whose hopes have been wrought up to a high pitch, and then suddenly dashed down, can imagine what I felt at that moment; and yet, when I returned to my lonely tent, and lay down on my hard pallet, the voice of conscience told me that the misery I was then undergoing I had fully merited, from the unkind manner in which I had intended to receive her, when for a brief minute I supposed that she had returned.'—vol. i. p. 200.

On the fourth day after her absence an old woman brought a letter from Isopel, directed 'To the young man in Mumper's Dingle.' She stated that she was at a seaport, whence she was just about to embark for a distant country, and that her mysterious departure was occasioned on the one hand by the fear that she could not support a leave-taking, and on the other by her resolution not to allow him to accompany her. The reply to his offer of marriage must be given in her own words:—

'Perhaps, young man, had you made it at the first period of our acquaintance, I should have accepted it, but you did not, and kept putting off and putting off, and behaving in a very strange manner, till I could stand your conduct no longer, but determined upon leaving you and Old England, which last step I had been long thinking about; so when you made your offer at last, everything was arranged—my cart and donkey engaged to be sold—and the greater part of my things disposed of. However, young man, when you did make it, I frankly tell you that I had half a mind to accept it; at last, however, after very much consideration, I thought it best to leave you for ever, because, for some time past, I had become almost convinced that, though with a wonderful deal of learning, and exceedingly shrewd in some things, you were—pray don't be offended—at the root mad! and though mad people, I have been told, sometimes make very good husbands, I was unwilling that your friends, if you had any, should say that Belle Berners, the workhouse girl, took advantage of your infirmity.'—p. 205.

Thus ended his matrimonial project, and with it the notion of emigrating to America. The disappointment, however, was quickly followed by an incident which released Lavengro from
his

his dreary game of playing at tinker, and introduced him to one more phase of existence. The landlord of a public-house which he frequented two miles from the dingle was a pugilist, who enjoyed the reputation of having beaten Tom of Hopton. 'I have long,' said he, 'sat in my bar the wonder and glory of this here neighbourhood;' but unhappily 'the wonder and glory of the neighbourhood' was in debt to his brewer. He expected to retrieve his affairs by his winnings on a cock-fight which was about to come off. His cock lost; his embarrassed circumstances became known; the majority of his customers ceased to frequent his house, and those who went treated the 'glory of the neighbourhood' with contempt. The gin-drinking priest insinuated that if he turned Roman Catholic the debt would be paid, and the despairing landlord resolved to go over for the bribe. The next time that Lavengro visited the public-house his host had such a shrunk and haggard look that he asked him if he had already changed his religion and been commanded to fast. The man told him sorrowfully that he was publicly to recant in a fortnight, that everybody was laughing at him except his niece, who was crying in the room above, and who talked to him of Judas Iscariot and the iniquity of selling his soul. He had a mind, he said, to go into the stable and hang himself at once, since it was better to do it before his apostacy than after. A short time previously he had without the slightest scruples of conscience endeavoured to persuade Lavengro to aid him in a roguish scheme to cheat the gambling public through a dishonest fight, but, though he neither understood nor practised religion, his Protestant creed was a national and hereditary feeling which he trembled to disavow. Lavengro exhorted him to sturdiness, and, to assist in communicating it, he made the landlord discuss with him a couple of bottles of ale. A few days afterwards our friend returned to see how affairs were proceeding, and to his astonishment found the house thronged with civil company, and heard incessant cries for brandy, gin, and beer. The landlord had reassumed more than all his native importance. He invited Lavengro into the bar, and was quickly followed by his niece, who told him that fresh customers were flocking in, and that he must help her to attend upon them.

' "The customers," said the landlord, "let the scoundrels wait till you have time to serve them, or till I have leisure to see after them." "The kitchen won't contain half of them," said his niece. "Then let them sit out abroad," said the landlord. "But there are not benches enough, uncle," said the niece. "Then let them stand or sit on the ground," said the uncle. "What care I? I'll let them know that the
man

man who beat Tom of Hopton stands as well again on his legs as ever.”’
—p. 216.

To the remark of Lavengro that he treated his customers in rather a cavalier manner, the landlord answered ‘Don’t I? and I’ll treat them more so yet; now I have got the whip-hand of the rascals I intend to keep it.’ This sudden resolution had been produced by Lavengro’s advice and ale. A burley tippler attended by a train of sycophants took advantage of the landlord’s craven state, when as he said a child might flog him, to drink his beer without settling the score. The new spirit which had been infused into him encouraged him to resent the treatment, and he answered to sneers, and insults, and refusals to pay, by knocking the ringleader down. The followers immediately deserted to the victor, called their vanquished champion ‘all kinds of dog’s names,’ and the landlord was once again ‘the glory of the neighbourhood.’ His pious niece came in an hour afterwards in hysterics of joy. She had related to the worthy rector, whose church the gypsies attended, the snares laid for her uncle’s soul, and the clergyman, to save him from the pit that had been dug for him, lent him the fifty pounds to pay the brewer. His own creditors, hearing that he was no longer ‘a down-pin,’ thought best to pay him what they owed, and to crown all he had that morning been elected churchwarden, and expressed his intention of doing credit to the office by attending service once a quarter. A coward in adversity, domineering in prosperity, and in every estate negligent of religion, and loose in his morality, he felt some gratitude to Lavengro. He offered him ten shillings a-week and his board to assist him in his business, or, if he preferred it to stated wages, the gratuities ‘of the sneaking, fawning, curry-favouring humbugs’ who frequented the house. Lavengro declined the flattering proposal. A horse neighed at the moment. It was a splendid animal, which belonged to a cousin of the landlord, who was just then ‘a down-pin,’ and in his urgent need for money was willing to part with it for fifty pounds, as my host secretly informed his benefactor, though the nominal price was seventy. Mr. Petulengro had seen it with admiring eyes at the fair, where it found no bidder, but, said he, ‘we low gypsians never buy animals of that description; if we did we could never sell them, and most likely should be had up as horse-stealers.’ He was a capitalist in his way, and, not liking that such a splendid bargain should be lost altogether to the connexion, he insisted upon advancing the money, and predicted that the purchase would shortly realise four times the sum. Lavengro demurred, his reluctance was overruled; the animal was bought; and our hero, having presented his pony, Vol. 101.—No. 202. 2 K cart,

cart, and tinkering stock to one of the gipsies, mounted his steed, and again sallied forth to seek his fortune. And now we have got Lavengro upon horseback, we must allow him to tell how he learnt to ride in his youth in one of the finest passages which ever proceeded from his or any other pen.

‘And it came to pass that, as I was standing by the door of the barrack stable, one of the grooms came out to me, saying, “I say, young gentleman, I wish you would give the cob a breathing this fine morning.”’

‘“Why do you wish me to mount him?” said I; “you know he is dangerous.” I saw him fling you off his back only a few days ago.” “Why, that’s the very thing, master. I’d rather see anybody on his back than myself; he does not like me; but, to them he does, he can be as gentle as a lamb.”’

‘“But suppose,” said I, “that he should not like me?”’

‘“We shall soon see that, master,” said the groom; “and if so he shows temper, I will be the first to tell you to get down. But there’s no fear of that; you have never angered or insulted him, and to such as you, I say again, he’ll be as gentle as a lamb.”’

‘“And how came you to insult him,” said I, “knowing his temper as you do?”’

‘“Merely through forgetfulness, master: I was riding him about a month ago, and, having a stick in my hand, I struck him, thinking I was on another horse, or rather thinking of nothing at all. He has never forgiven me, though before that time he was the only friend I had in the world; I should like to see you on him, master.”’

‘“I should soon be off him; I can’t ride.”’

‘“Then you are all right, master; there’s no fear. Trust him for not hurting a young gentleman, an officer’s son, who can’t ride. If you were a blackguard dragoon, indeed, with long spurs, ’twere another thing; as it is, he’ll treat you as if he were the elder brother that loves you. Ride! he’ll soon teach you to ride if you leave the matter with him. He’s the best riding-master in all Ireland, and the gentlest.”’

‘The cob was led forth. “There!” said the groom, as he looked at him, half admiringly, half sorrowfully, “with sixteen stone on his back, he’ll trot fourteen miles in one hour; with your nine stone, some two-and-a-half more; ay, and clear a six-foot wall at the end of it.”’

‘“I’m half afraid,” said I; “I had rather you would ride him.”’

‘“I’d rather so, too, if he would let me; but he remembers the blow. Now, don’t be afraid, young master; he’s longing to go out himself. He’s been trampling with his feet these three days, and I know what that means; he’ll let anybody ride him but myself, and thank them; but to me he says, “No! you struck me.”’

‘“But,” said I, “where’s the saddle?”’

‘“Never mind the saddle; if you are ever to be a frank rider, you must begin without a saddle; besides, if he felt a saddle, he would think you don’t trust him, and leave you to yourself.”’

‘Off went the cob at a slow and gentle trot, too fast and rough, however,

ever, for so inexperienced a rider. I soon felt myself sliding off; the animal perceived it too, and instantly stood stone still till I had righted myself; and now the groom came up: "When you feel yourself going," said he, "don't lay hold of the mane, that's no use; mane never yet saved man from falling, no more than straw from drowning; it's his sides you must cling to with your calves and feet, till you learn to balance yourself. That's it, now abroad with you; I'll bet my comrade a pot of beer that you'll be a regular rough-rider by the time you come back."

' And so it proved; I followed the directions of the groom, and the cob gave me every assistance. How easy is riding, after the first timidity is got over, to supple and youthful limbs; and there is no second fear. In less than two hours I had made the circuit of the Devil's Mountain, and was returning along the road, bathed in perspiration, but screaming with delight; the cob laughing in his equine way, scattering foam and pebbles to the left and right, and trotting at the rate of sixteen miles an hour.

' Oh, that ride! that first ride!—most truly it was an epoch in my existence; and I still look back to it with feelings of longing and regret. People may talk of first love—it is a very agreeable event, I dare say—but give me the flush, and triumph, and glorious sweat of a first ride, like mine on the mighty cob! My whole frame was shaken, it is true; and during one long week I could hardly move foot or hand; but what of that? By that one trial I had become free, as I may say, of the whole equine species. No more fatigue, no more stiffness of joints, after that first ride round the Devil's Hill on the cob.

' Oh, that cob! that Irish cob! may the sod lie lightly over the bones of the strongest, speediest, and most gallant of its kind! Oh! the days when, issuing from the barrack-gate of Templemore, we commenced our hurry-scurry just as inclination led—now across the fields—direct over stone walls and running brooks—mere pastime for the cob!—sometimes along the road to Thurles and Holy Cross, even to distant Cahir! what was distance to the cob?

' It was thus that the passion for the equine race was first awakened within me—a passion which, up to the present time, has been rather on the increase than diminishing. It is no blind passion; the horse being a noble and generous creature, intended by the All-Wise to be the helper and friend of man, to whom he stands next in the order of creation. On many occasions of my life I have been much indebted to the horse, and have found in him a friend and coadjutor, when human help and sympathy were not to be obtained. It is therefore natural enough that I should love the horse; but the love which I entertain for him has always been blended with respect; for I soon perceived that, though disposed to be the friend and helper of man, he is by no means inclined to be his slave; in which respect he differs from the dog, who will crouch when beaten; whereas the horse spurns, for he is aware of his own worth, and that he carries death within the horn of his heel.'—*Lavengro*, vol. i. p. 165.

The present ride of *Lavengro* was not of this exciting kind.

He started gaily, but soon relapsed into the steadiness inevitable to an impoverished man who had no definite goal, and who trusted solely to the chance of any opening which might present itself on the road. The adventures he met by the way we are compelled to pass over, and must accompany him at once to the resting-place which he found at a large inn in the north. He was seated on a stepping-stone, near the entrance of a town, despondent at the idea of being encumbered with a horse he was unable to maintain, when he was recognised by the postilion whom he had assisted during the thunder-storm at the dingle. The inn to which the man belonged was at hand, 'the first road-house in England.' The head ostler had died about a week before. His successor was unable to write and cipher, and a superintendent was wanted who could keep an account of the oats and straw which came in and went out. The postilion introduced Lavengro to his master as the person who had saved himself and his horses in the storm, and as one who was competent to the vacant post. The landlord, a kind and liberal man, immediately engaged him. He entered upon his new functions with zest, nor did he confine himself to his clerkly duties. He was ambitious of becoming a first-rate groom, and, with indefatigable perseverance, he rubbed down the horses till the perspiration dripped upon his shoes; but it seems that grooms, like poets, are born, not made, and that there was a finishing touch beyond the reach of practice, to which he never could attain. The old ostler who instructed him in the mysteries of his craft had served in his youth at a small inn at Hounslow, which was much patronised by the highwaymen, and from him Lavengro learnt a trait in human nature, the truth of which will be felt by everybody:—

'He said that when a person had once made up his mind to become a highwayman, his best policy was to go the whole hog, fearing nothing, but making everybody afraid of him; that people never thought of resisting a savage-faced, foul-mouthed highwayman, and, if he were taken, were afraid to bear witness against him, lest he should get off and cut their throats some time or other upon the roads; whereas people would resist being robbed by a sneaking, pale-visaged rascal, and would swear bodily against him on the first opportunity—adding, that Abershaw and Ferguson, two most awful fellows, had enjoyed a long career, whereas two disbanded officers of the army, who wished to rob a coach like gentlemen, had begged the passengers' pardon, and talked of hard necessity, had been set upon by the passengers themselves, amongst whom were three women, pulled from their horses, conducted to Maidstone, and hanged with as little pity as such contemptible fellows deserved.'—*The Romany Rye*, vol. i. p. 286. •

The tyrants of the road at the period when Lavengro presided over the hay, corn, and straw of the great northern inn, were not the

the highwaymen, but the stage-coachmen. They were 'seldom backward 'to go the whole hog,' were civil to the rich who paid them an extortionate fee, and brutal to the needy who could not afford it. 'They would look at a shilling, for which many an honest labourer was happy to toil for ten hours under a broiling sun, with the utmost contempt, would blow upon it derisively, or fling it into the air before they pocketed it.' Lavengro relates many interesting particulars of their insolence and its punishment; but we must hasten on. His life at the inn, where he liked his master and fellow-servants, and was liked by them, was far from uneasy—nay, in after days, when, lonely and melancholy, he has called to memory the time he spent there, he has never, he says, failed to be happy from the recollection. But the office of ostler's clerk was not exactly the situation in which a scholar versed in many languages could wish to grow grey.* One act of such a play was enough, and, once more saddling his steed, he rode away on the evening of a bright summer's day. This time he had a definite journey before him. While at the inn he had shown his horse to several people whom he thought likely to buy it, and they praised it profusely, as persons, he remarks, usually praise what they have no intention of purchasing, but not a bidder appeared; and in the hope of selling the costly animal for a handsome sum and clearing off his debt to Mr. Petulengro, he bent his steps to the great fair at Horncastle, in Lincolnshire.

Lavengro had traversed two or three counties, and was approaching the end of his journey, when the light from a gig-lamp frightened his horse, which wheeled round with the vehemence of alarm, and flung his rider 'from the saddle as from a sling.' 'I fell upon the ground, felt a kind of crashing about my neck, and forthwith became senseless.' When consciousness returned he was lying upon a bed in the house of the man who was the cause of the accident. A surgeon arrived soon after, who pronounced that he had received no worse injury than a violent contusion on the right arm, which yet was sufficiently severe to confine him to his room for three or four days. To this circumstance we are indebted for the singular history of his host, an elderly person of between sixty and seventy. He was the son of a breeder of horses, and at the age of twenty inherited an estate of 200 acres. He sold a part of his father's stock at Horncastle, and was paid the price in forged notes. He, in turn, passed them on, and was ultimately suspected of having been a participator in the crime. He was carried before a magistrate, and a malicious female hastened to a girl, to whom he was engaged, with an exaggerated story that he was already committed, and would probably be hanged. She was seized with convulsions,
broke

broke a blood-vessel, lingered for a few months, and died. His innocence was fully established before she expired, but nothing could console him for her loss. To still the whirling of his brain he one day fixed his eyes steadily upon an object before him. It chanced to be a teapot with peculiar marks upon it, and he soon found himself insensibly noticing their form and speculating upon their meaning. He was an ignorant man, and did not even suspect that the strange lines which had engaged his bewildered mind were Chinese words, till one day, going to a neighbouring town where a new tea-establishment had been opened, he saw similar signs upon the chests in the window, and learnt their nature from the shopman. The packets of tea had printed upon the cover some scraps of information respecting the imperial language, and with this new aid the poor fellow set to work to unriddle the inscriptions on the teapot. Not a stroke could he decipher, and in his dilemma he consulted the teadealer on the proper mode of proceeding. 'You must get a grammar,' said the man. None existed in English, and he discovered to his distress that he could only acquire the Celestial language through the medium of French. But the passion was on him, and, though disheartened at first, he was not to be baffled. He spent two years in studying French with a master, that he might be able to spell out his grammar, and ten years more in learning to apply ten of the two hundred and nineteen radicals under which the Chinese tongue is distributed. He had now been engaged in the pursuit for five-and-thirty years, and was still imperfectly acquainted with the subject, nor did his inquiries extend beyond the marks upon teapots and teacups, of which he had a large collection.

"And may I ask your reasons," said Lavengro, "for confining your studies entirely to the crockery literature of China, when you have all the rest at your disposal?"

"The inscriptions enable me to pass my time," said the old man: "what more would the whole literature of China do?"

"And from those inscriptions," said I, "what a book it is in your power to make, whenever so disposed. 'Translations from the Crockery Literature of China.' Such a book would be sure to take; even glorious John himself would not disdain to publish it."—*The Romney Rye*, vol. ii. p. 48.

The old man replied 'that he had no desire for literary distinction,' and an incident presently showed that he had not even the desire to acquire a knowledge of the commonest things of life. Lavengro having asked him 'What was o'clock?' he answered by telling the hour and conjecturing the minutes. It then appeared that greater precision was not within the compass of

of his arithmetic :—‘ I am content,’ he said, ‘ to give a tolerably good guess ; to do more would have been too great trouble.’ Lavengro assured him that he might learn the lesson with a millionth part of the trouble which it required to master Chinese. ‘ I had a motive,’ he responded, ‘ for learning Chinese—the hope of appeasing the misery in my head. A man may get through the world very creditably without knowing what’s o’clock.’ Chance had directed his attention to the marks on the teapot till curiosity became awakened ; and it is a surprising instance of the power of this passion, when once fairly roused, to beget perseverance, that a mind so dull, so uninformed, and so sluggish, should in a remote place, without assistance, sympathy, or an ulterior object, have succeeded in deciphering the dark inscriptions of the most difficult language in the world. He could probably have selected no pursuit which was of less service to himself or mankind, but it was better than idleness, vice, or going mad. He did, indeed, by way of turning his studies to account, practise the maxims painted on the crockery, but one page of the Bible would probably have been worth them all.

Lavengro continued his journey to Horncastle fair, and reached the crowded mart without further mishap. At the inn the animal in which centered all his hopes and fears was a general subject of attention.

‘ “ That’s a nice horse, young man,” said an ostler ; “ what will you take for it ? ” to which interrogation I made no answer. “ If you wish to sell him,” said another ostler, coming up to me, and winking knowingly, “ I think I and my partners might offer you a summut under seventy pounds ; ” to which kind of half-insinuated offer I made no reply, save by winking in the same kind of knowing manner in which I had observed him wink. “ Rather leary,” said a third ostler.’—ii. 55.

The landlord of the inn showed his estimation of the animal by the same sort of significant signs :—

‘ After having gone round the horse three times, he stopped beside me, and, keeping his eyes on the horse, bent his head towards his right shoulder. “ That horse is worth some money,” said he, turning towards me suddenly ; to which observation I made no reply, save by bending my head towards the right shoulder, as I had seen him do. “ The young man is going to talk to me and my partners about it to-night,” said the ostler who had expressed an opinion that he and his friends might offer me somewhat under seventy pounds for the animal. “ Pooh ! ” said the landlord, “ the young man knows what he is about.” ’—ii. 56.

In the evening the ostler again endeavoured to get upon the
blind

blind side of the young man, but his winks convinced him that he was wide awake:—

“ They endeavoured to impress upon me, chiefly by means of nods and winks, their conviction that they could afford to give me summut for the horse; in return for which intimation, with as many nods and winks as they had all collectively used, I endeavoured to impress upon them my conviction that I could get summut handsomer in the fair than they might be disposed to offer me, seeing as how—which how I followed by a wink and a nod, which they seemed perfectly to understand; one or two of them declaring that, if the case was so, it made a great deal of difference, and that they did not wish to be any hindrance to me, more particularly as it was quite clear I had been an ostler like themselves.’—ii. 57.

This mute language was far easier to acquire* than the Armenian or the Welsh, and had the peculiar advantage that without his saying anything it was understood to mean everything. The stablemen, convinced by his imitative gestures of the depth of his cunning, ceased to attempt to take him in, and treating him as one of the fraternity were not backward to initiate him into the tricks of the place in order to prevent his being taken in by others. The inn was full; he slept that night in a double-bedded room, and after falling asleep was half awakened by his chamber-fellow holding a candle to his face, and exclaiming, as he dropped the curtain, ‘Don’t know the cove.’ This was the son of the forger of those notes which had brought the student of the crockery Chinese into trouble, and, notwithstanding his parentage and his intimate acquaintance with the arts of roguery, he had acquired from experience such a strong conviction of the general advantages of honesty that he had the credit of being as upright a dealer as frequented Horncastle fair. He next day became the purchaser of the horse for 150*l.*, and Lavengro, having thus happily got rid of his steed and replenished his pockets, resolved to go abroad on a philological tour.

Here the ‘Romany Rye’ concludes for the present. The author states in the Appendix that one of his favourite pursuits was ‘to hunt after strange characters,’ and it is as a series of sketches of English scenes and English people that, in our opinion, its great value consists. Every one acquainted with the lower orders of this country must pronounce the descriptions to be as accurate as they are picturesque. They abound in dramatic and delicate strokes of nature, of which no extracts give an adequate idea, and are painted with a force that bring men, events, and prospects before the eye with the vividness of reality. In this power of verbal delineation Mr. Borrow has never been outdone, but the merit unfortunately is accom-
panied

panied with a defect. To the circumstances which give liveliness and distinctness to the picture he has too often superadded insignificant details which encumber his canvas. Nobody can produce an effect with fewer or simpler words; and with a little more discrimination of what was worthy to be recorded, he would never again have to complain of neglect. His descriptions of scenery have a peculiar sublimity and grace. The stamp of the Creator, which is upon the prospect itself, seems transferred to his page, and by the mere power of his expressive language the reader, without one word of direct moralizing, is led from nature up to nature's God. With such gifts as these Mr. Borrow may defy his critics if he will put the best part alone of his mind into print, and will cease to interleave passages which deserve to be immortal with more perishable stuff.

ART. VII.—1. *Caravan Journeys and Wanderings in Persia, Herat, &c. &c.* By J. P. Ferrier, formerly in the service of Persia. 1 vol. 8vo. London, 1856.

2. *Glimpses of Life and Manners in Persia.* By Lady Sheil. 1 vol. 8vo. London, 1856.

IT is somewhat remarkable that we should have been engaged in hostilities at the same time with the two most ancient empires in the world; that these hostilities should have originated through the incapacity, or want of discretion of our agents; that in both cases the original causes of quarrel were so futile, unjust, and untenable, that we have been compelled to shift them to other grounds; and that both wars were undertaken without the knowledge or consent of Parliament. We may add, there is little doubt that the one would have been as distinctly and emphatically condemned as the other by the House of Commons, had there been an opportunity of submitting the facts to its calm and impartial consideration.

Of the origin of the war with Persia, and of the merits of the case little or nothing is positively known, as the Government has carefully avoided discussion, and has found a thousand excuses and pretences to withhold information from Parliament and the country. We shall therefore endeavour to place before our readers a few facts which may enable them to come to some conclusion on the subject—first offering a sketch of the country and its inhabitants. To assist us in this part of our undertaking we have the materials afforded by the works placed at the head of this article, both of which contribute something to our information about Persia. The author of the first on our
list

list is M. Ferrier, whose work has been edited with care by Mr. Danby Seymour, himself a Persian traveller, who, with the assistance of Sir Henry Rawlinson, Sir John Login, and Major Todd, has been able to add many valuable explanatory notes to M. Ferrier's account of the countries which he traversed. The narrative, whilst characterised by most of those defects which usually distinguish similar narratives of the adventures of our somewhat imaginative neighbours, is of considerable interest and importance, especially at a time when we are engaged in hostilities with Persia, and are entering into fresh engagements relative to Herat and Afghanistan. Although it does not throw much new light upon the manners, habits, and history of the people—already so minutely and ably described by a Malcolm, a Morier, an Elphinstone, a Burnes, and a host of other English travellers*—yet its author investigates and criticises from a new point of view our position in Central Asia, and furnishes us with the opinions which an intelligent and observant Frenchman, not altogether unfavourable to us, but still essentially a Frenchman in his prejudices and his jealousies, may form upon our policy in those regions. We may fairly attribute many adverse criticisms and exaggerated statements in the work before us to national rivalry, still it contains reflections and suggestions not unworthy of consideration, and which it would be well for us not altogether to lose sight of in our future intercourse with those countries.

Lady Shcil, being the wife of the British Minister to the Persian court, resided for some time at Teheran. The high position of her husband enabled her to have access to the harems of the first families in the capital, and to visit the inmates of the audience-chamber of the Shah himself. Persian nurses and servants also gave her an insight into manners and customs which few gentlemen could have obtained. She has related her adventures, and has given us the result of her experience in a lively narrative. To her description of Persian life her husband, the Minister, has added notes and an appendix containing much interesting information acquired during a long residence in the country, and through much experience of its people—thus completing and adding to the value of the work.

* We are somewhat surprised to find M. Ferrier stating (p. 65) that 'of the travels which have been written on Persia or Central Asia, only two, or at the utmost three, give a true and faithful picture of those countries.' No part of the world has been described by so many able, intelligent, and adventurous English travellers—a list of them would fill a page—scarcely one of whom was not far better qualified for the task than our author. It is true that of French travellers we have scarcely one since Tavernier who deserves mention. Coste and Flandin's work is to a certain extent valuable artistically, but it is very inaccurate and incomplete in other respects.

Although we are accustomed to class the whole of the inhabitants of Persia under the general name of 'Persians,' it must be borne in mind that there are two distinct races, exclusive of the dependant Arab tribes, included within the actual limits of that ancient kingdom, differing equally in origin, in language, and in character. The inhabitants of the greater part of the northern provinces, and the tribe which now furnishes the occupant of the throne, and for the most part the governing class, are of Tatar origin and speak the Turkish tongue. The chief distinction between them and the Osmanli, or subjects of the Sultan, is in their religion, which is a sect of Mohammedanism called Shiah, and in that physical difference which arises from intermixture with Persian blood. The pure Persian race is to be found chiefly in the centre and south of Persia, especially in the province of Fars, from which is probably derived the name given from the earliest period to the whole empire,* and in the mountains forming its western boundary. We need only add that the names of Persia and Persian, as applied to the kingdom and its inhabitants, are as little used in the country itself as those of Turks and Turkey are in the Ottoman empire. Persia still bears its own ancient historic appellation of Iran, as the inhabitants of Turkey are still called by the name of the descendants of Osman.

Mr. Disraeli, without much regard to ethnological considerations, has considerably confused the public mind by insisting upon the Caucasian origin of the Jews. It has consequently become somewhat the fashion to speak of them as of the pure Caucasian stock, and to accept them as the type of human perfection in physical beauty and intellectual development. It is not our intention to enter upon the abstruse question of the origin and connexion of races, or to investigate how far philological analogies may lead to the conclusion that the Semitic and Indo-Germanic races had not separated within a comparatively recent period. Suffice it to say, that accepting the nomenclature of the great branches into which the human family is at present divided, and which, for fault of a better, must still be retained and undoubtedly represents a definite idea, the term 'Caucasian' is in no way applicable to the Jewish race. Nor, indeed, can the Jew be taken, under any form with which we are acquainted with him, whether as represented on the monuments of Egypt or of Assyria, or in the purest stock still found, either in Europe or in Asia, as the type of physical beauty. In common with all the Semitic races, he has a

* The Gæbre refugees from Persia, as is well known, have retained in India the name of 'Parsee,' or people of Fars, and the ancient Persian tongue is still termed 'Parsee.'

high development of the intellectual faculties, and especially of the imagination. In this respect he yields to none. But the well-known characteristics of the race—the sharp, hooked nose, the sensual lip, the peculiar form of the profile, are too prominent and defined for perfect beauty of features. And these peculiarities are not to be attributed to any intermixture of blood, to variation of climate, to political changes, or to social condition. The Jew of to-day is the Jew of the Captivity, the Jew of the kingdom of David and Solomon. Even to this hour the Shibboleth might still be his password had he to cross to the other side of Jordan.

If the term ‘Caucasian’ could with good reason be applied to any race, it might be to the Persian, especially if that term be associated with those physical qualities which we are accustomed to consider as essential to human beauty, for there is none which unites so many of them—a tall and commanding stature, limbs of admirable proportion, features of the utmost regularity, dark and brilliant eyes, abundant hair of the deepest black and finest texture, a flowing beard, an harmonious voice. To these physical qualities must be added great intelligence, a lively imagination, a poetic temperament, a generous disposition, courage, and a profound admiration for the great and heroic. Such are the natural characteristics of the purest Persian race. The outward beauty of form may still be traced by the traveller when wandering in the south of Persia and amidst the mountains of Luristan, as it may still be seen on the monuments of Persepolis which pourtray the early inhabitants of this ancient kingdom. The nobler qualities, although by no means extinct, are deadened by a long period of misgovernment, by an utter want of cultivation, by a debased social condition, and a corrupt religion. The greater part of the inhabitants of the north of Persia and of the capital are, as we have already stated, of Tatar origin, and have little resemblance, either in person or in character, to the pure Persian.* Of this race is almost invariably the Persian merchant, with whom we are now pretty well acquainted in the bazaars of Constantinople, and the Persian diplomatist, who is sent to Europe to represent the reigning Toork family of the Kajars. The former probably does not speak one word of the Persian language; the latter uses it in his despatches and in the

* It is curious that the traditions of Persia, embodied in the verses of the Persian poets, point to the ‘Toork’ as the perfection of beauty, as for instance the well-known ode of Hafiz. It is difficult to explain this fact. There can be no doubt that the invaders of Persia from Turkistan, within the historic period, have all been of the Tatar race, and have been distinguished by the characteristic Tatar features, which are by no means types of beauty. It would seem, therefore, that the epithet of ‘Toork’ does not in this case apply to those races.

transaction of public business, but prefers his original tongue in private intercourse with his friends.

The Persian women are no less gifted than the men. It would be difficult to describe the exquisite beauty of some of the women of the Eelyaut, or wandering tribes, as well as of the southern cities—a beauty which is unfortunately much disfigured by the artifices of a corrupt taste and an inelegant attire. They dye red with henna (as do the men) the palms of their hands, the tips of their fingers, the soles of their feet, and their toes. Like most Easterns, they esteem large eyebrows an essential feature of a beautiful face, and, not satisfied with doubling their natural size by a preparation of antimony, they unite them over the nose,—a peculiarity, which, judging from the Assyrian sculptures, seems to have been admired in this part of Asia from the earliest period. The eyelids are also dyed with the black preparation of antimony, not now unknown to European ladies, called kohl, which gives additional brilliancy and expression to the eyes. They rouge and tattoo small beauty-spots on the face. Sometimes they allow their hair to fall in long plaited tresses, but more usually cut it short in front, and comb it straight down to the eyebrows, leaving two stiff curls on each side of the face.

Lady Sheil states that the women with whom she was acquainted were in general lively and clever. They are usually taught to read and write, to repeat the most esteemed passages from the works of the favourite national poets, and even in some instances to compose verses themselves. We are afraid that the accusation against the ladies of the higher classes, at least in some parts of Persia, of an occasional indulgence in the excitement of a ‘kef,’ after the true Persian fashion, is not altogether without foundation. At any rate, if it be so, their native artists have done them much wrong in this respect, as the favourite subject of Persian painting is a lady in amorous converse with her lord, and raising the wine bowl to her lips. Lady Sheil, indeed, confesses ‘that she once saw a princess, during a visit, with a special teapot by her side, out of the spout of which she drank from time to time. No one could tell what it contained. She herself declared it was physic.’ We are ready to believe that this ‘physic’ is not in general use, but is confined to a few who have been corrupted by the manners of the court. It would be well if we could say the same of the men.

In Persia, as with the Turkish race under the Ottoman rule, intermixture with the native population, or with Georgian and Circassian blood, has in many instances removed every trace of those physical characteristics, which are peculiar to the Tatar family of nations. This is eminently the case amongst the upper classes

classes and in the royal tribe. The long-established custom which forbids the marriage of the Sultan of Turkey with one of his own subjects does not exist in Persia, and the most favourite wives of the Shah have been chosen from the daughters of the chiefs of the eelyaut or wandering tribes. These continual inter-marriages have, both in Turkey and Persia, produced a very handsome race, especially in the latter country; but we question whether the inner organisation has kept pace with the outward development—both Osmanlis and Kuzzilbash Persians, as the Turkish stock is called, having retained many of the defects of character peculiar to their Tatar progenitors.

A half-sister of the Shah, and consequently of the mixed blood, is thus described by Lady Sheil: 'She was really lovely—fair, with indescribable eyes, and a figure only equalled by some of the *chef-d'œuvres* of Italian art.' But the royal family of Persia have always been celebrated for their beauty. It is impossible to imagine young children more beautiful than the Persian.

As with the men, it is amongst the mountain tribes which have maintained to a great extent their independence and have not been corrupted by contact with the vices of the city or the Court, that the women still preserve many gentle virtues and noble qualities. At the same time, owing to their wild and lawless mode of life, exposed to continual danger and mixed up in all the broils of the tribes, they soon acquire much of the vindictive and blood-thirsty spirit of the men, and are not backward in displaying it. The relentless and persevering manner in which a blood-enemy is pursued by Eastern clans is well known to all who have dwelt amongst them. The women are not behind the men in exacting the last retribution, blood for blood, given to them by their rude and barbarous laws. Some years ago a chief of one of the tribes with which we have been recently engaged in hostilities on the Persian coast, was proceeding from Bushire to Shiraz, accompanied by a small body of horsemen. Attacked on the way by a neighbouring tribe, with which he had a blood-feud, he, with his followers, took refuge in a small tower and made a desperate defence. Their ammunition having been soon exhausted, he fell into the hands of his enemies. He was, of course, immediately put to death, and his heart, having been torn from his body, was roasted and eaten by the mother of the chief, whose blood he had some time previously shed. Such terrible acts of revenge are not uncommon both amongst the inhabitants of the towns and amongst the tribes. The husband of a young woman of great beauty had been murdered by a rival chief, her near relation. Although passionately attached to him, she would relate all the incidents of his death with graphic minuteness and extraordinary calmness,
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and then, lifting up her hands to heaven, she would exclaim, 'O Ali! O Prince of the believers! mayest thou deliver Hussein Khan into my hands, that, having cut out his heart, I may make it into kibabs and eat it, ere I die!'—a threat which she would undoubtedly have carried out literally had her blood-enemy fallen into her power.

Notwithstanding this utter want of restraint over their wild passions, to be attributed to the condition and laws of nomadic life, the women of the tribes are generally faithful wives and affectionate mothers. Whilst in some instances the women have a bad character, and give a 'bad name,' as the Persians also express it, to the whole tribe, infidelity is generally punished amongst the nomade clans with instant death, and is of very rare occurrence. In the towns, and especially in the capital, Isfahan and Shiraz, the morals of both men and women are of the very worst description. Lady Sheil hints at this state of things in Teheran, and states that there was scarcely a lady whom she could with propriety visit. This general corruption is to be attributed to the dissolute habits of the men, the want of respect for the marriage tie, and the facility of divorce.

Marriages are of two kinds, according to the Sheeite law—one permanent and binding, unless dissolved by a formal act of divorce, the other contracted for a period not exceeding ninety years: in fact, a husband can enjoy a freehold or leasehold tenure of his wife. The first is called 'Akd,' and the wife 'Akdee;' it is the most honourable form of contract recognised by the universal Mohammedan law, the numbers of wives of this class being limited, by virtue not of a distinct ordinance, but of a recommendation of the Prophet, to four. The leasehold tenure is called 'Seegha,' or 'Seegha e neved saleh,' or the 'ninety years' seegha.' Although the term may be so far extended, yet the limit is generally of a much shorter duration. Indeed there are mullahs in the principal cities who are ready, for a small consideration, to make out this contract for a month, a week, or even a few hours; and seyids and men of the law do not consider it unbecoming their station to avail themselves of this gross perversion of the precepts of the Koran. It may easily be imagined to what excesses a custom of this nature, tolerated, if not sanctioned by the law, may lead.

The facility of divorce, however, very much lessens the respect for and altogether destroys the sanctity of the institution of marriage in all Mohammedan countries, and tends greatly to weaken the domestic ties. The upper and the most respectable classes seldom avail themselves of the privilege, especially in Turkey, and the man who divorces his wife, and the one who marries a divorced woman, is unfavourably looked upon. But
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amongst the poorer classes and the tribes, and especially amongst the Arabs, divorces are of constant occurrence. The repetition three times of a certain formula suffices to dissolve a marriage, and the most trifling quarrel often leads to this result.

Nevertheless in Persia, as in other countries, women frequently obtain a great ascendancy over their husbands, which is exercised by them in public as well as in household affairs. Lady Sheil mentions several instances. The influence which the favourite wife of Futtch Ali Shah had obtained over him is well remembered in Persia, and chiefs may frequently be found who are accustomed to consult their wives on all matters connected with the internal government of their tribes. We agree with Lady Sheil in thinking that among the Persian nomades the lot of the women is not an unhappy one. They are under little restraint; they mix freely with the men without concealing their features, and, owing to the frequent absence of their husbands, exercise considerable power, the management of the affairs of the tribe often devolving upon them.

There is no greater popular error as regards the East than the prevailing idea that Mohammedan women are deprived of their liberty and confined within the walls of a harem, as within a prison. Lady Sheil, indeed, declares 'that they enjoy more liberty than among us.'

Notwithstanding the latitude given to their wives—a latitude favourable to intrigue—the Persians, like all Orientals, are extremely sensitive on the subject of their women when a European is in any way concerned. Lady Sheil describes the massacre of the whole Russian mission, under M. Grubraëdoff, with the exception of one attaché, some thirty years ago. The circumstances which gave rise to this outbreak of popular fury arose upon the demand of the Russian Minister that several Georgian women, who were in the harem of the Shah and of his principal noblemen, should be delivered up to him, on the plea of their being Russian subjects. In a significant note to a passage in M. Ferrier's work (p. 153), Sir John Login confirms from his own knowledge a statement we have often heard repeated upon almost equally good authority, that our disasters in Afghanistan were not altogether unconnected with the jealousy felt by the wild chiefs of that country of the intercourse of our officers with their women. It is well known that the differences between ourselves and Persia, which have unfortunately ended in a war, commenced with a lady, of whom we shall have to say a word hereafter. It is not perhaps inconsistent with our experience of human nature, and especially of that division of it of which we are treating, to presume that this very jealousy
felt

felt by the men of any communication whatever between their women and Europeans, is the cause of the great curiosity shown by the former to see and converse with the forbidden race. Lady Sheil has described how the ladies of Teheran flocked to the English doctor, a privileged person in all parts of the East, under the pretence of consulting him upon imaginary ills, but really with a view to indulge an appetite, often felt in Persia, as elsewhere, for gossip and scandal. Eastern women, indeed, are always eager to avail themselves of any excuse to see a 'Frank.' 'You wish to see the women,' said an indigenous British vice-consul to an English traveller; 'well, keep a monkey or a peacock, and you will always have the yard of your house full of them.' The suggestion was adopted, and with the fullest success—no husband venturing to do more than remonstrate against the gratification of so reasonable a curiosity as that of seeing a strange animal.*

The affection of Persian mothers for their male children is very great, especially amongst the tribes. Sons are no less attached to their mothers, and show them every outward mark of deference and respect. Still to a European mother young children would seem to be exposed to every kind of ill-treatment and neglect. They are suffered to roll in the dust and mud, and are kept in a state of filth and disorder, which eventually affects their health, and is especially injurious to the eyesight. But this is done with an object. The Eastern mother lives in continual dread of the evil eye. It is only by disfiguring her children, by allowing them to go unwashed and in rags, that she can hope to avert this terrible curse. Amongst the upper classes, where it is necessary to affect some cleanliness, a variety of expedients are adopted to turn away the evil eye. A piece of garlic suspended on the forehead is considered very efficacious as a preventative; or a turquoise, or some other jewel, hung in a conspicuous place, will frequently preserve the child by attracting the first glance, which is considered the one most to be dreaded. Another superstition connected with children is, the attributing most of the ailments to which they are subject to fright, and to their having smelt certain sweet odours, especially that of attar of roses. When a child is labouring under the latter misfortune, it is usual, if in a town, to

* Most travellers in Persia have remarked the somewhat singular custom of not alluding to a woman directly by name. A husband speaks of his wife as 'the mother of Ali or Ahmed,' as the case may be, her eldest son. Lady Sheil tells us that the Prime Minister always talked of his wife, who was his cousin, as 'the daughter of his uncle.' In Turkey the wife is always alluded to under the general term of 'the House;' and if you are sufficiently intimate with a man to inquire after his better half, it is always under this vague designation that you ask the state of her health.

counteract the effect of the sweet smell by placing the unfortunate victim for some hours in the public slaughter-house, or in a tannery—a most effectual and radical cure, as may be easily imagined!

The Persians have been not inaptly called the Frenchmen of the East. Their elegant manners, their wit, their levity, their general scepticism, their taste, their love of display, their hospitality, and their cookery, give them a claim to this title as compared with the surrounding Mohammedan nations. A Persian gentleman is naturally polished and refined. It would be difficult to exceed the grace of his demeanour and his courteous address. He is intimately acquainted with the literature of his country, and will embellish his conversation and his letters with ready and apposite quotations from the poets of his nation. He will be apparently generous and unselfish. His house and its contents are yours. He is your servant and your dearest friend. He shows none of that haughty condescension for the European which the best educated Turk can scarcely conceal. But habit and long misgovernment, the want of confidence in all around him, the fear of treachery, the constant example of deceit and falsehood before his eyes, have corrupted a character which has many noble qualities, and rendered him mean, treacherous, deceitful, and cruel. Some of these vices, especially a want of truthfulness, to be attributed to similar causes, have extended even to the peasantry, otherwise an honest, kind-hearted, and enduring race. The propensity to falsehood has become so characteristic of the whole Persian people that it is a proverb in the East. At first the traveller is exposed to continual difficulties and mortifications from not being fully aware of the extent to which the habit is carried; till at last he becomes so accustomed to it that, like a native of the country, he learns to believe exactly the contrary from that which he is told. For instance, if on a journey you ask a peasant the name of a village on the right hand, he is certain to give you for it the name of that on the left. Unfortunately this habit is carried far beyond the common intercourse of life, and is so universal, and considered so little deserving of condemnation, that to call a Persian gentleman a liar to his face is no reflection whatever upon his character. This renders all diplomatic intercourse with the court of Teheran and the Ministers of the Shah difficult and uncertain in its results.

The worst side of the character of the Persian is admirably described in that most amusing and witty of modern works of fiction, 'Haji Baba.' We see him with all his weaknesses and his vices—a liar, a boaster, and a coward—liberal in professions
not

not meant to be realised—good-tempered, fond of a joke—full of humour, and a capital boon companion, ready to discuss with you a religious dogma, to get drunk upon fiery raki, or to borrow your money, not to be repaid. Although the sketch is as faithful as can be reasonably expected in a work of this nature, yet many of these vices are the result of a bad education, and of the low standard of morality which marks a debased social condition.

Of all oriental nations the Persians have the truest feeling and love for poetry, and have produced the greatest poets. The Persian gentleman is never at a loss for a quotation taken from the works of one of the national authors. The habit is carried to such an extent, that verses are even introduced by Ministers into state-papers, and into communications to foreign powers.

Most men of education can repeat by heart the best odes of Hafiz and of their favourite philosophical poet — Saadi — the Sheikh, as he is familiarly called. Many can recite the most esteemed episodes of Firdusi's great epic, the 'Shah Nameh,' or Book of Kings. This love—we might almost say passion—for poetry is not confined to the upper and educated classes, it extends to the people, especially to the wandering tribes. In almost every village there is a reciter, who, after the labours of the day are over, chants to an attentive and excited audience the verses of the national bards. Amongst the nomades it is the great historical epic of Persia which is most relished, and is most eagerly listened to. The burning lines of Firdusi, which describe the glories of the old Persian race, rouse those who claim descent from the ancient heroes of Iran to the highest pitch of excitement and enthusiasm. Chiefs of the wild tribes of Luristan may be found who can recite for hours together these stirring episodes, as well as the more polished odes of Hafiz or Saadi. The simple and nervous language of Firdusi, but little alloyed with that mixture of Arabic which has almost changed the character of the old Persian tongue, is still spoken by the pure Persian tribes. They can therefore feel all its beauty and force; and, as his verses treat chiefly of love, war, and the chase, they are well calculated to rouse the passions and excite the imagination of those savage men whose only occupation it is to make inroads upon their neighbours, and to follow the wild animals with which the mountain ranges of Persia abound. He who has seen the effect of poetry upon them can appreciate the effect of the Homeric ballads upon the men of ancient Greece; how those immortal verses, chanted by the wandering bard, could excite a nation to war, or impel the warrior to the bloody fight; how they stirred up the human heart more than the sounds of

the trumpet, and roused that generous rivalry which led to the most heroic deeds.

Most of the chiefs of the Persian tribes have in their service a secretary, one of whose principal duties it is to recite in a kind of chant the verses of the principal poets. He accompanies his master in his expeditions, especially when the tribe is at war. After nightfall the warriors who during the day have been engaged in the march or in deadly combat assemble in a large circle lighted up by a natural torch of some resinous wood. The chiefs are alone seated. The armed men stand around, leaning upon their long rifles, their swarthy countenances and picturesque attire dimly lighted by the uncertain glare. In the midst crouches the mirza, who in a loud singing tone recites an episode from the 'Shah Nameh.' When he relates the deeds of Roustain his wild audience gradually become more and more excited. As one by one the enemies of the great national hero fall before him there is an increasing murmur of applause, till at last, losing all control over themselves, they brandish their swords, fire their matchlocks and pistols, and burst into shouts of defiance and exultation. The reciter then changes the theme, and chants the poet's touching description of the sufferings and unhappy fate of Feridoon or Sohrab. The warlike excitement of the wild group gradually subsides; tears begin to roll down their rude cheeks; and when he relates the lamentable death of the son of the Persian hero by the hand of his own father, who first recognises his offspring as he dies at his feet, they tear their hair, beat their breasts, and break forth in a loud and melancholy wail. Going into battle, too, the warriors of the tribes are excited by the verses of their great epic poet, and cheer and encourage one another by calling out the names of their favourite heroes.

Those who have been corrupted by the effeminacy and luxury of an Eastern court, or by the vices of great cities, have the poetic temperament no less developed, though they are less affected by the soul-stirring strains of Firdusi than by the amatory and Bacchic odes of Hafiz and the philosophic couplets of Saadi. Although the Persian priesthood, in order to justify the national admiration for beautiful verses treating of things forbidden by the law, place a metaphoric and spiritual meaning upon the odes of Hafiz which sing of wine and love, much as the Christian churches interpret the Song of Solomon, the people at large are well content to take them in their literal sense. The very paradise of happiness to a party of Persian gentlemen, and we believe ladies too, is to spread their carpets under some shady tree by the side of a clear brook, whose banks are covered by wild jonquils and hyacinths.

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There breathing the natural perfumes of the spot, inhaling the delicate herb of Shiraz through the water-pipe hung with roses, and sipping small cups of wine, they listen to their favourite odes, sung in a loud, shrill, quivering voice by a lusty boy, not concealing their delight, but indulging in the most lively demonstrations of joy, embracing one another, and overwhelming the songster with tender marks of satisfaction and applause.

Malcolm, an admirable Persian scholar, has done justice in his history to the singular beauty and pathos of the verse of Firdusi, to his knowledge of the human character, to the loftiness of his sentiments, and to his powers of description. But there is no translation of the finer parts of the *Shah Nâmeh* which can convey to an English critic the just claim of that work to be ranked amongst the great epics, whether as regards its intrinsic merits or the influence it has exercised upon a considerable portion of mankind. Yet, from the comparative simplicity of its language and the beauty of its images and descriptions, it offers fewer difficulties to a translator than most Oriental works of imagination. The flowery and overcharged phraseology peculiar to the East, and repugnant to an European ear, exaggerated too as it has been by those who have thereby rather sought to give an Eastern character to their translations than to convey to an English reader the true sense and spirit of the originals, has led to an unjust depreciation of both Hafiz and Saadi. Both were philosophers as well as poets—both were men of refined and cultivated tastes. Hafiz in his light and brilliant verses frequently conveys the noblest sentiments and the most lofty ideas; Saadi clothes maxims of profound philosophy and true morality in happy metaphors and beautiful language. Both are eminently adapted for quotation, and their verses embody to an extraordinary degree the peculiar feelings and characteristics of the Eastern mind. It is on this account that the poems of Hafiz and Saadi are received as classic works from Constantinople to Calcutta, and are equally read and studied by Sunnis and Shiahs, by those who abhor the religious doctrines of the authors, and by those who profess the same system of philosophy.

A race so remarkably affected by poetry must be equally sensitive to the power of music. Still, like that of all semi-barbarous nations, the music of the Persians is generally rude and monotonous. It is almost invariably in a minor key, and consequently plaintive and soothing when the instrument is not too loud or shrill. This is its only merit. The science of music, as developed by modern art, is completely unknown in Persia, as in other Eastern countries. A flute, with a soft, mellow
tone,

tone, upon which is played a wild, melancholy air, with many trills and cadences, has a pleasing and even touching effect, and the rudest chief of a wandering tribe—one to whom the life of a man is as the life of a sheep, and whose career has been a series of treacheries and murders, will cry like a child when he hears the sound of an instrument which touches an inner chord, and produces a mysterious response which cannot be explained. In war the principal tribes have no music. The long straight trumpet is a sign of royalty, and its use by a chief would be at once considered a symptom of rebellion and a declaration of independence.

Amongst other titles of the Persian to be considered the Frenchman of the East is his cookery. It is not surprising that he should succeed in this art, when princesses themselves study it, and are in the habit of bestowing upon favoured guests the triumphs of their skill. The Persian pillaw is a dish of world-wide reputation: even the bitterest enemies of the Shiahs, the Osmanli, admit its merit. It is simply a dish of boiled rice, over which is poured melted butter or fat ('chillaw' is rice boiled simply), eaten with some preparation of meat or vegetables; consequently the variety of pillaws is great, but the art—and one hitherto unattained, as far as we are aware, by either Turkish or European skill—consists in the boiling of the rice and the mixture of the melted butter. The process is probably as simple as that of boiling a plum-pudding—a secret which, however, somehow or another, does not appear to have yet been carried across the Channel. In the dinners of the more refined inhabitants of the towns a great variety of excellent stews seasoned with sauces, amongst which is a delicious preparation of the juice of the pomegranate, accompany the boiled rice, served, however, to the guests on separate plates. The tribes and the poorer classes content themselves with meat, or fowls, plainly boiled, and placed in the centre of the steaming pillaw. Sometimes, on great occasions, almonds and raisins are mixed with the rice. The chiefs have huge platters, which two men can scarcely carry, in which a lamb roasted whole rests on a bed of pillaw; this is a festive dish, when the hall of reception is full of honoured guests. Sometimes a monumental pillaw, of prodigious proportions, is brought into the room and set before the guests by half a dozen men. In the centre of a mountain of rice, stained a bright yellow by saffron, is a sheep roasted whole. The pillaw itself is a blaze of light, thrown out by little wicks of cotton floating in melted butter, held by half-oranges scooped out. This is considered a triumph of cookery.

We have not space to enumerate many dishes which would
merit

merit the consideration even of a European epicure. But there is one invariable accompaniment to all Persian dinners—a bowl of sugar and water, which is drunk with a wooden spoon, frequently of very elegant shape, and of such extreme delicacy that, when used, it bends almost double.

Fruit, too, usually accompanies a dinner, and in most parts of Persia is of excellent quality and flavour. The native poets have celebrated the produce of each district. Isfahan boasts the best flavoured musk melons; Nishapour, the largest water-melons; Holwan, the most luscious figs; Kirmanshah, the best apricots; and Shiraz, the finest grapes. Undoubtedly Persia has a good right to boast. We owe to her many of our finest and most favourite fruits, and she still devotes more care than any other Eastern nation to their culture. The melons of Isfahan are tended with the greatest attention. In the best gardens they are placed on tiles, and turned round several times a-day, in order that each side may ripen equally in the heat of the sun. The result is that they probably excel in flavour any melons in the world. They are esteemed a great delicacy in Persia, and are sent as presents not only to the cities of the interior but even to Baghdad and the holy places of Kerbela and Nedjef in Arabia.

Unlike the Turks, who dine from off a circular tray raised upon a stool, and upon which one dish at a time is served, the Persians place all their dishes together upon a cloth spread over the floor. Those who eat crouch round upon their hams—a position particularly disagreeable and inconvenient—painful, at all times, to Europeans with tight ‘continuations,’ but unbearably so when accompanied by the process of lifting rice with one’s fingers to one’s mouth. At great festivals the floor of the room is frequently covered with dishes, and the servants thread their way, generally with naked feet, through a forest of pillaws, soups, sweets, bowls of sour milk, sherbets, and candlesticks, which they do with considerable skill, waiting upon the guests without treading in the plates or sweeping away their contents with their long flowing garments. During the feast the company are entertained by the shrill and discordant notes of boys, who sing alternately verses from the poets, and are accompanied by a musical instrument consisting of many strings, struck with a hammer. Wine and ardent spirits are always taken by Persians and Turks before dinner, and not during or after a meal. It is considered more wholesome and agreeable to get drunk before eating, and an Eastern never drinks without the intention of doing so to excess. He cannot under-stand

stand the habit of taking wine in small quantities as a simple stimulant.

Lady Sheil mentions many instances of the cruelty of the Persians, and gives an extract^c(p. 278) from an account in the *Teheran Gazette*, the 'Government organ,' of the executions of certain unhappy wretches of the new sect of Bábées, who had conspired to murder the Shah. They 'were divided among the priesthood, the doctors of the law, the chief servants of the court, the people of the town, merchants, tradesmen, and artizans,' each class adopting, according to its taste, some peculiar mode of torture and execution. Amongst the illustrious personages who officiated on the occasion was (we give the extract from the *Court Journal*) 'the Minister of Foreign Affairs, full of religious and moral zeal, who took the first shot at Moolla Zeyn-ul-âbedeen of Yezd, and the secretaries of his department finished him and cut him to pieces.' We might have hoped that this was merely a figure of speech, such as might have been applied to Lord Clarendon and his under-secretary, when they 'cut up' a member of the opposition who had formed part of the wicked conspiracy against her Majesty's Government on the China question; but Lady Sheil informs us that the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, 'a pious, silly man, who spent his time in conning over the traditions of Mohammed, with averted face, actually made the first sword-cut at the unfortunate man, and then the Under-Secretary of State and clerks of the Foreign Office hewed their victim into pieces.' (p. 277.) 'Moolla Fethoollah, of Koom' (continues the *Teheran Gazette*), 'who fired the first shot which wounded the royal person, was killed thus: in the midst of the royal camp candles were placed in his body (by making incisions) and lighted. The steward of the household wounded him in the very place that he had injured the Shah, and then the attendants stoned him.' The Shah's master of the horse and the servants of the stable, before killing another conspirator, horseshod him—a common mode of torture in Persia, consisting of applying horseshoes red-hot to the heels, and fixing them there with nails. The soldiers, the cavalry, the adjutant-general, generals, and colonels, each had their victim, and the artillerymen, having first dug out the eyes of Mohammed Ali of Nejfehabad, blew him away from a mortar. It would seem that the Prime Minister had hit upon this ingenious device of dividing the execution of the victims among the different departments of the state in order to avoid the sole responsibility of the act and to escape the vengeance of the Bábées.

It

It is scarcely credible that in this century a Government, in intimate and friendly relations with many of the civilised states of the world, should not only sanction such atrocities as these, but should officially approve them. Unfortunately these terrible punishments are not confined to the supreme government, but are inflicted by the petty governors of provinces, who exercise an almost irresponsible power, and even by private individuals on members of their own household. An ambassador to this country a few years ago, almost on the very first day of his return to Persia, inflicted tortures too horrible to be described upon his steward, who was suspected of having cheated him during his absence in Europe. One of the most merciless of these petty tyrants, and at the same time one of the most fertile in inventions, was a Christian renegade, a Georgian eunuch, known as the Moatamed-ed-dowleh, long Governor of Isfahan. His delight was to discover some new mode of torture to be practised upon the unhappy wretches who fell into his hands. It was he who built up a tower of living men near Shiraz—layer upon layer being united by lime cement, the heads being placed outwards. Some of the victims lived for many days, the inhabitants of the city bringing them food and water. Planting vines, as he termed it, was a favourite amusement; the process consisted in digging a hole, about three feet deep, and burying the condemned, head foremost, leaving their legs to protrude from the ground. To discover petty thefts or to exact information, his usual expedient was to force needles between the nails of the fingers and toes—a process producing the most excruciating pain.

The usual mode of punishment is the bastinado, from which men of the highest rank are not exempt. It is inflicted with very great severity, frequently so as to render the sufferer almost a cripple for life. The victim having been thrown on his belly, each foot is passed through a loop of strong cord, attached to a pole, which is raised horizontally by men, who, twisting it round, tighten the ropes and render the feet immoveable. Two executioners then strike the soles alternately with switches of the pomegranate tree, well steeped in water to render them supple: a store of these switches is generally kept ready for use in the pond which adorns the court-yards of the houses of the great. The punishment frequently lasts for nearly an hour, or until the unfortunate victim faints from pain.

The unlimited power conferred upon Persian governors is a source of misery and ruin to the inhabitants, and has laid waste the fairest provinces of the kingdom. The journal of every modern traveller teems with descriptions of acts of injustice and oppression on the part of the local authorities, of deserted villages,

villages, and of whole districts rendered desolate. Persia is daily becoming poorer, the population is decreasing, the most fertile provinces are laid waste, and the principal cities and towns are rapidly converted into burning heaps of ruins. Since the seat of the government was transferred to Teheran, the ancient capital Isfahan has fallen to decay. The vast bazaars which, during the reign of the Saffavean kings, were filled with the spices of Arabia, and with the richest stuffs, the produce of Persia, of Balk, of Samarcand, and of India, are now deserted. The palaces of Shah Abbas, with their gorgeously-decorated halls, their stately avenues, and beautiful gardens, are tenantless. A large part of the ancient city is without inhabitants, and is becoming a mere collection of mounds of earth and rubbish. Tabreez and the northern districts are somewhat richer and more flourishing, owing to intercourse with the adjoining provinces of Russia, and to the trade with Europe, which concentrates there after passing through Turkish Armenia. This transit trade the Russians are endeavouring by every possible means to acquire. They have long been attempting to divert its present course from the Turkish territories to Georgia, offering to that effect peculiar advantages at the place of disembarkation in the Black Sea, and constructing carriage-roads to the interior. But it is not easy to turn the tide of trade; and notwithstanding all the difficulties of the route through Armenia, the lofty mountains covered during several months with deep snow, the want of roads, the insecure state of the country, and the vexations caused by quarantines and interference on the part of the local authorities, the caravans which supply Persia and the centre of Asia with British manufactures and European produce load at Trebizond, and, passing through Erzeroom and crossing the Turco-Persian frontier at Bayazid, deliver their loads at Tabreez. The last war was a severe check upon Russian designs. It is for Turkey to take advantage of the opportunity she now enjoys of encouraging a commerce so beneficial to her population and finances by constructing proper roads, and by affording every facility to a transit trade which is a fruitful source of revenue, and gives an European importance to her Asiatic provinces. We are glad to learn that the report of a treaty between Persia and Russia, conceding to the latter the territory to the south of Mount Ararat, between Nakshiwan and Bayazid, is devoid of foundation. There can be little doubt that Russia has long been anxious to obtain this district, which would enable her, in the event of any future quarrel with Turkey, to take possession at once, and without firing a shot, of the great line of communication between the Ottoman dominions and Persia and the centre of Asia.

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Although the Persian peasant is industrious and intelligent, the continued exactions to which he is exposed, and to which he submits with wonderful patience and long-suffering, render him poor, and prevent his living with any degree of comfort. These exactions are innumerable. Besides the ordinary taxes, there are various extraordinary contributions to the state. The passage of troops and of officers employed by Government, all of whom are to be fed by the villagers, many in addition requiring presents, is a constant source of vexation and oppression. All ambassadors and members of missions, even the foreign traveller, who is considered the guest of the Shah, are provided with a firman from his Majesty, which directs that they shall be supplied with provisions by the inhabitants free of expense at every town and village on their road. It is true that the villagers are authorized to deduct the value from their yearly taxes, but their claims are seldom listened to, and excuses are never wanted to avoid them. British ambassadors and British travellers generally have declined to avail themselves of this act of bounty, so onerous upon the unfortunate subjects of the Shah, and pay for their provisions. A traveller received some years ago a firman such as we have described from the late King, who had ordered a mehmandar (an officer appointed to wait upon a guest of the state) to accompany him from Kermanshah, near the Turkish frontier, to Isfahan. The traveller insisted upon not availing himself of the royal generosity, and upon paying at each village for the provisions he might have consumed. Nevertheless, rice, corn, meat, coffee, sugar, and all the other articles included in the firman—to say nothing of carpets and coverlets—were exacted from the unfortunate villagers and loaded upon donkeys also taken from them. He remonstrated with the mehmandar, but in vain. At length, having commenced his journey a solitary horseman, he entered Isfahan at the head of a caravan of donkeys laden with provisions and other booty. He hastened to the governor, and indignantly laid his complaint before him. The governor looked grave, swore that the matter should be inquired into, and the mehmandar duly punished. On the following day the culprit appeared, walking very lame, and evidently suffering from the effects of ‘eating stick.’ ‘Sahib!’ said he, with a doleful countenance, ‘how could you bring this trifling matter to the notice of the governor? I am a poor man, and the little money I could have made by selling that which the Shah had of his generosity bestowed upon you, and which you were too magnanimous to require, would have been of infinite service to me. Besides, you should have had

had your share of the profits. Now all will go to the governor, who is rich beyond measure, and doesn't want it. The poor people whom you thought to serve will never receive any part of their property; I have eaten stick, and you have lost at least five tomans.

The number of the great and the holy who feed upon the taxpayer in Persia is enormous. The governors of provinces and of cities, men in authority of every degree, the regular troops and the irregular cavalry, all look to the unfortunate villager to supply their numerous wants. To these must be added a swarm of mollahs, or men of the law and of religion, seyids, or descendants of the Prophet, and dervishes or wandering fanatics; all of whom lead a life of complete idleness, and must be fed and supported by those who labour. They are like a flight of locusts in the land. Such a state of things is as bad as that which exists in the Catholic country most abounding in priests and monks. Any one acquainted with the condition of the Roman states in which this crowd of idlers and paupers prey upon the industrious classes, may form some idea of the curse which weighs upon a population like that of Persia. No Mohammedan country abounds more in pretended descendants of the Prophet. The green turban—their distinctive mark—is seen everywhere. Exemption from taxes and military service, and claims to the support and charity of all good Mussulmans, are strong inducements to assume this holy character. It is evident that but a small proportion of those who claim the descent have any of the sacred blood in their veins. In Turkey, the privileges which they laid claim to have long since been abolished, and the seyids have consequently fallen into disrepute.

The dervishes of Persia are a singular race, and deserve a notice. They are divided into several sects. All are more or less Freethinkers, and many even openly deride the precepts of Islam, although religious ejaculations are continually in their mouths. They wander from place to place, levying contributions in money and in kind upon the faithful; rioting, feasting, drinking, and smoking opium or other intoxicating herbs. A common habit with them, as a means of extorting money, is, to seat themselves at the entrance to a house, pitch a small tent, and lay out a little garden in front of it, in which they sow corn or plant flowers. They then ask for a certain sum, threatening to remain until it is paid. In order the better to enforce their demand they pass the greater part of the twenty-four hours in shouting at the top of their voice, or in blowing a cow's-horn, which sends forth the most discordant noises. The inmates of
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the dwelling, not daring to drive away or to ill treat so sacred a character, are at length driven, by this incessant turmoil, into coming to terms, and generally finish by paying the money.

The dervishes are frequently very merry jovial fellows, and not unpleasant companions, although uncommonly dissolute in their habits. They often travel together in a company, and enjoy life to their heart's content. Their dress is highly picturesque. They allow their hair to fall in long curls and tresses upon their shoulders from beneath a tall red embroidered cap. The skin of a lion, panther, or gazelle, is generally thrown across their shoulders, and they carry an iron mace or hatchet of curious shape. The outer shell of a cocoa-nut, elaborately and sometimes tastefully carved, is suspended round their necks, and is used for receiving contributions or for drinking. The loose Persian garments of gay colours, completes their wild and fanciful costume. It is usual to find a dervish in the retinue of most great men, to whom he acts as jester or buffoon, taking part in their drunken orgies.

Although the Persians are outwardly strict Mohammedans and adhere to the forms prescribed by their religion more closely than the Turks, they are not unwilling to discuss religious questions with Christians, and in many instances do not attempt to disguise their contempt for the faith which they profess. A Persian gentleman will seldom venture in public to dip his hand into the same dish with an European, or to smoke the same pipe, but he will eagerly enter into a discussion with him upon the dogmas of Islam and Christianity; and will permit him to use arguments and make reflections which in Turkey would be considered little less than open blasphemy. Even the priests will frequently enter into, and even seek, these discussions. Soofecism is by no means uncommon in Persia, and we have from Lady Sheil an interesting account of the sect of Babees, whose doctrines, notwithstanding the persecution to which their professors have been subjected, appear to have spread widely. They are, according to Lady Sheil, a kind of socialism and communism. The founder of the sect, one Seyid Ali Mohammed, a native of Shiraz, was put to death in Tebreez, but his disciples have not decreased; and in a country in which political revolutions are of frequent occurrence, and the people eagerly avail themselves of any excuse to throw off the oppressive rule of their governors, it is not improbable that the sect may spread and that an extensive movement against the Shah may ensue. One of the peculiarities of the Babees is their intense hatred of Mohammedans, whom they slay without mercy when they fall into their hands.

Besides the exactions of the legalised plunderer, the unhappy villagers

villagers in most parts of Persia are subject to the depredations of the Eelyaut or wandering tribes. There are few districts in the kingdom which are not within the reach of these marauders. The Persians to the south of the Caspian are exposed to the incursions of the Turcomans, who, sweeping down in large bodies upon the villages, carry their inhabitants into hopeless slavery. Many thousands of these unfortunate creatures languish in the deserts of Khiva and undergo the most cruel sufferings. The Turcoman justifies these man-hunts on the plea of religious differences, the Persians being Shiah and consequently the lawful prey of the Sooni. The inhabitants of the west of Persia are exposed to the attacks of Kurds and Lurs, who, descending in large well-armed bodies from their inaccessible mountains, scour the plains, plundering the villages and driving away the flocks. Unlike the Turcomans, however, they do not carry off the inhabitants themselves.

As it is with the mountain tribes, known as Lurs, that our army will be chiefly brought into contact, should the war be continued and the basis of operations be removed, as it has been announced, to Mohamrah, we will give a slight sketch of their condition and manners, and of the country which they inhabit.

The great mountain system of Western Asia, which has its nucleus in the lofty peak of Mount Ararat, divides itself into two distinct branches, one taking an easterly course nearly across the continent, the other stretching to the south, forming the boundary between Turkey and Persia, and then dividing Persia herself into two separate parts. This southern range is inhabited by Kurds and Lurs, who appear to be of the same ancient race, speak dialects of the Persian tongue, although these dialects have some strongly-marked differences, and resemble each other in most respects in their manners and mode of life though not in dress. They are almost entirely nomades, living in black goat-hair tents, and possessing large flocks and herds; even those who have settled in villages have not entirely renounced their wandering habits, but usually spend some months of the year under canvas. Both are equally addicted to habits of robbery and rapine, and are little disposed to cultivate the soil, except for the purpose of supplying their immediate wants. Their wild and predatory life renders them fierce, vindictive, and cruel.

The Kurds are chiefly subjects of the Porte, and with them our troops will have nothing to do; they dwell far too much to the northwards. The Lurs inhabit the lofty mountains overhanging the low country bordering on the Persian Gulf. The plains are chiefly inhabited by Arab tribes under Persian rule, and it is mostly with them, except in the battle of Khoshab, when

when we were met by regular Persian troops, that we have hitherto been engaged in hostilities, as they form the population of Bushire and the coast. They are far less warlike and formidable than the mountaineers, who furnish the bravest and the best armed irregular cavalry of Persia.

Although there is undoubtedly much poverty and want amongst these nomadic tribes, it is difficult to imagine a life more completely independent or which promises so much physical enjoyment. By varying their places of encampment according to the seasons of the year they enjoy a continual temperate climate. In the midst of summer they pitch their tents on the highest slopes of the Zardeh Kuh, where the snow lingers throughout the year; as the summer draws to a close they drive their flocks from the mountain-tops towards the lower pastures. They gradually descend as the autumn advances, and by the time winter sets in they find themselves in the warm plains or sheltered valleys watered by the Karoon and other great rivers flowing from the mountain ranges. They return again to their yilaks as the warm weather approaches. They thus secure an almost perpetual spring and constant pasture for their sheep and cattle.

The largest and most important tribes inhabiting the mountains of Luristan are the Bakhtiyari and the Fāili, which are subdivided into a great number of septs, each having its own petty head. Neither of these tribes has ever, as far as we are aware, been brought under the rule of one chief. The Fāili were divided until recently between three principal families; the Bakhtiyari likewise acknowledged three chiefs, of whom Mohammed Taki Khan was for many years the most powerful. By his vigour, his abilities, and the justice of his rule, he had brought a larger portion of the tribe under his immediate authority than had probably ever before been united under the sway of one chief. He is said to have been able to raise at one time nearly twenty thousand irregular horse and foot.

The Eelyaut generally choose for their encampment some sheltered spot, in which a bright clear brook flows through a glen rich in grass and enamelled with flowers. Their tents are so placed that they can lead a stream of water through them; and, by raising or closing the side curtains, command a continual shade and the free passage of the refreshing breeze. There are few who have experienced the enjoyments of this life under canvas who do not look back to it with delight. The vigorous health, the flow of spirits, the feeling of independence which accompany it, can never be experienced within the walls of a city. At night a carpet, usually spread on the greensward outside the tent, serves as a bed; you watch the silent stars as they glide

glide insensibly down the deep-blue vault, or rise in the distant east. We need not be surprised at the repugnance of the wanderer, whether he be Bedouin or Lur, to the life of the citizen, or at his ardent longing for his native independence, when confined within the walls of a town.

The seeming monotony of a nomade life is varied in many instances by those 'chapaouls,' or forays, for which the Lurs have so formidable a reputation in Persia. During the rule of Mohammed Taki Khan these predatory excursions had been suppressed in the tribes under his control. He had endeavoured, and not without success, to turn their attention to agriculture and settled pursuits. The severity with which he punished robberies and pillage had given security to the mountains and neighbouring provinces, and, as his followers declared, a man might walk from one end to the other of his territories with a bowl full of gold in his hand. But as other chiefs still engaged in practices so congenial to their nature and habits, we may describe the manner in which these expeditions are conducted.

A chief who makes a profession of these forays, should have a 'Diz.' The mountains of Luristan possess several of these fastnesses, which from time immemorial have served as places of safety for such independent freebooters. A 'Diz' is a natural stronghold rising precipitously in the middle of a valley or of a small plain, and inaccessible on all sides except by artificial means. To be perfect, it should have a small table-land on the summit, with springs of water, and sufficient pasture to maintain a few sheep and oxen. The top is reached by ropes, or by ladders which can be removed by those above. The owner of such a 'Diz,' with the distrust natural to men leading this lawless life, rarely allows any one but his wives and children, and three or four trustworthy attendants, to ascend to the summit. The brothers and male relations are, of course, strictly excluded for fear of treachery. Upon it the black tent is pitched,* or a rude house is constructed. Such a position is impregnable to the tribes, who are without means of attack, and might probably resist the assault of Persian regular troops, though it could offer but little resistance to European skill.

The objects of a foray are either to intercept a caravan, or to drive off the cattle and flocks of the villages or of a neighbouring tribe. Travellers and an occasional peasant are merely picked up, as godsend, by the way. The skill and audacity with which these forays are conducted are sometimes very remarkable. A body of twenty or thirty horsemen will frequently perform a journey of several days through thickly-peopled districts in search of plunder. A party of Bakhtiyari have been often known to fall

fall upon a caravan in the vicinity of Yezd and Shiraz. They rarely take provisions with them, relying upon what they can obtain by force from the villagers. The suddenness of their attacks, their courage, and the inevitable fate which awaits those who resist them, have made the Bakhtiyari the terror of the unwarlike inhabitants of the plains. No road is considered secure from them, and the mere report of a marauding party being abroad is sufficient to interrupt the communication between the largest towns.

Caravans offer rich prizes. The presence of a party of Bakhtiyari horsemen inspires so much terror, that resistance is very rarely attempted. The plunderers, in carrying off their booty, frequently resort to ingenious expedients to avoid discovery and pursuit. On one occasion, Jaffer Kooli Khan, a well-known Bakhtiyari chief, stopped a caravan near the gates of Isfahan, laden, amongst other goods, with bales of women's dresses and veils, which in Persia completely cover the features and the whole person. Dressing up the travellers in this female attire, he threatened them with instant death if they attempted to betray their real character, and returned boldly through towns and villages to his mountains, giving out that he and his followers were pilgrims from the holy cities.

But the excitement of plundering a caravan is small when compared with that of driving cattle, the usual exploit of these marauders. The first is, after all, but robbery on a large scale, with little risk—the deed of the highwayman without the prospect of the halter. The other more resembles war, with its dangers and its risks; and has, therefore, in all such barbarous countries been considered an honourable exploit. The flocks and herds thus taken are usually feeding near an encampment or a village. On the appearance of strange horsemen the shepherd at once takes to his heels and alarms the matchlock-men of his community or tribe. Even should the owners be absent on some similar occupation, driving off large flocks of sheep or herds of cattle is a slow process, and they return to dispute the prize before it is fairly carried out of their reach. A scene of indescribable confusion then ensues. The women usually follow at a little distance, filling the air with the shrillest and most discordant cries. The men fire upon one another, or engage in single combat. The animals, terrified at the noise, or wounded by the random shots, rush wildly about, and are soon scattered over the country. The retiring horsemen endeavour to keep them together and to drive them forward. A cloud of dust soon covers the belligerents and the booty; and the pursuers, unless

in considerable force, are generally well satisfied if they are able to collect the stragglers and to rescue them from the invaders.

The life we have described is pretty well that which was led by the chiefs of the Scottish clans before they were reduced to a state of full obedience to the law, and were imbued with a proper respect for their neighbours' property. We can easily imagine the delights and excitement of a raid across the border, or of a descent from the Highlands into the Lowlands in search of cattle. Expeditions of this kind were not looked upon in the light of a common robbery, but as fair acts of war, in which a man's life was staked, and which were either reprisals or exposed those who undertook them to similar attempts. Such habits are not very consistent with that respect for other men's goods which constitutes the first obligation of the citizens of a civilized state. But it is not altogether without its good side, and the noble qualities which this wild and independent life developed have furnished some of the most delightful themes to the pen of the gentlest and most high-minded of our modern writers of fiction. It is only by living amongst tribes which have still the same social constitution, and are still influenced by the same feelings, that we can fully understand the state of society which existed in Scotland some centuries ago, or enter fully into its spirit. Mr. Macaulay's description of the Highland clans, in his last published volumes of the History of England, is written without a true appreciation of the condition and institutions of clanship and the mode of life to which they necessarily give rise.

The ability and firmness with which Mohammed Taki Khan ruled the large portion of the Bakhtiyari under his sway, had rendered him very powerful, and consequently exposed him to the jealousy of the Persian Government. It is fortunate both for the Sultan and the Shah that the great tribes comprising the bravest and most warlike of their subjects, are so little united amongst themselves, that they never combine to throw off the yoke which they all equally abhor. The same policy has always been successfully pursued by Eastern monarchs in governing these formidable clans. Their mutual jealousies are skilfully fomented, and a rival chief, generally a member of the same family as the actual ruler, is carefully kept to be used the moment the one in power gains too much influence, or threatens to be dangerous to the government. By these means the strength of the tribe is weakened, all improvement is checked, and the country is kept in a continual state of anarchy and misrule.

The fate of Mohammed Taki Khan was that of almost every chief who has risen to power in Turkey or Persia and has sought
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to ameliorate the condition of those under his sway. Having attained the object of his ambition, he had turned his attention to the improvement of the country over which he ruled. Villages had been founded, security enforced, the cultivation of fields and gardens was rapidly increasing, and the tribes were governed with mildness and justice. This able chieftain was even meditating the introduction of commerce into his territories, previously almost inaccessible to the merchant, the establishment of a communication with the British territories in India for the purposes of trade, and the opening of the great rivers which flow through one of the richest districts in Persia, and of the roads which lead directly from it to Isfahan and the centre of the kingdom. But such schemes were more than enough to excite the jealousy and suspicion of the Persian government. On the pretence that there were arrears of revenues to collect in Khuzistan and amongst the tribes, a Persian army under the Moatamed-ed-Dowleh was marched through the mountains of Luristan. Mohammed Taki Khan was not blind to the object of this expedition, but hesitated to declare himself in open rebellion by attacking the royal troops in the mountain defiles, when they were at his mercy. Once in the low country, the Persian commander commenced the usual intrigues. The rival chief, kept in reserve, was artfully put forward, the various tribes were tampered with, and one by one induced to desert their former master. At last, Mohammed Taki Khan himself having been led by oaths on the Koran and even on the Bible, the general of the Persian regular troops being a Christian, to visit the Persian camp, he was, of course, treacherously thrown into chains. A series of misfortunes then befell his family, who at last were compelled to surrender themselves to the Persian government. They were taken to Teheran, where they still pine in captivity, the chief himself having died some three or four years ago.*

Such was the fate of one who might have rendered essential service to his country, and who combined pre-eminently those qualities and virtues which should distinguish the chieftain of nomade tribes, with fewer of those faults and vices almost inseparable from such a state of society than men in his position usually possess.

* An article has recently appeared in the '*Revue des deux Mondes*' on the English policy in Persia, and the origin of the present war, by M. E. Flandin, in which this chief and the expedition which led to his capture are alluded to. This account is false from beginning to end, and is an example of the manner in which a narrow-minded Frenchman wilfully perverts history and distorts facts when he is unravelling some of those deep-laid schemes for universal dominion which are attributed to perfidious Albion, and to which unfortunately the injustice of our proceedings, in such cases as the Chinese and Persian wars, gives some colour of truth.

Such men have not been rare in the history of the independent tribes of Turkey and Persia, and they have generally ended like Mohammed Taki Khan. It is remarkable that, notwithstanding the examples daily before their eyes, notwithstanding their family traditions, which relate how their ancestors have, one by one, been the victims of the treachery of an unscrupulous government, they all fall into precisely the same snares, and share the same fate.

To the west of the Bakhtiyari mountains is the ancient province Susiana, now called Khuzistan. It is chiefly inhabited by Arabs, some settled in towns and villages, others still pursuing the nomadic life of their forefathers, and stretches from the mountains to the Euphrates and the Persian Gulf. At this moment it is of peculiar interest to us, as we learn that we are to occupy the Arab town of Mohamrah, which is situated not far from the mouths of the Euphrates, at its junction with the Karoon, and is the strategical key to the whole province. No part of the Persian empire is more favoured by nature than Khuzistan. It is intersected by three large navigable rivers; and although misgovernment and neglect have reduced it to a desert, yet its soil is most fertile, and admits of easy irrigation. The plains are exposed to intense heat during summer, but the climate is not unhealthy, and cultivation would of course render it less so. The province now contains but two considerable cities, Shushter and Dizful. Mohamrah is an insignificant place, only rendered important by its admirable position at the mouths of two great navigable rivers; one leading into the heart of Turkey in Asia, the other flowing through the richest districts of Persia. The place was founded by the Sheikh of the Chaab or Kiab Arabs. The facility of access from the Persian Gulf, and the smallness of the dues levied by the Arab chief, rendering Mohamrah almost a free port, contributed much towards reducing Busrah to its present desolate condition. The Turks, jealous of the rising prosperity of the new town, and claiming as Turkish territory the delta upon which it was built, attacked and destroyed the place. This and other acts of aggression almost led to war, which was only averted by the intercession of England and Russia, under whose mediation a treaty was concluded between the two Mohammedan Powers. By this treaty the general boundaries between the two empires were fixed, and Mohamrah, with the left bank of the Shat-el-Arab, or united waters of the Euphrates and Tigris, as far as that port, were given to Persia.

It is evident that the possession of Mohamrah would place in the hands of the British commander the key to the whole of Khuzistan, and would enable him to occupy an important province. Bushire is a port of no great value, notwithstanding its reputation.

reputation. To advance into the interior through the passes would involve great risks. Lofty and precipitous ranges of mountains run parallel with the Persian Gulf and must be crossed before Shiraz can be reached. They are inhabited by warlike tribes and furnish no resources to an invading enemy. We think, therefore, that General Outram has done wisely in preparing to occupy Mohamrah and to enter Khuzistan. The most favourable time of the year for an expedition into that province is the spring. When advancing inland he would have the advantage, owing to the rising of the rivers, of abundant water-carriage; the fertile plains would furnish him with forage for his horses; and by entering into friendly relation with the Arab tribes he could obtain ample supplies of sheep or cattle.

It would be difficult to describe the beauty of these plains in the spring time. The first showers bring forth the young grass; in a few days the face of the country is clothed with the deepest green, varied by innumerable flowers of the richest hue. Soon will grass and flowers attain a height almost unknown in our clime; the horseman can scarcely make his way through them, and is almost lost in their luxuriance. At this time, too, the rivers, swollen by the rains and by the melting of the mountain snows, could be ascended without difficulty by steamers of considerable size. Even after the fall of the waters Captain Selby, accompanied by Mr. Layard, who had previously surveyed and examined the Karoon, as well as the means at his command and the then state of the country would allow, were able to reach Shushter and to ascend a considerable portion of the river of Dizful in a steamer but ill adapted to inland navigation.

But we fervently hope that there will be no need of any further operations, and that we shall shortly learn that hostilities have been suspended and peace concluded. After what we have said of the condition of Persia, and of that oppression and misrule which has reduced one of the richest kingdoms of the world to the condition of a desert, and one of the most industrious and intelligent of nations to utter misery and want, we shall not be accused of any partiality towards the Persian government if we denounce the war in which we have been engaged as unjust and impolitic. We so denounce it, on the same considerations, and for the same reasons that we protest against the war with China. We cordially agree with Mr. Macaulay, when he describes, in referring to Sir John Malcolm's defence of the deceit practised upon Omichund, 'that English valour and English intelligence have done less to extend and to preserve our oriental empire than English veracity,' and
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that 'the greatest advantage a government can possess is to be the one trustworthy government in the midst of governments which nobody can trust.' These are opinions worthy of a British statesman; a policy based upon them would be as wise as it would be befitting a great Christian country like England. Unfortunately we have violated these principles in both wars in which we are now engaged—in both we have shown ourselves unjust, untruthful, and arrogant. Both will tend to damage most materially the high character for truth and justice which has hitherto pre-eminently distinguished this country, and to which we owe the strength and prosperity of our Eastern empire and the prestige which we have obtained amongst Eastern nations. That prestige has been of late years seriously affected by the misconduct and want of temper of our agents, and the open avowal of that principle, so immoral and so impolitic, which the Prime Minister of England did not nevertheless hesitate publicly to adopt in one of his speeches at Manchester during last autumn,—that in dealing with Eastern nations we are not bound by the same laws of right and wrong as in treating with Christian states. Against such a doctrine it is the duty of all Englishmen to protest, as diametrically opposed to the spirit of that religion and civilization, of which we profess to be the pioneers, and as one best calculated to lead us into continual dissensions and wars, and ultimately to shake to its very foundation our dominion in the East. It is a doctrine which we are not surprised to see professed and eagerly defended by consuls and other agents who do no honour to the British name, and who find a profit to their interests and to their dignity in considering themselves above all law and in treating those with whom they are brought into contact with injustice and contempt. Supported at home, they can defy the just remonstrances of those whom they ill-treat, can play the petty despot, and are beyond the reach of the public opinion of their country.

Even missionaries, we regret to add, are not altogether exempt from this charge. An old priest of this class once laid before a traveller an elaborate scheme he had framed for converting the Nestorians. Owing to the barrenness of their mountains and the excessive rigour of their climate, some of these Christian tribes are compelled to descend into the Persian plains during the winter. Our friend's happy thought was to induce the authorities not to permit this annual migration until the Nestorians consented to embrace Roman Catholicism, hoping thus to starve them into the true faith. 'But,' it was objected, 'surely the precepts of Christianity do not authorise such means of conversion.' 'Ah, bah!' exclaimed he, '*con queste bestie non si fa tante*

tante cerimonie' (with such beasts one does not stand upon ceremony). We seem to have adopted, in dealing with Eastern states, the doctrine of the good old priest, and the well-known maxim of the buccaneer—'No law across the Line!' In illustration, let us in a few words relate the history of the Persian war.

An employé of rank, named Mirza Hashim, has a difference with his government. Afraid of ill-treatment, he flies from his house to that of the British Minister, which is considered in Persia 'bast,' that is, a place of refuge which cannot be violated. Mr. Murray, who from the consul-generalship in Egypt had recently been removed to Teheran, in order to extend our protection permanently to the Mirza, hit upon the expedient of naming him British agent at Shiraz. We had, in 1841, concluded a treaty with Persia, which expressly forbade our having an agent in any places except Tabriz, Teheran, and Bushire. Mr. Murray was therefore not only violating the treaty, but had selected for an appointment, under any circumstances unjustifiable, a subject of the Shah, against whom there was cause of complaint. The Persian Minister not unnaturally declared that, whilst Mirza Hashim remained under the British Minister's roof, he should not be molested, yet that, being the Shah's subject, as soon as he left it he should again be considered as amenable to the laws of the land.

Now, Mirza Hashim had a wife who was not only of the blood-royal, but connected even more intimately with the Shah by marriage. This lady was suspected of having had relations with a member of the British mission—not with Mr. Murray, as has been stated probably in order to enable Lord Palmerston to give the accusation an indignant and triumphant denial. Whether the insinuation be true or false, there is no doubt that the charge was generally believed in Teheran. Her brother—as he had a right to do, according to the customs of the country—seized his sister and placed her in his harem (not in a prison, as unfairly stated by Lord Clarendon in the House of Lords), declaring that, whether Mirza Hashim went to Shiraz or not, his wife, a princess, should not be left abroad, to bring discredit upon the royal name.

Some angry correspondence ensued, which we have reason to believe was embittered by much misrepresentation and some mistranslation. Finally, Mr. Murray submitted an ultimatum, upon the acceptance of which depended his departure from Teheran, and the rupture of relations with this country. It consisted of three demands:—1st, that Mirza Hashim's wife should be delivered up to the British Mission; 2nd, that he should be recognised

cognised as British agent at Shiraz ; and 3rd, that both the Shah and his minister should virtually offer an apology for the insults offered to the British Minister. The time given by Mr. Murray for accepting these terms having elapsed, he lowered his flag and quitted the capital. We have been assured that within half an hour after the time fixed for the acceptance of the ultimatum had expired, the French Minister, who had been endeavouring to effect an amicable termination of the quarrel, brought Mr. Murray his own terms accepted by the Prime Minister.

It must be remembered that as yet the question of Herat had not been mooted. This trumpery and undignified quarrel, brought about by the mischievous influence of certain persons connected with the Mission at Teheran, who had private pique to gratify and private interests to promote, occurred at a time when this country was engaged in its great struggle with Russia, and when, in all probability, the seat of war would speedily be transferred to Asia, where the alliance of Persia would have been of the utmost importance to the Allies, and might have decided the issue of the war. If we are credibly informed, there was at that very time, the draft of a treaty in the English and French Foreign Offices, approved by Persia, providing for an alliance, offensive and defensive, between her and the Allies. What will be thought of the discretion and temper of a British representative who at such a moment laid the foundations of a war upon grounds so utterly ridiculous and untenable? We will venture to assert there is not one demand in Mr. Murray's ultimatum which an upright and conscientious Minister would have approved or enforced.

Not long after Mr. Murray's departure, which was accompanied by the usual threat of occupying Karak, and after instructions had been given to prepare an expedition to the Persian Gulf,* there began to be rumours of movements in Afghanistan, and reports reached Teheran that the English were inviting Dost Mohammed Khan to invade the territories of the Chief of Herat. We have not space to go fully into the complicated questions of Eastern politics connected with Persia's claims upon that city, or to inquire how far those claims may be justified. Many reasons besides those of a merely political nature rendered the possession of Herat a question of great national interest in Persia. Its inhabitants, being Shialis, and of the same Mohammedan sect as

* In a debate in the House of Commons on the Persian question, raised by Mr. Layard in the beginning of March of last year, Lord Palmerston admitted that some vessels of war had been ordered up to Bushire, but only, he declared, to protect British subjects—what British subjects he did not state. At that time nothing was known of any design of Persia upon Herat.

the Persians, are ill-treated and oppressed, and even sold into slavery, by their rulers, who are of the Sunni faith. An expedition consequently against Herat has always been popular in Persia, and has been considered somewhat in the light of a holy war. The Persians, moreover, look upon Herat as an integral part of the empire. It has, however, been the policy of England during the last fifty years to protest against this claim, and to enforce the protest by an appeal to arms.

In January 1853 Sir Justin Sheil obtained from the Persian Minister a kind of undertaking which has been incorrectly called a treaty and an agreement. This document, which was only signed by the Persian Minister, had never been submitted to Parliament, nor had it been made public before the war with Persia broke out. Its existence is now only officially known through the Governor-General of India's Proclamation of war against Persia. A more slovenly, unintelligible instrument we venture to say could scarcely be found in the archives of our Foreign Office. It states on what occasions Persia might send her troops to the territory of Herat, points out when she is to withdraw them, and limits her right of interference in its affairs to that which existed during the lifetime of Yar Mohammed, without in any way pointing out what that interference was, or making any reference to many contingencies which common foresight should have taught us must inevitably arise between two such States. It ended by declaring 'that if any foreign Power, such as the Afghans or others, should wish to interfere with or take possession of Herat, the British Government, on the requisition of the Persian Ministers, should not object to restrain such foreign power by friendly advice, so that Herat might remain in its own state of independence.'

Now it is not denied that there were movements in Afghanistan, shortly after the departure of Mr. Murray, calculated to excite the suspicion of the Persian Government, especially at a time when our mission had been withdrawn and we had threatened hostilities. The party at Herat opposed to the Afghan rule appear to have believed that Dost Mohammed intended to attack them, and they consequently sought assistance from Persia. Had our Envoy been in Teheran, the Persian Minister, in pursuance of the one-sided agreement we have quoted, should have made a requisition through him to the English Government. A remonstrance and an explanation would then, in all probability, have removed the grounds of suspicion from the Shah's mind, and have prevented, as it had done before, any measures against Herat. But the British mission was no longer there: a silly quarrel about a Persian woman had led to the interruption of its relations with
Persia

Persia at that most critical and eventful moment. The Shah, irritated by the conduct of Mr. Murray, impelled by the popular feeling, and hoping to have an opportunity, owing to our being engaged in war with Russia, of carrying out his designs upon Herat, determined upon undertaking an expedition against that city.

The Persian Government had now afforded some more plausible excuse for an open rupture than Mr. Murray's foolish quarrel. Lord Palmerston and his colleagues eagerly availed themselves of it, and shifting their original ground they at once threw over Mirza Hashim and his wife, who have never since been heard of. In the mean while the Shah had sent an envoy, one Mirza Melkein, to Constantinople, with power to treat with the British Ambassador for the settlement of the Murray affair. At the first interview that amiable diplomatist disputed the right of the Persian Plenipotentiary to sit in an armed chair, greeted him with a violent personal attack, and of course rendered all prospect of a satisfactory arrangement impossible. Another effort was made by the Persians to avoid the extremity of a war and to appease the insulted dignity of Mr. Murray. Ferookh Khan was furnished with full power to treat with Lord Stratford de Redcliffe as he passed through Constantinople on his way to France. The British Ambassador received instructions to negotiate with him, and for a short time there was every prospect of a settlement of these important differences without an invasion of Persia and its consequent bloodshed. But whilst the Queen's representative in Turkey was endeavouring to preserve peace, her representative in India was declaring war, both acting at the same time under the instructions of the Government! and the expedition against Bushire sailed from Bombay for the Persian Gulf.

The principal terms proposed by Lord Stratford to Ferookh Khan were, 1st, that the Persians should renounce all claims to Herat, and that a compensation should be paid to the inhabitants for their losses in consequence of the siege; 2nd, that Bender Abbas, and a tract of country forming part of the south of Persia, should be ceded to our ally the Imaum of Muscat; 3rd, that a new treaty of commerce should be concluded between Persia and England by which we should have the right of sending Consuls to certain cities and ports; 4th, that the demands and reclamations of all British subjects should be immediately satisfied; and lastly, that the Prime Minister should be dismissed, and that Mr. Murray, on his return to Teheran, should be received with certain ceremonies and honours.

The utter unreasonableness and injustice of nearly all these demands

demands will be at once apparent. How could the amount of a pecuniary compensation to the inhabitants of Herat be determined, and would not its admission on the part of Persia lead to every manner of exaggeration and abuse? Upon what plea could we demand the surrender of any portion of Persian territory to the Imaum of Muscat, whose only claim to it was founded upon an occupation for which he was bound to pay an annual tribute to Persia, and who had taken no part whatever in our quarrel? A treaty of commerce might have been equally advantageous to both nations, and the presence of consuls, however distasteful and inconvenient to Persia, might be greatly for the good of the country, but had we a right to insist upon concessions of this kind, the fair subject of diplomatic negotiation, with a threat of war? Under the title of British subjects are included a multitude of Persians, members of the royal family, ex-employees of the Minister, like Mirza Hashim, bankrupt native merchants, and others, who have, by a gross abuse of a privilege granted to foreign missions, obtained some kind of title to our protection. Was it, therefore, surprising that the Persian government should resist a demand which would render it responsible for the exaggerated and perhaps fraudulent claims of its own subjects who had had recourse to a flagrant violation of international law to enforce them? How, we would ask, could the Plenipotentiary of a despotic Eastern Prince promise the disgrace of the Prime Minister, which is in Persia frequently tantamount to his suffering death? Lord Stratford might undertake to procure the dismissal of Lord Palmerston—the worst that could befall him would be the loss of his place. But Ferookh Khan's head would have been staked upon the issue; and as of the two the Prime Minister was probably the most powerful, it was rather hard upon the Ambassador to call upon him to make the sacrifice. With regard to Mr. Murray's triumphant return and reception, we leave it to the impartiality and sense of justice of the public to judge how far, after his intemperate and indefensible conduct, he was entitled to those honours and the Persian Government deserving of humiliation.

The British Government itself appears to have been ashamed of the outrageous and unjustifiable nature of these demands. If we are rightly informed, Lord Stratford refused to receive any written communication or explanation from Ferookh Khan; so that nothing might remain on record to expose Ministers to the condemnation and censure which would inevitably await them, if, in consequence of the interruption of negotiations, war ensued, and Parliament insisted upon an investigation of the circumstances which had led to it.

Reshid

Reshid Pasha, who held the office of Grand Vizier, knowing the dangers to which a war between England and Persia might expose Turkey, exerted all his influence to induce the Persian ambassador to accede to our demands, and not without success. Ferookh Khan, after some opposition, consented to yield upon several of the most important points, drawing a very just distinction between that which was matter of complaint on our part and had already been under discussion with his court, and that which was now demanded for the first time, and was rather the object of a treaty, with reference to which he had not received any instructions. However, after considerable pressure and many threats, he even agreed to recommend the acceptance of the new demands to his Government with the exception of the dismissal of the Prime Minister, which, poor man! was naturally a subject he approached with very considerable alarm. Reshid Pasha moreover engaged to use the influence of the Turkish Government to induce the Shah to accept the recommendations of his ambassador. Even the injured Mr. Murray was to be duly cared for, and all the ceremonials of his triumphant march from the borders of Persia to the capital were carefully settled, from the rank of the nobleman who was to receive him as his august foot crossed the frontier to the number of heaps of sugar and sweetmeats which were to be offered to him when he entered Teheran. The negotiations, we believe, were broken off solely upon the refusal of Ferookh Khan to promise the disgrace of the Prime Minister.

Whilst Ferookh Khan was thus engaged, Herat had fallen before the Persian arms; the British expedition had also appeared in the Persian Gulf. The first event did not affect the negotiations, Ferookh Khan consenting to withdraw the Persian troops and to abandon all claim to the city and its territory. How far more complete our triumph would have been, how far greater the result to our interests in Central Asia, had Persia yielded up this important place, after a triumph which had cost her so much blood and treasure, upon the mere threat of England, instead of surrendering Herat, as she will now do, in return for Bushire and other portions of her territory which may have been occupied by our troops! We should have secured a great moral victory, without exposing ourselves to the loss of that substantial and most important influence among the Persian population, to which an invasion of Persia and the consequent bloodshed and national humiliation must inevitably lead.

The expedition to the Persian Gulf was undertaken without any declaration of war having been made to the Persian Government. The able political agent of the East India Company at Bushire,

sorting to war shall have recourse to the good offices of England, who engages to attempt a settlement honourable and satisfactory to Persia; and if the Shah should have to resort to hostilities to repel aggression, he shall, after having done so, retire within his own frontiers; that as regards commerce and consular appointments we are to be placed on the same footing as the most favoured nation; that Mr. Murray is to be received with certain ceremonies; and lastly, that the custom of affording protection to Persian subjects is to be abolished.

It will be seen from the terms of the treaty that we have now consented to 'accept considerably less than Ferookh Khan had agreed to give us at Constantinople, before the success of the expedition to the Persian Gulf, the capture of an important seaport, and the defeat of a Persian army! The Persian Prime Minister has triumphed over us, and will still retain his office, none the better disposed towards England, we may presume, after our attempt to ruin him.* Our ally, the Imaum of Muscat, having died in the interval, we have considered it no longer advisable to insist upon his pretensions to Bender Abbas. We search in vain for any mention in the treaty of those respectable British subjects, Mr. and Mrs. Mirza Hashim; that amiable couple have been abandoned to their fate, and have, we learn, been reconciled to their forgiving sovereign.

To conclude this brilliant episode in our history, it only remains for the new Parliament, upon the order of Lord Palmerston, to pay its share of the bill without asking any inconvenient questions, whilst the remainder of the expenses must be exacted from our already over-taxed subjects in India, and will add another item to the deficit in the embarrassed finances of our

* Of this Persian statesman, who appears to have been the chief object of Mr. Murray's vengeance, Lady Sheil thus writes, and we may presume with the pen of her husband, who in his quality of British Minister at the Court of Teheran had ample means of judging of his character:—'The Shah, notwithstanding his inexperience, made a most wise selection. He fixed on a man of great talent, fully conversant with the affairs of government, and, it may be added, with the intrigues of Persian Court life. . . . His Majesty had formerly placed Mirza Agha Khan under English protection. . . . The Shah's choice has been well justified. The Sedr Azem (Prime Minister) has ceased to be English without becoming Russian, and is perhaps as fully a Persian as a Persian can be. He governs with prudence and popularity, never forgetting that the Shah is supreme. The present war has been a trial of his inclinations and his wisdom. Notwithstanding a variety of inducements, religious and political, to avenge on Turkey many wrongs and insults, he appears to have maintained the difficult part of neutrality with impartiality and success.'—(p. 249.) And this is the man whom the British Government, to gratify Mr. Murray, and to patch up a disgraceful quarrel, had resolved to sacrifice. With what justice can we complain of bad ministers and bad government in Persia, or any other Eastern nation, when upon such grounds we remove from power the ablest and most upright man the country can afford?

Eastern empire. We shall thus have had a war declared, hostilities carried on, negotiations entered into, peace concluded, and vast expenses incurred, during the sitting of Parliament, without its sanction having been asked, and without one word of information having been vouchsafed, to those who, seemingly by a popular error, are considered the guardians of the public purse.

We have pointed out the injustice of our proceedings in Persia—one word as to their policy. The question of Herat is really a Russian, not a Persian question. Our end in these quarrels, wars, and treaties, is to form a strong barrier between Russia and our Indian empire. About half a century ago that barrier was to have been Persia; we then sought to place Herat in her hands, and we even subsidized her to attain that object. Then arose the great scheme of seeking for this barrier nearer our frontiers, and of raising up a strong Afghan empire, whose ruler should be entirely under our influence and control. Herat was essential to the new power, and we resolved that it should no longer belong to Persia, who was suspected of a leaning to Russia, in whose hands this frontier city would become a standing menace to our Eastern possessions. How this great Afghan scheme utterly failed, and how its failure involved us in terrible loss and disgrace, is now matter of history. We have found that to establish an empire with any degree of solidity and durability, when we have to deal with rival tribes and families, and have no recognised national basis, is an impossibility. Ought we not then to have turned again to Persia?

Persia, with all her weakness and misrule, is at least a kingdom, and represents a nationality. Her interests and the natural sympathies of her populations have hitherto inclined her to us. We much doubt whether any part of Persia, except perhaps the northern province of Azerbaijan, is well disposed towards Russia. We are certain that, before recent events at least, there was a very strong leaning towards England throughout the kingdom. The true policy of the Shah was to look for support to us, whose interests are really identical with his own, and who are too far removed from him to be a cause of apprehension, such as Russia, who has already appropriated some of his richest provinces and who covets others, must always be. The result of this war is, however, to alienate Persia from us, as we have already alienated the Afghans, and to throw her into the arms of Russia. We have, by insisting upon the return and public reception of Mr. Murray, humiliated and insulted the Shah; we have made enemies, by our attack upon Bushire, of the inhabitants of the southern provinces, who had always been especially well affected towards us; we have compelled Persia to make enormous efforts, which

which will embarrass her finances most seriously, and will consequently lead to fresh oppression and fresh disorganization, and hasten that moment when she must fall to pieces, and of necessity become a prey to her powerful neighbour. We could not, consequently, have more successfully played into the hands of Russia.

By this treaty we virtually guarantee the independence of Herat, and consequently enter into engagements of the most embarrassing and objectionable nature with the States of Central Asia. How are we to maintain the independence of a small weak State, surrounded by powerful, semi-barbarous nations, each coveting the prize? Are we again to involve ourselves in the quarrels of the princes of Afghanistan, and to take part in their intricate and disreputable intrigues? We confess that we are utterly at a loss to understand what has lately been our policy in that country, and what objects we have had in view in subsidizing our old enemy Dost Mohammed Khan. Is he hereafter to be our representative at, and to maintain the police of, Herat? If so what becomes of the engagements we have entered into at Paris?

Let us always bear in mind that the surest way of giving Herat to Russia is by making an enemy of Persia. M. Ferrier has shown us how easily it is approached. We know from equally good sources that a Russian army, if Persia were favourable to her designs, landed on the southern shores of the Caspian, could march without difficulty on that city, and could secure well-protected depôts on its whole line of advance. In case of such an attempt, would the independent chief of Herat, our protégé, be able to resist? Our true policy was to strengthen Persia, and to make it her interest to oppose such an advance. It is to be feared that we have by this unjust and impolitic war rendered this policy impracticable.

It is not probable that our position at Teheran will be much improved. We are forcing the Persian Government to receive again as our representative a man who has humiliated the Sovereign and has brought misfortune upon his kingdom. Can it be expected that our relations will be, we will not say cordial, but even friendly? We shall be very much surprised if many months elapse before we shall again hear of slights and insults, and interruptions of relations, unless, indeed, Lord Palmerston in this case, as in the China question, condemns the war and that which led to it by superseding his agent.

Such, then, is the history of the Persian war, and such, we believe, will be its results. Like the war with China it is a war to which we are confident the country will not look back with any feelings of satisfaction. There is, after all, too deep a sense
of

of justice and fair play in the people of England to admit of their being long deluded by false pretences and audacious assertions. The facts regarding both wars are not yet before them. When they have been thoroughly understood, we shall be greatly mistaken if the people do not resist the imposition which has been practised upon them, and visit with just retribution those who have connected the honored name of England with acts of injustice and wrong.

ART. VIII.—*Papers relating to the Proceedings of Her Majesty's Naval Forces at Canton.* Presented by Command. 1857.

MR. BURKE has told us, in language to which his genius has given the currency of a proverb, that even in his time the age of chivalry was gone, and the age of sophisters, economists, and calculators had succeeded. Since the day of that extraordinary person, two generations of men have bitten the dust; and already it seems as if we had made another step in the downward series. The age, if not of sophisters, yet at least of economists and calculators, is gone, for no such persons can find acceptance, or even obtain hearing; and an age of charlatanism, of time-serving, and of something very nearly resembling imposture, appears to have taken or to be about taking its place. The ancient, homely, and sterling qualities of Englishmen are in no request; but gasconade is abroad under the name of vigour, and the tendency, so hard to check in human nature, towards offering insult, is fed and fostered under the pretext of preparation to resent it.

The Elections which have just concluded are in many respects both the most remarkable and the most difficult to comprehend and to analyse of our time. Their general result is, for the time at least, to increase uncertainty; to 'make that darker, which was dark enough before.' In some quarters they are too exclusively regarded in their bearings upon the destinies of the existing administration. But they have other and wider aspects, at which also we shall glance.

One of these aspects it is which goes far we fear to justify the lugubrious exordium of these remarks. They have been characterized by a great and general insincerity. On particular questions there may have been about the usual amount of extorted pledges and evasive professions; but the relations of candidates to political party and to the Ministry have been commonly not unfolded, but enveloped in a mysterious jargon, which it passes the wit of ordinary men to fathom. The name of Lord Palmerston

has been found a convenient watchword, and has been largely taken in vain. A cloak of uniform pattern, adapted to the prevailing sentiment of the constituencies, covers beneath it every diversity of garb in which the taste of the owners finds reserved but secure indulgence. From the addresses put forth by candidates, it would almost appear as though there were but one party-leader in the country, and as though that one had four-fifths of the embryo House of Commons for his followers, the various sections of this comprehensive company only differing in the freedom, the warmth, and the breadth of their allegiance.

It is true; indeed, that that changefulness and caprice of the constituencies, which appear to have prevailed in more than common measure on this occasion, have by no means spared the members of the Administration. The elections of the Cabinet Ministers in general have not tended to show they have any sensible share in the popularity of their chief; and we do not remember ever to have seen, after a Dissolution, so many household uniforms pitiably stretched upon the ground. There we find Mr. Frederick Peel, who has not been defended by his father's name; but he serves under a leader who is in all points his father's opposite. Besides being, however, the hero of the best caricature *Punch* ever produced, he is also the organ of the War Department, and probably the only member of the Government able to work the military estimates through the House under the smart fire which may possibly be in reserve for them. There lies Admiral Berkeley, for many years the naval representative of the Board of Admiralty; there the Under-Secretary for the Colonies, Mr. Ball; and last, but not least, there may be seen Lord Monck, who, as one of the most honourable corps of whippers-in, has executed, and we believe executed with great ability, an office more important under the Government of Lord Palmerston than most of the places in the Cabinet.

But, though it might be difficult to find a parallel to this occasion in the number of instances which it has thus supplied of individual discomfitures, it would be still more difficult to find even an approximation to it in the character of the general issue which it presented to the country, and in the nature of the answer given to the question which was practically tendered by the Dissolution. When, after the famous majority at the close of the China debate, the House of Commons met to learn the intentions of the Crown and the Minister, the announcement made by Lord Palmerston was of a nature to create great surprise. Nothing was said upon the high considerations of policy and principle which the crisis had involved. Even the information that a high functionary was to be sent to the spot, was only dragged

dragged forth by hostile criticisms, and at the end of a sharp debate. The sole topic of thought which had presented itself to the ministerial mind was the question, whether the Ministry should continue or resign. The vote, which had turned on the terrible slaughter in the Canton River, on the perplexed and embroiled relations with a great empire, on the suspension of trade, on the so-called insult to the British flag, on the duty of supporting and the danger of disowning our representatives at the other extremity of the diameter of the globe, was simply viewed as a stroke aimed at the Minister, as if it was even absurd to suppose that any topic connected with the merits of a case so insignificant could have had real weight in the decision. The country was therefore to decide, at the Dissolution, not upon the merits of Sir John Bowring's conduct, not upon the policy of the war (this was indeed in the main disposed of, for the time at least, by the mission of Lord Elgin), nor upon any other measure, or assemblage of measures, or course of policy whatever; but simply whether it would or would not have Lord Palmerston for Prime Minister. Not measures, but men, said Mr. Canning at Liverpool. Not measures, but a man, said Lord Palmerston to the country. Strange enough it may be, that the English nation should condescend to permit such an issue to be presented to it; but it was permitted,—nay, it was even welcomed. The issue was accepted precisely in the shape that the First Minister had thought fit to give it. It was not as in 1785, when Mr. Pitt asked the country whether or not it would permit the Crown to be enslaved by a combination no less acknowledged than it was factious; nor as in 1831, when Lord Grey sought its judgment on the Reform Bill; nor as in 1852, when Lord Derby formally and finally referred to the constituencies the expiring controversy of Protection. There was no form of answer permitted, except a simple Aye or No to the inquiry whether we would have Lord Palmerston for minister or not; and every one who presumed to raise any other subject was sedulously denounced by the whole ministerial pack, as either evil-minded or at best inopportune. Lord John Russell had held high language in the House of Commons, and had sparkled in his Address; yet he did not, as a candidate for the City, presume to question that obligation to support the man now his rival and once his victim, which may at present, we presume, be termed without much exaggeration the third great commandment. The utmost he could venture was, slyly to reserve a right to pass judgment on the measures of the Administration. But in general any attempt to discuss either the foreign escapades of Lord Palmerston, or his domestic no-policy, or his extravagant expenditure and

strange finance, were treated as either simply irrelevant or absolutely factious. We know of one, and only one, case in recent history that is really analogous. It was when, after the famous 2nd of December and the *coup-d'état*, of which Lord Palmerston was the earliest and most fervent admirer, the French nation was required to vote whether it would have Louis Napoleon for emperor or not. The answer was given in the affirmative; but it was given under compulsion. The free people of England have consented that a like question should be put to them, and have given it a like reply. As we had once a Barebones Parliament, so we are now to have a Palmerston Parliament. This is the sufficiently clear and audible response of the country to the call which has been made upon it.

We are constrained to acknowledge, that in its first and most obvious aspect this result of the elections affords the most extraordinary instance upon record of homage to the popularity of an individual Minister. Though in our nostrils the incense may be anything rather than fragrant, truth forbids us to deny that it rises from the censer in a cloud more dense and ample than has for generations ascended in honour at least of any British idol. It is indeed true, on the other hand, that there have been cases where marked personal eminence and great and hardy courage have carried candidates the most resolutely opposed to Lord Palmerston through the storm of this election in perfect safety, and even with marked *éclat*. Bearded by Lord John Russell in London with a fluctuating hardihood, he was denounced by Sir James Graham at Carlisle with a fearless and outspoken freedom which we think challenges the admiration of all lovers of boldness or fair play, even among those who may not recognise the party colours which were hoisted by the old colleague of Sir Robert Peel and of Lord Derby. Enough has passed to show that the fancy or frenzy, whichever it may be, that rules in favour of the Minister, is not wholly impervious to the weapons of reason when they are driven home by a stalwart hand, like that of the veteran Borderer. But, on the other hand, it is plain that this single name was of itself an element of strength in the elections far beyond what has been usual—of strength enough to overpower a weak man on the one side, or to make his political capital on the other. Few, relatively to the mass of the party, were the Liberals who ventured to whisper their discontent with a Minister more illiberal though not more anti-Liberal than Lord Derby, or to hint that some characters of some kind or other ought to be inscribed on that blank tablet which is set up as the ministerial programme; and not few were the numbers of the

the Conservative party who, with avowed or unavowed favour to Lord Palmerston, countenanced his friends, or discountenanced his opponents, in the elections.

In the pages of this Journal it has been shown to what tricks and manœuvres beyond all precedent Lord Palmerston has descended in order to evade Parliamentary difficulty or defeat. But justice requires us to admit that his advantage in the crisis of the Dissolution has not been purchased by any pledges on which either party can lay hold, or by any condescensions to their peculiar prejudices this way or that. In his public declarations on this occasion he has been eminently and even extravagantly himself, and has worn no false colours. *Populus voluit decipi, et decipitur*: on one side, perhaps on both. The Minister did not recede from his ground on the China question: on the contrary, he widened it when at the Mansion House dinner he declared that what Sir John Bowring had done was right, and that if in his place he would himself have done the very same. There was not even a saving clause to except that celebrated contradiction, which must not be called a falsehood, between his declaration to Consul Parkes that the 'Arrow' was no British vessel on the 8th of October, and his declaration to Commissioner Yeh that she was one. In his address to the electors of Tiverton, Lord Palmerston went farther still. With historic pen he states the course of events at Canton in two ever memorable sentences:—

'An insolent barbarian, wielding authority at Canton, had violated the British flag, broken the engagements of treaties, offered rewards for the heads of British subjects in that part of China, and planned their destruction by murder, assassinations, and poisons.

'The British officers, civil and naval, on the station, had taken those measures which appeared to them to be proper and necessary to obtain satisfaction and redress.'

The dates are not indeed supplied; but the series of events is skilfully, and as falsely as skilfully, suggested. If it could happen that all the muniments of the year 1857 should be lost with the exception of this address, posterity would have no choice but to believe that Yeh and the Chinese had offered rewards for British heads, and had proceeded, by way of 'murder, assassinations, and poisons,' before the meek persons with whom they had to deal exhibited the smallest consciousness of a necessity for measures of defence or of punishment. These paragraphs are, in truth, just as veracious as would have been the History of the great Lord Clarendon, if he had justified the King's hoisting his standard at Nottingham in 1642, by reciting as his motives that the rebels had restrained his personal liberty in 1646, and beheaded him in 1649. In a moral point of view, it may be difficult

cult to censure with severity enough such daring and ostentatious perversion of the truth ; but, while it is open to blame as the gross excess of high-handed presumption, it cannot certainly be condemned on the score of subservience or flattery. In his enthusiasm for the sanguinary proceedings at Canton, Lord Palmerston has soared, with eagle flight, far beyond the reach, and even the view, of all imitators or beholders.

Nor has he condescended to give ease to the consciences or to assist the understandings of his followers by a single word of apology for any one of his most questionable proceedings. He boasts of the repeal of more than half the Income-tax, and passes over without notice the inconvenient fact that he fills up the hidden deficit of the current year by means of the very impost, levied for the first six months of it, which he professes to have remitted. This being so, it would be irrational to complain of his entire silence on the ungainly and unmanageable fact, that for the deficit of the coming year, the first in which the ninepenny remission will take full effect, he has made no provision whatever. He does not vouchsafe a word of explanation on the case of Persia. He could not defend, and he does not notice, the acts by which he frustrated the Crimean inquiry, or the unparalleled scandal of his treatment of (we trust we may say by a sure anticipation) the Right Honourable Sir John Macneill and Colonel Sir Alexander M. Tulloch, K.C.B. Neither does he indulge in any promises or professions, either Conservative or Liberal, with reference to the future. He talks of progressive improvement in terms which would have been called icy, had they proceeded from the lips of Lord Derby, and which need not have disturbed the nerves of Lord Eldon. But, while he affirms nothing on the one side, he puts a negative on nothing on the other. With Epicurean calmness he preserves for himself unlimited sea-room ; should he introduce no reforms and no Reform Bill, his Liberal adherents will fail to fasten on him the guilt of any broken pledge ; should he propound the most sweeping and revolutionary measure, his Conservative supporters, from Mr. Sotherton to Mr. Kendall, will have themselves alone to thank for their disappointment and deception. Though Lord Palmerston does not, and apparently cannot, calculate the future of this nation, nor make even ordinary provision for its constantly increasing exigencies, he has calculated boldly and well what some might call its powers of endurance, its tolerance of juggling, its capacity of taking names for things and shows for substances ; but what he will naturally parade as its enlightened appreciation of a masculine and vigorous policy, and its generous confidence in a Minister whose name stands at once, in lieu of creed and principle, for the guarantee

guarantee of honour, the pledge of conservation, and the hope of improvement. Nor have we even yet done with the circumstances that add significance, if not weight, to the issue of the elections. A newspaper in his service boasts, not wholly without reason:—

‘The cry for retrenchment, with which all the sections of Oppositionists are preparing to meet the Government, has entirely failed with the country; and, for the first time, we find the men who are proposing to do away with taxes disbelieved and ridiculed by the taxpayers.’

There is here some exaggeration*; yet it is true that the Minister has held his ground and added to his numbers at the Elections in despite of his having been obnoxious to reproaches of a nature that in other times would have made the success impossible. On the one hand, he has had to hide, and pretty effectually has he hidden, his very prominent and weighty share in the Foreign Policy of the Aberdeen Government;* he has had to plead, in lieu of all other merits, the extorted remission of a part of the Income-tax and a ‘satisfactory’ peace, which, in truth, was satisfactory to few—so much did it correspond in substance with the Vienna terms—except those who had been wishing for it some time before, when Lord Palmerston refused to make it. On the other hand, against him there has stood the total breakdown of the Ministry in Parliamentary business; the frustration of the Crimean inquiry and the scandalous treatment of the Commissioners; the war made in Persia without consent of Parliament; the disgraceful protocol threatening Belgium with foreign intervention on account of its press; the increased and constantly increasing expenditure, and the ill-omened commencement of a re-imposition of taxes on articles the most important alike to the comforts, the health, and the morals of the people. All this

* The passage of his ‘Address’ in which he effects this piece of palmistry is quite worthy to stand by the side of the narration of the Chinese transactions already quoted:—

‘The claims of the present Administration to the confidence of the country rest upon facts and events which will form an important chapter in the history of these times.’

‘We undertook the conduct of affairs in obedience to the call of our Sovereign at a moment of no small difficulty, in the midst of a great war, and when those men who had heretofore been looked up to as the leaders of parties had for various reasons declined the responsibility of office, or had been unable to form such an Administration as was in their opinion equal to the crisis.’

‘We carried on with energy and vigour the war in which the country was engaged.’

Should some ‘ignorant barbarian,’ such for example as Commissioner Yeh, draw his ideas of the history of the Palmerston Government from this address, he will at once perceive that Lord Palmerston, Lord Clarendon, and their colleagues, came fresh from their retirement into office, and had had nothing whatever to do with the ministry of Lord Aberdeen, or with ‘the war in which the country was engaged’ when they commenced their ministerial career.

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burden has been laid upon the name of Palmerston, and all this burden has been borne. Yet more strangely, the party to which the test has been chiefly applied, and by which it has been endured, has been that party in the State which had in 1830, and, according to Lord John Russell, has always had, for its watchword the tricolour profession of Peace, Retrenchment, and Reform.

Still this triumph of the Minister—be its value, substance, and durability what they may—has not been owing to the peculiar warmth or close union of the body of Liberals. It has become the cardinal principle of that party never voluntarily to surrender office. The immediate and inevitable consequence is, that they must work for and adhere to any Minister who thinks fit to wear their badge and to recruit from their ranks, even though he may reject their favourite watchwords, and cast every one of their pledges to the winds. The advantage which they thus give to Lord Palmerston, as their master rather than their leader, he fully comprehends; and he will, of course, work it as long as it will last. Still this kind of relation does not beget ardent love, or enthusiastic exertion; and from the Liberal party generally the Minister has received during the Elections only that kind and degree of service which is written in the bond. The peculiar glory and richer harvest of the crisis he owes to the remaining, perhaps the increased, disorganization of the Conservative party. This disorganization is partly due to old and standing causes, and partly to the fascination which the name of Lord Palmerston has exercised, so far as we are able to discern, upon two or three classes of persons within it: upon some men so governed by religious partizanship as to make it the rule of political action in general, some men of impracticable tempers, and some men of marked constitutional timidity.

And first as to those causes of division and weakness which are of older date. Until the year 1845 the combined effect of great authority with unprecedented ability in the leaders of the party, and of the breadth of their separation from their opponents in politics, kept the Conservative party in a state of remarkably firm and uniform cohesion. Intestine quarrels seemed, until the date we have named, to be confined to the Liberal ranks. Politicians of that colour, in the intervals of their standing conflict with their adversaries, were wont, from time to time, to do considerable execution upon one another, in their cross divisions as advocates or opponents of certain so-called popular measures, such, for example, as the Ballot. But they always managed these subaltern quarrels with such judgment that they were not suffered to interfere with the main issue. The friends or ene-
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mies of Ballot forgot their distinctions in the face of the common enemy, and always postponed the settlement of their accounts with one another until they had closed the door in his face. Whether it is owing to more honesty in the party, or to less talent, or to both, this rule of action has not been observed among the Conservative electors, who, in countless instances, have not scrupled to punish themselves, in order that they might make sure of punishing representatives or candidates with whom they were dissatisfied upon isolated points. At least it is plain that, at all elections since 1845 and 1846, certain minor, and perhaps, without disrespect, we may add, cross-grained sections of the Conservative party, have been alike active and successful in the work of contravening their own principles, smiting down their own friends, and playing the game of their adversaries. There is no reason so narrow and so trivial as to be insufficient, in the view of electors of this description, for withholding support from those with whom on every point, except the favourite crotchet, they agree, and so letting into Parliament those from whom on every point, including the favourite crotchet, they differ. Sometimes, because the candidate soliciting support voted for freedom of trade a little before it had become the creed of the whole country, he is to be punished for the supposed benefit of the agricultural interest; although the immediate effect is to make sure the return of a rival who is ready, either in questions of taxation or in those of representation, to surrender the interests connected with the land, and to favour or tolerate the concentration of predominating power in those favoured portions of the population who inhabit the towns. Sometimes, because a candidate will not pledge himself to withdraw the grant to Maynooth, he is allowed to succumb to an opponent who, while also probably refusing that pledge, is opposed to the maintenance of the religious establishments of the country; or who, if he is prepared to strip Maynooth of its grant, is not less ready and eager to apply the process to the Church. Sometimes it is a dignitary, who, enamoured of the symmetry of some impracticable theory concerning the law of church-rate, rides his hobby in pitiless self-satisfaction, allows the question to remain open to perpetual agitation, each shock of which is a movement towards the absolute extinction of that still generally beneficial law, and gravely declines, upon high conscientious motives, to give any aid to a candidate who falls short of his own pure doctrine in the matter. Yet that candidate is probably a man having for his sole offence that he endeavoured to walk up slopes in preference to perpendiculars, and has it in view to deal with the question in such a manner as may rescue and place in safety so much

much of the rights of the Church as the combined influence of hesitating law and unhesitating agitation have left to her. To these and other standing subjects, with which folly has acquired a kind of prescriptive right to disport itself, others have been added by the particular agency of Lord Palmerston. For example; as in his ecclesiastical appointments he has ministered to the appetites of strong partisanship in the Church, he has his reward in the unfailing, though commonly unavowed, support of a peculiar stamp of Churchmen, and of a larger body of Dissenters, who hail in the present exercise of Crown patronage a marked and indeed unexampled approximation to their principles of doctrine and of Church government. These classes, though perhaps limited in the nation at large, are, when taken together, important within those zones of the community from which the reformed constituency is drawn.

If, for the sake of convenience, we adopt the nomenclature supplied by a contemporary journal, and recognise a tripartite division of the Church of England into High, Low, and Broad Church parties, we may describe the course of Lord Palmerston as follows. He knows very well that the Church of England has, since the Reformation, been distinguished in history beyond almost every religious body for its disposition to construe strictly and to exalt unsparingly the duty of obedience to the powers that be. Even the case of the Nonjurors, which is sometimes quoted to sustain a contrary conclusion, is, in fact, the strongest proof of the proposition; for those whom they hesitated to obey were in their eyes intruders, and their disaffection was a part of what they thought due obedience to their rightful masters. Now, by the High Churchman is meant generally the man who is disposed to abide by the written and fixed laws of the Church of England in their letter and their spirit, and to defend them alike against Romanist, Rationalist, and Puritan. This party (if such, for convenience sake, it must be called, but it is not justly liable to the name) still sees in the Queen the representative of Tudors and of Stuarts, to whom, after all, the Church at least has been much indebted, both for its reform and for its preservation. And yet further, it sees in Lord Palmerston not the man fishing for a parliamentary majority, and baiting his hook with any garbage that may serve his turn, but the representative of the Crown, and of the old monarchy of England. This party, like every other, has its extreme and its moderate forms of opinion, its vices and its virtues. Among its virtues is the disposition to suffer patiently and long at the hands of constituted authority. It is therefore feeble to resist and slow to complain; it is the Persia, the Naples, the China, or the Greece, of the sphere ecclesiastical; it is,

is, in a word, a safe party to bully, and, being so, it is pretty sure to be bullied by Lord Palmerston.

Accordingly he has divided the spoils of the Church between the party which leans to rationalising or Erastian opinions, and the party which leans to Puritanism, and struggles to bend in that direction the obstinate and unyielding formularies of the Church. Its members are generally firm and zealous in their dogmatic belief of all the sublime verities which relate immediately to the nature of God, and to the person and work of the Redeemer. They inherit the goodwill due to the zealous and self-denying labours of their fathers, to which in many cases they add their own; and none, we think, but a person of bigoted mind can be of opinion that they ought, simply because they do not renounce a name that is undoubtedly a party name, to be excluded from the higher preferments of the Church.

But there is a wide space between prohibition and monopoly; and when we examine the rule of Lord Palmerston in regard to episcopal appointments, it exhibits a mode of action which none but a warped or an exceeding narrow mind can approve. The name High Church, defined as we have defined it, signifies the great bulk of the English clergy, as well as its most learned divines, and the majority of its active, ardent, and distinguished parish-priests. This great body is, with one or two secondary exceptions, entirely proscribed by the Minister. An attempt is being systematically made, under influences kept in the background, to govern the clergy of England through prelates and dignitaries, not only having no sympathy with them, but deriving their title for preferment from the want of that sympathy. A share, indeed, of the Ministerial favour is given to that portion of the clergy who are supposed to be the most accommodating as respects the submission of Church to State, or who lean to ideas called liberal with respect to the inspiration of the Holy Scriptures. Preferments of this latter kind would be beyond all others odious to the Low Church or Calvinistic schools; but their dissatisfaction has been converted into approval and support by arrangements under which not more than perhaps a fourth is thus disposed of, and the other three-fourths, including chiefly the positions of real eminence and power, are reserved for themselves.

Two additional circumstances have made the proceedings of the Minister in this important matter invidious in the highest degree. The one is that the gentlemen of this class whom he has selected for episcopal sees are not the rightful claimants even among their own school or party. Others might have been found, it is observed, as sincere, and even as thorough-going, and much more eminent. Out of the four prelates who have been appointed
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to or named for the sees of Gloucester, Ripon, Carlisle, and Norwich, none but the first can, we believe, even with a liberal latitude of construction, be termed a distinguished man; while it cannot be asserted of all of them that they come up to the standard of intellectual mediocrity. To say they were zealous parish clergymen, is to say no more than that they were like many thousands more of the parochial clergy. To say that they were popular preachers (none of them having in this respect attained to anything beyond what we may term congregational reputation), is to say that they had that kind of fluency without which, as Dissenting ministers, they would not have commanded a salary of 100*l.* a year. A man like Mr. Melvill might well have been preferred to a see for his gifts in the pulpit, even were his other claims less distinguished; but here the case is wholly different. The secret of their choice appears, in fact, only to disclose itself when we take into view the happy incident of birth; for of the four Bishops, one is the brother of a Whig Minister, a second of a Whig ex-Minister, a third of a Whig Earl holding salaried office, and the fourth is nephew to a Whig law-lord. Other recent Ministries have not acted thus. The brother of Lord John Russell is nothing more than a Canon; and the son of Lord Aberdeen is simply a country clergyman. Surely, if the word nepotism had not been invented for the case of the Popes, it must now have been forced into existence to serve the turn of Lord Palmerston's Administration.

The Episcopal appointments of former days were not always immaculate, but they never failed in these two recommendations—first, that they were not habitually made in the spirit of partisanship; and secondly, that the persons chosen for the Bench were commonly men competent to understand the traditions of their high office, and to maintain some semblance of that unity on which its authority depends. Twenty years ago, under the wise rule of Archbishop Howley, the Bishops of England were not seen in unseemly conflict with one another, and had something of an intelligible collective character, as well as a powerful collective influence in the Church. It is this traditionary and corporate character in bodies which does so much to concentrate their force, and to neutralize the weakness of their inferior numbers.

We have now lived into times of greater need, and, in civil matters, of purer and more effective administration. In these days more than ever the upright minister will endeavour to appoint to all offices, and most of all to the offices of the Church, men of moderation, of wisdom—in sum, of what is well called weight; men who will heal or soothe her wounds, allay her
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angry humours, bind together by moral influence in offices of love her different and now distracted orders; men, too, who, as has been sarcastically observed in the columns of the most powerful ally of the Government, *can* construe a verse in the Greek Testament, and can do something which is not the work of the platform of Exeter Hall—something towards the defence of the Church and of the Christian religion against those masked and insidious approaches of unbelief, which in their altered forms have become more than ever alarming, and which will one day swallow up all other controversies. It is lamentable to see that at a period of such exigency, the high prerogatives of the Crown are made the tools of religious passion. It may be true that the errors committed by an opposite party, and the cruel desertion of the Church of England by many who were sworn to her service, have led to these short-sighted proceedings. And without doubt it is true that, but for such occurrences, the pranks which Lord Palmerston has been playing in the matter of church preferment would long ago have been brought to an end.

To deal for ready money is an excellent system in the regulation of the economy of a private family, or in any question of sale and purchase; but it is far otherwise in politics. Lord Palmerston, in the matter of his episcopal appointments, has been dealing for ready money. He has gained some scores of votes in various elections; he has obtained most serviceable support in the House of Lords. Has he ministered to the true needs of the Church? Will the effect of his appointments, and of the prolongation of a similar series of appointments, be, to mitigate the animosities which rend her—to diminish the scandals which discredit her before the world—to give her more unity and strength for her work—to conciliate attachment to her rulers—to enable the Episcopal body to edify the country by the harmony and reciprocal confidence and respect of its members? Every one of these questions must be answered in the negative. The country does not wish to see Cabinets monopolized by popular speakers, nor the Episcopal Bench by popular preachers, even were they of more than a very middling order. If the day of the Church of England's doom is so near that it is now time to fill the crypt of the edifice with gunpowder for a coming explosion, then it may be warrantable to depart, as Lord Palmerston has departed, from all former precedent, and to hasten the crisis by providing her with rulers who will themselves be ready to apply the match. But if the preservation of the Church, upon the basis defined for her by the wise laws of our forefathers, be the object dear to every sound patriot and statesman, then the ecclesiastical policy of Lord Palmerston reverses every rule of duty and of prudence.

prudence. It has already, we do not fear to say, notwithstanding the courtship it has paid to partisans, weakened the episcopal body in public weight and estimation. It cannot ultimately be serviceable to the interests of the party he has so extravagantly favoured; for in these days, religious parties gain real strength by the zeal, energy and patience, the suffering and self-denial of their numbers, not by the factitious influences of rank and wealth, far less of political intrigue. Even with reference to the secular sphere, the Minister has purchased far too dearly his safe votes in the House of Peers; for while insignificance must beget servility, servility never can command respect; and the memorable indications of the sense of the House of Commons upon the recent episcopal vote in the House of Lords on the Chinese question may both stand as a proof of the real tendency of Lord Palmerston's appointments to weaken the Church, and will, we hope, serve to warn at least all those who are desirous to maintain the episcopal peerages as an important part of the constitution. Never in our recollection have those peerages been so much imperilled as by the suffrages of eighteen bishops (for it must be remembered that Bishops are Christians) given in favour of the sanguinary and shameful proceedings at Canton.

By means, then, of his ecclesiastical appointments, Lord Palmerston has attracted, perhaps we should say bribed, a certain number of votes: but he has in other modes carried a deeper and wider taint into what was, and what may likewise again be, the Conservative party. Whatever may prove to be the gain of the Government from the Dissolution, it is due in the main to the opinion in his favour which has gained currency with no inconsiderable portion of his political opponents. This is plain in the first place from the fact that his advantage has lain chiefly with the counties. In the towns, whether as Conservatives without addition or as Liberal Conservatives, his adversaries appear to have made good head. What is more remarkable is, that in the larger towns they seem actually to have gained ground; and if we put out of view those places—such as Dover, Plymouth, and Devonport—where Ministerial influence is almost paramount, the gain is so considerable, if we estimate it rightly, as to deserve particular remark. The seats for the larger cities and towns lost by that party are, we believe, no more than seven—namely, in the city of London, Norwich, Brighton, Wigan, Yarmouth, Shrewsbury, and Dudley. Of these, Dudley ought to be excluded; for the constituency appears, from the accounts of the local circumstances, to have returned, however oddly, a Liberal representative without opposition, as a means of expressing its marked preference for Sir Stafford Northcote, a Conservative member, who had been withdrawn

withdrawn. On the other side the party has gained not less than twelve seats at the hands of constituencies of the same class—namely, at Leeds, Blackburn, Bolton, Carlisle, Stoke, Gloucester, Cambridge (two), Maidstone (two), Taunton, and Chatham—the last in opposition to a very powerful Ministerial interest. It is one of the most singular circumstances of a singular juncture, when the elections generally are supposed to have been carried mainly by the aid of the popularity of a Minister, that he should thus have lost ground in that very class of constituencies which most broadly reflects the popular sentiment, and that his gains in the borough representation, whether they be large or small, which yet remains to be shown, should have been dependent entirely on a favourable balance from the small towns, where discussion is less free and active, and where influence or money have a more extended sway. It is also worth remarking that the three members of the official corps, who have lost English seats, have all of them been rejected by large towns: Lord Monck is driven from Portsmouth, Mr. Peel from Bury, and Admiral Berkeley from Gloucester.

The gain of the Liberal party in the counties is probably due in part to its recovery of its fair and natural share of influence, from which it had been excluded through the feelings connected with the struggle for Protection. In a similar manner the Conservative body was for a time deprived of the weight essentially belonging to it through the recollections and associations of the Reform Bill, and the memorable contest which preceded its passing into law. But the change in the County representation has much exceeded what was due to the operation of this cause; and the character of the alteration in particular cases is not less remarkable than its extent as a whole. A limited section of the Conservative party, holding its more extreme opinions in religion or politics, or both, had before the Dissolution caused considerable notoriety by the expression of a decided approbation of Lord Palmerston, or even an undisguised preference for him over its own admitted leader, Lord Derby. There can be no indelicacy in naming gentlemen who have sought for themselves so prominent a place in the debates of the House of Commons, or elsewhere, as Mr. Bentinck, who represents West Norfolk; Mr. Beresford, who sits for North Essex; Mr. Kendall, who is member for East Cornwall; and Mr. Knightley, who has retained his seat in the Southern Division of Northamptonshire. These gentlemen have found, it appears, in Lord Palmerston the nearest and most trustworthy representative of their opinions. One likes him beyond Lord Derby apparently because he has made over the disposal of church patronage to the known organs of puritanism;